















THE

## STORY OF A LIFE.

---

It was the custom, at certain seasons, for merchants of the city to ask permission of the Dey, to buy some of his slaves for their own garden labour. Several of them came into the yard of the khan one day for that purpose.

I had often endeavoured to attract attention, for I thought that any change would be for the better — I had never, however, succeeded. The tale of my trick, as they termed it, was always related; and none of them would have any thing to say to me. This day, as they pas-

sed down, an old man in a Jewish garb, with a long red beard, that hung low upon his breast, took his long pipe from his mouth, and striking me with the bowl of it slightly, as we do some vile article we wish to cheapen, as yet viler, he questioned about my qualities and price. To what they told him of my tale, he replied, It was all well, he would answer for my playing him no tricks: he knew how to treat these Christians; he had lived among them, and owed them a heavy debt of hate; he would look to me. He purchased me, and led me out, and got upon his ass, and bade the curly-headed, coarse, black slave drive me after him; he ambled quickly on, and the slave beat me with a thong, and I ran. My heart misgave me. I anticipated a cruel servitude, and tyranny the most cold and vindictive.

We came to the little garden gate in the lofty and jealous wall; and he drove me in, and into the house, and through the court, to an inner chamber; then, as he closed the door behind, — “Christian,” said the old man, “have you forgotten Lisbon and the awful day? — and

me? — Your wealth, where is it? — How? — Why are you here? — I saw you the other day as I passed the mole, and thus alone could I safely serve you."

How great was my astonishment, my delight, my thankfulness! — I told him all.

"I will befriend you," said he, "but it all needs caution — As house and garden slave I can better protect you for the present, than in any other manner. Be patient; I will serve you; you shall yet be free."

I knelt to him, in my happy agitation, and my heart knelt within me to the Most High, and after it leaped in my bosom rejoicingly; and my step was light, and my blood flowed quick.

The old man raised me with great eagerness, and said, "Surely I must repay good with good. I gave you wealth, because you were a Christian. I wanted to pay, and to forget you; but my wealth has not served you, and I have found you, bowed down under the lash of the task-master; and shall I not break your chain? Lie down, my son." He pointed to the carpet, and

pillow, and went forth — again he returned, and with him a woman, such as Raphael loved to paint. The forehead and the eye of sainted beauty; the parted hair of a queenly blackness; the lips, that in silence spoke; and the strong contour of her race softened, by the delicate proportions of her sex, to loveliness; mantled she was; of a deep, and purplish red, the mantle hung down in large Madonna folds; and a robe of pale lemon colour she wore beneath; girdled with a silver zone; and in her hand she led a little black-eyed boy, with jetty locks, that fell out, thick and curling, from beneath a little, black, brimless cap, and the nose, even at that tender age, marked with that eagle curve, which still, in whatever country they mourn, stamps the proud features of a race, once the chosen, and long the haughty.

“Christian,” said the old man, “behold the child you saved, and my daughter the grateful mother. It was our handmaid who was slain; our blessed Rachel, as the stronger, bore safe the mother of our race, who lay bed-ridden, and

still lives within, the most aged person of all our tribe."

The child shrunk back from my slave garb, and my matted hair, and dirty labour-stained skin; but the mother came close, and mournfully regarded me, and spake thanks and comfort in sweet words, and hastened out; and again she came, and a hand-maid with her; they brought a vessel of water that I might purify, and delicate food, and wine to refresh me. "Was it," I asked myself, "a reality? — Was I indeed to be thus blessed?" Voices all kind around me, — my fetter loosened by an old man's hand, — my foul dress cast off, — and the bath, that lay in cool shadow beneath an oriental plane tree in the garden, — and oils and cloths, — and white linen left for me, who had been two years a beaten slave!

Yes, another sun-beam shone out upon my life's dark path.

To save appearances, I was clothed as a domestic slave; but, as Benjamin gave out that he should employ me in copying his European cor-

respondence, little was seen of the favor which he showed, and that little, though thought strange in such a Christian hater as this old man, was soon disregarded. Here then I lived a stranger, within the gates, among a family of God's ancient people — an old man for a kind master ; a boy that learned to climb on my knee — and a woman, whose countenance was all light and compassion — a something to live near and feel safe.

In a garden too I might walk, where flowers grew, and little painted birds built nests, and fluttered and chirped on green branches.

Here would I walk for countless hours, and think ; and again my heart swelled, and my mind rose, and my fancy kindled ; I seemed, as it were, purified by misfortune. To all at home I should be an object of more than common family affection ; and what a deepened interest would be felt by the gentle Maria for the wild and wilful being she had loved !

These things were my daily dreams, nor did they forsake me in my sleep ; bright images were

always there, and the fair form of Maria was ever in the groupe.

Much of my time, within the house, I passed in the study of Arabic, with a view to kill the heavy hours of the long listless day ; and I listened to the Hebrew, and taught myself many of their sayings, and learned their sentiments, and looked on, with reverence, at customs old as the days of Jacob and his children.

It may be supposed, that one who had suffered much in his intercourse with Christians, who had moaned in their prisons, shrieked under their torture, and escaped only by one of those awful judgments, which, though general in its effects, may be rationally esteemed particular in its interventions, hated them with no common hatred.

It was strange to observe how, in his tender treatment of me, the man struggled with and overcame the Jew ; but every thing in his house or family bore the mark of his deep reverence for the customs of his forefathers.

In the morning, before the child went forth to school, the mother always gave it bread



sweetened with sugar and honey, and as she did so, used these words, "As this is sweet to thy palate, so let learning be sweet to thy mind;" and she further counselled him with such directions as became a mother, especially warning him that God is a lover of "clean lips."

The sacred fringe, the hallowed phylactery, the frontlets, and the arm amulets inscribed with sentences from the law — all these things the old man venerated; you could see, in the commonest actions of his daily life, that he felt or fancied (it is the same) that an angel stood on his right hand, and another on his left. To mark his quick pace as he hurried to the synagogue, and his slow returning step; to observe him, as with the mantle falling over his eyes, he prayed alone; the bowing down of his head; his hands upon his heart; the exulting rise of his body at the utterance of that benediction, which, in the opinion of the Jew, he alone is entitled to offer; the wailing confession; the low prostration; and then again the cheerful blessing of their lot, as a chosen people; their loud thanksgiving for the delivery of their law, and their

imploring prayer for the restoration of the temple.

You saw the Jew, whom it were impertinence to pity, and on whom you could not smile. I remember one scene, at this period, that I revolve with admiring wonder to this very hour.

There was held one evening in the hall of my host, which opened on the garden, a meeting of many elders of their tribe; there might be twelve or more. They were men in years, as varied in feature as their peculiar national contour ever allows. I say not that they all looked interesting, or sorrowful; but three there were, mourners in their hearts — my host was one, and there was a younger man with sallow cheeks, and sunken eyes, and beard uncombed and black; and there was an aged man, who had been fair, with eyes of a light grey, rayless, and a wan complexion, and white hairs thinly falling from a wrinkled chin.

They sate, and communed together, and dim lamps hung over them, and presently a Rabbi came in, and led a stranger; a man of middle

age; the youthful side of it. I thought I had seen the face before, but yet I knew not, for care can pencil deep and alteringly. He bowed submiss and sad, and sat him on a carpet at their feet, and the wan aged elder spake with him; his voice was tremulous and low.

“What cause, stranger, hath moved thee to this wish?”

“The love of truth.”

“Knowest thou the strictness of our law?”

“I do.”

“Hast thou any worldly interest to forward by this act?”

“None.”

“Has the love of any of our daughters taken thee?”

“I have loved one of the daughters of Israel, but she is dead.”

“And is it then the indulgence of a vain fancy — is it to cherish a lover’s sorrow, thou wouldst defile our sanctuary?”

“No — I revered your faith long before I saw her. ’Twas first as a daughter of that faith I loved her. Your faith is mine. You

look up with awe to the ruling planets ; when your star shines bright, confidently you gaze ; and when it pales, or reddens, you tremble — the like do I. You deem that angels walk with you, and watch you ; aye, and that some war against you — the like do I.”

“ But, stranger, these are the beliefs of millions. The Moor, the madman, and even the Christian may think with us in these things. If thou art indeed desirous to be as one of us, listen to our faith, and to my warning. First, then, let me remind you that we are a scattered, oppressed people ; that we have no temple, no altar, no country ; that we are accounted abject, vile, despicable ; that we are smitten on the face ; spurned with the foot ; beaten with the rod ; that we cry, and find none to deliver us ; that Messiah is yet to come ; that our hope standeth strong, and green, and tall as the palm tree ; but it is a palm tree standing alone in the desert. Our eyes, indeed, are ever fixed on it, but we lie parched, and fainting upon the barren sand around ; wilt thou, stranger, cast in thy lot with such a people ? ”

“It is for these things you are dear to me ; I see you hug your bitter portion ; jealous lest any one should seek to share your sorrows ; I see you court contempt, and crouch beneath the lash ; but I see your eye look up hopefully to heaven ; and my heart has told me the hope, that breeds such constancy, hath sure though unseen foundations, and is pinnacled to reach the skies. Yet stay, (and he looked out wildly upon the sky), I am not worthy — see — look where my evil star hangs dim and sickly near yon sullen cloud. Thus looked it on the night they gave Mariam to a kinsman of her tribe, and spurned me ; I will bethink me of this matter ; I will go upon the mountains, and get nearer to the heavens, and come to you again when I am less mad.”

Just at this moment there was a loud and violent knocking at the gate. It was opened instantly by a slave, and immediately the chamber was filled with Moorish soldiers, accompanied by an Aga, and a Mahometan priest. The entrance door, and the curtained recess were secured by some ; while the others encircled the

trembling synod, and stretching forth their ready hands, looked in eager silence to the Aga for the signal to capture or slay. In this scene of confusion, the offered proselyte had risen from his carpet and stood erect with undaunted eye, and the still settled aspect of a calm, resolved defiance.

“Whom seek ye?” he asked. It was in fury that the Aga answered him, “The Mussulman; the apostate; the worthless Turk, who hath stolen hither to abjure his faith; to deny our holy prophet, and to join himself to these accursed Israclites. You should be he; art thou he?—yes, it must be so.”

“There are none such as you describe among us. I am no Mahometan.”

“Whence then this Turkish garb?” — “A mere dress for travel.” — “A disguise, then?” “Not so.” As he spoke, he raised and threw off his turban; the thick tresses of his dark brown hair fell lordly on his shoulders; and he stood avowed to the eye, a Christian. It was now that I recognized the German youth, with whom I had an interview of so painful a nature, after

dining at the merchant's in Lisbon. With a deep interest, but a helpless anxiety, I leaned forward into the chamber.

The Moollah held up his beads, and called aloud to the Aga, that the insult on their faith could only be expiated by an immediate embracing of it, or by death."

"Dost thou hear?" said the Aga. "Cry now, and lift up thy voice, and shout with joy, There is no God but God, and Mohammed is his prophet."

The German stood silent for a moment, and raised his eyes; and his thoughts seemed to wander — far away they wandered, back, long years back too; and thus he answered.

"When this brown and seamed forehead was white, and tender, and nestled in a mother's bosom; she bore me at her breast, to the baptismal font, and it was signed with the sign of the cross, in token that I should never, in after life, be ashamed to confess Christ crucified; and should continue his faithful soldier, and servant till death. Thus was it with my father, and my father's father. I will die rather than

deny my Saviour." The Jewish elders started as he spoke; and the Moor taunted him, "Did I not find thee praying with the Jew? thou hast no faith; thou art not fit to live — the bowstring, Hassan."

Two sturdy Moors advanced with the fatal cord.

"A minute I give thee yet, miserable — confess Mohammed."

He knelt, and the tear of penitence fell upon a cheek unblanched by fear; and he looked up to heaven, and unutterable prayers flew warm from his smote heart. In his short exclaims, something I caught of the arch-fiend that had sought to sift him as wheat; something of his shame, his awe, his hope. "Remember me, Lord, when thou comest to thy kingdom." I know not whether an angel whispered him, "This day thou shalt be with me in paradise;" but I remember, it was with a smile, calm as that with which confiding courage bends to the healing hand, that he sat him down, and leaned back his head against a pillar of wood, and the strong executioners pulled steadily; and



he gave one quick convulsive writhe, and with blackened face, and starting eye-balls, fell down a strangled corpse.

The curse of the Aga, and the driving forth of the stranger Jews, and a threat to my host of a fine, or the bastinado on the morrow, followed close upon this scene; then the rustle of robes, and the shuffle of slippers succeeded. In a few minutes these retiring sounds died away in the distance; and Benjamin and myself were left with the body in that chamber now again still, and so dimly lighted. We thought, and spoke not; he, that the God of Abraham had destroyed him, as a judgment, for defiling the sanctuary; I, that the Redeemer had snatched him from the prince of the power of the air in tender mercy, had punished him with a bitter death, but that an invisible seraph had placed upon his dying lip the live and purifying fire. "How shall we do," said Benjamin, "with this sinner's body? — it were defilement even to touch it; even Whanga (a black) will fear to come near it." "Let that care be mine," said I. "Impossible! you would not put your

hands on it. “I will dig it a grave,” I rejoined, “and lay it in the earth.” “Without then — without the gates.” I did so — scooped by the torches’ light a shallow grave; on broken ground, among ordure, and offal; and I dragged forth the heavy corpse, and placed it smooth within; and closed the straggling limbs; and straightened down the bended arms; and opened the clenched hands; and pillowed the deformed head; and threw over the loose earth; and houseless dogs came snuffing round, and howled; and I watched it till the sun rose.

I bathed, and passed the following day in piling heavy stones upon that poor, unsheltered grave. I was much agitated by this awful event, and ere I had well recovered my spirits, new scenes and new trials opened on the peaceful mansion, where I had found so kind a refuge.

Rachael was a widow; but the fame of her beauty was very great, and she was sought in marriage by many. So honourable is marriage esteemed among the Jews, that she had accepted, through her father, the proposal of a kinsman,

and, according to the plenty of his fortune, he had called a master to draw up the articles of marriage, and the covenant of dowry. The dowry was settled, and the affiancing was past. The day of marriage was appointed; the preparations of the bride were duly made; the eight days' bathing; and the last bath, at the going down of the sun, on the marriage eve, when, accompanied by matrons, the bride immerses even every hair of her head in a cistern of the purest water, had been duly observed. She had been elegantly attired; her hair adorned, and curiously curled, and plaited; and Rachael sat in a green arbour, in the garden, with a virgin on either hand, and the guests gathered in; each (as they entered), saying, "Blessed is he that cometh;" and the bridegroom, and a choice company of his friends, followed; and he put the wedding-ring of pure gold upon her finger, and the Rabbi said aloud, "Thou art sanctified to this man with this ring, according to the law of Israel;" and with a solemn cheerfulness of voice, he added the prayer of the nuptial blessing. "Blessed art thou, O Lord

our God, who has created mirth and gladness, the bridegroom, and the bride ; charity and brotherly love, rejoicing and pleasure, peace and society. I beseech thee, O Lord, let there suddenly be heard in the cities of Judah, and streets of Jerusalem, the voice of joy and gladness ; the voice of the bride and the bridegroom. The voice of rejoicing in the bride-chamber is sweeter than any feast, and children sweeter than the sweetness of a song." The prayer had been said, and the cup crowned with wine, and tasted, and blessed ; when again was heard the knocking at the gate ; the bride and the bride's maids fled in to the inner rooms of the house ; again the men of violence entered, and took away the agitated Benjamin, and led him to the Dey.

In an hour he returned alone : he did not speak ; but he sat down, and seemed very faint ; and there was a clammy dew upon his wrinkled forehead, and his hands and his whole frame trembled.

I eagerly asked his sorrow, and his will, and how I could serve him. "Fetch Isaac, my

neighbour, and call Simeon, my son-in-law, that I may speak with them."

I brought them; Isaac was a little, square, strong man, with a cheerful, but a cunning eye, a beard of curling black, and in the stained and rusty habit of a retail trader. Simeon, a man of middle age, and grave beauty; black eye, and flowing locks; no beard.

"Simeon," said the old man, "I must alarm and afflict you even as myself. Isaac, thy wit must serve us. The hog of a Moor — my daughter; thy wife, Simeon; my daughter — he has heard that she is passing fair; — we must fly — a few days we may evade his will; but we must fly."

"We wear no swords or daggers," said Simeon, "but we are men;" and he looked as though he could stab.

But Isaac cursed the hog, and laughed and said, he would find something else for him to think of. "Stay quietly in your houses both of you;" he added, "I will go fan a flame, shall burn before the set of to-morrow's sun. There are two of the fierce fellows, who came the

other day from Istamboul, now drinking at my house; they bear the Dey ill will. I will go back and give them brandies." I asked to follow Isaac.

On a low divan, with dirty cushions of a coarse stuff, and a worn carpet, in a room floored with mud, and lighted by an earthen lamp, sat two hulky Turks, with glazed faces, and dull fierce eyes; and the one had put off his turban, and a single long lock hung wild from his shaven crown; and they held bottles in their hands, and lifted them up, and held them above their upraised mouths, and poured in the wine, gulping it with brute eagerness.

"Here, thou Jew dog, wine, wine! Allah forgive us, Mahommed Resoul Allah."

"Here is wine for my lords," said Isaac, bringing forth two bottles, "but if the Dey hear of it, it may be."

"The Dey — we care not for your Dey."

"He hath bastinadoed the like of you — aye, and hath used the bowstring on men of Istamboul for less than this; and three times he has emptied my little coffer of all my monies, that I

had gained, and under his own licence, — only he forbids me to let the soldiers drink here, and that is his pretence. My lords know I cannot help it — I cannot say nay;” and he cringed low to them — and they gave a ferocious smile, and poured down large draughts of wine.”

“ Why, the fellow was only a water-carrier at Ismyr.”

“ So I have heard, lords; but he has the green turban.”

“ Ah! but he has no right to wear it; they would tear it from his head in Istamboul.”

“ That none dare here.”

“ Give me wine, thou Jew dog, what dost thou know of men’s daring?”

“ They say too he had his fortune predicted to him; and that he is born under a lucky planet. I remember the day he was proclaimed.”

“ How fell it out?”

“ Why, the soldiers murmured for their pay, and he started forward as the spokesman, and he fired the first shot; then many rushed on, and they seized the Dey Mustapha, and stabbed

him in many places, and dragged him through the streets dead, and mangled, and threw away his body."

"Ah! ha! "that was well done," said the bare-headed Turk, and he drank again, and he rose up large; "do not the men of thy nation read the stars? I remember, at Kahira, there was one, who said I should be a great man in seven years — and this is the seventh year."

"It is elsewhere then," said Isaac, "thy good fortune awaits thee; for the life of our Dey is charmed; they say no arm can slay him, save one that hath a mole in the inner bend at the elbow; and one so placed none ever saw; and moreover it must be a Turk, whose mother was a Greek slave; and the hair of his head and of his beard must differ in colour; and he must have been wounded by a sword."

"Allah Akbar,—look here, thou Jew dog,—look here," and he showed a mole upon the inner bend of his hairy arm, and he pulled down his thick, wiry, red mustaches, and threw round the loose lock of jet black hair upon his fore-shoulder, and pointed to a deep



scar seamed in his broad burnt forehead, "my mother too, my mother was of Chios; surely thy brother spoke true."

"I pray thee, my lord, fly; for when the Dey sees these things he will take thy life." He looked savage, and called for wine, and turned again, and sate by his companion, and they smoked, and drank, and chewed opium, and talked together in Turkish; many times they gave the hand, as the oath is taken among them, and, at the dawn of day, they went away together to the Khan of the soldiery, with haggard faces, and wild looks; and I tell you at noon that day we heard shouts and fire-arms, and drums in the city; and, an hour after, we saw a furious mob, advancing through the narrow lane, with angry gestures, and exulting cries; and, as they passed by, we saw a bleeding and a mangled corpse, lying exposed naked, thrown across a poor staggering ass, and they led it out of the city, and threw it to the dogs under the wall; and it was the body of the Dey; and a new one was proclaimed, and I saw him in the market-place, on the morrow,

on a gray war-horse; it was one of the Turks whom I had seen at the vintner's; not the spokesman, on whom Isaachad practised; for he had been slain, but his comrade had triumphed amid the tumult, and risen by the voice of the soldiery, to be their ruler, and their slave.

Such are the Turks, and such was the government of Algiers.

The disturbances and outrages in the city, for many days after the election of the new Dey, were excessive; the exactions heavy, particularly on the poor oppressed Jews; and the aged Benjamin, trembling at the prospect of a turbulent and tyrannical reign, determined to withdraw secretly, and take refuge among his brethren in Egypt. This intention he communicated to me, and promised me, that he would arrange with a captain of a Sicilian vessel, then in the harbour, to smuggle me off when she sailed, and would supply me with money sufficient for my need, until I could communicate with Venice, where he had no doubt I should find my property secure, and untouched.

He determined on flying across the desert, and, having secretly provided dromedaries, and guides, and made all other arrangements, it now became necessary to break it to the aged Deborah, and prepare her for the effort.

It was on this occasion, that for the first time I was admitted into the chamber where she lay. On a narrow pillow, in a narrow bed, with a coverlet of fine wool, there lay a little mantled head; the mantle was of a yellowish white, and a few white hairs might be seen straggling over the forehead; the complexion was bloodless and deathly; the skin pursed, and shrunken; and the whole thing frail, and fragile, as the last leaf of a wintry autumn.

“Deborah, our mother Deborah,” said Benjamin.\* Her eyes were closed, and she answered not; louder he called, and Rachel on the other side moved her with tenderness, and kissed her cheek.

“Well,” said the aged phantom, “it is under the palm-tree. Let me sleep, it is under the palm-tree — Judith will show you.”

“Dear Deborah,” said Rachel, “listen —

we have news for you," — a sort of rayless gleam, broke out from her unclosing eyelid, as she turned her to Rachel.

"News! is Messiah come? is there a gathering of our people?"

"No, my dear Deborah, but we are going up towards Jerusalem, that we may live and die there, and leave it no more."

"My blessings on you, Benjamin; you will then take my bones in a chest, and lay them under the shadow of the wall of Rama."

"Do you think you can bear the journey?"

"Can dry bones feel, my son? ten, twenty years, a hundred years, a watch; a little watch of the night, and then you will carry up my bones."

"She does not heed," said Rachel, her large eyes dim with pity. "She does not understand, father," and then again she leaned down her face of beauty, and kissed that withered cheek, and whispered that dull ear.

"Mother, we are going a journey, a long journey over the desert."

It was in a shriek, a piercing, irritated,

agitated shriek, that she replied; and she repeated it often, and wildly, and would not listen, and would not be pacified, till at length exhausted, she sunk again into stillness. Rachel stood anxiously trembling over her, and Benjamin plucking his beard with nervous fear. But the angel of the Lord came down, in mercy, to that narrow bed, and the aged Deborah sat up, and in sobered feebleness she spoke, and opened her sightless eyes, and they glimmered as struggling to behold.

“My children, an hundred and twenty years have been my days of sorrow. Five generations have I seen; and of the evil under the sun have I tasted, in many wanderings, among strange people; and, for many years have I now lain still, in darkness, and the Lord has heard my prayer. I feel cold, my children, and I die. Swear to me, that you will carry up my bones, and lay them in the cave of my father's house, over against the wall of Rama, near to the Palm-tree.”

They leaned down to her, and swore it, and she touched them with her skinny hands,

and blessed them; and a strange wild light shone over her restless eyes; and her voice became strong; and its tones were like a tremulous chanting; and she cried out, "I see it, my children, the pleasant land; it is green and watered. I hear the songs of women as they weave; and the voices of young children; and shoutings on the mountain top; and the bleatings of a thousand flocks; and the hum of bees: and the vineyards are full of laughing labourers. And a city shines bright with temples and flowers, and its gates are open, and white-bearded elders are riding on the way, upon white asses; and the light is, as the light of the sun, ten-fold; and I see an angel sitting under an oak tree. Surely the bitterness of death is passed. The earth is changed, as a vesture; it is a new earth; it is the Lord's;" and she sunk down exhausted on her pillow, and in a little, fell asleep, and so died.

Immediately we came forth, and left Rachel and a handmaid with the body. They called the tiring women, and they came and washed the corpse in water of roses, and orange flowers, and embalmed it; and sowed it in a white

sheet, and tied up the jaws with a linen cloth ; and put it in a coffin, on a bier, in the garden ; ten elders came, and earth was thrown on it, and they compassed the bier seven times, and they sung the psalm\* appointed ; and cried out, “ From the earth thou camest, and to the earth thou art returned : ” — and Benjamin, and all his house, went muffled for seven days ; at the close of the seventh day, they went to the bier, and said this prayer, — “ Judge of the truth, who judgest truly, be judge of the truth ; for all thy judgments are justice and truth ; pardon her sins, and receive her into the garden.” Then they plucked up grass, and cast it behind them, signifying their hope of the resurrection ; and they nailed down the chest. On the following night, when all was hushed, and sleep was on the city, they brought dromedaries and asses to the waste ground, near the garden wall, and they lifted up the chest, and bound it on a dromedary ; and they packed their goods on the other beasts ; and I placed Rachel on her ass, and the boy with her ; —

\* The 49th.

her face was bound up, but her large eyes looked a kind and silent farewell as I pressed her foot, and kissed her garment. The bribed Arabs moved noiselessly about, and last the aged Benjamin came to me. At this moment I felt such sorrow, that I longed to accompany them, and I prayed him that I might do so ; but he said “ No, my son, but go back to thy father’s house, and take a wife to thy bosom, and may the God of Abraham prosper thee in all thy ways. It is right for thee so to do — but us thou couldst not serve, thou wouldst embarrass and betray.” So I stood silent. Then the dromedaries rose up, and moved away slow, and tall, and dark : and I watched them by the stars’ light, and listened to their soft tread, till sight and sound were lost in the shades, and silence of the night.

Thus closed another scene of my desultory life. With those, who live in one country and on one spot, and in an even tenor, with the common share of joys and sorrows common to all, the links of society are not many, but the same, and we grow old, looking year by



year on faces, we have always known, and with whose loves and hates, fortunes and afflictions, we are more or less mingled up, nay a part, as it were, till we die. Even if there has been any peculiar destiny; any deep disappointment; any bitter bereavement; any change of circumstances, such as loss of fortune, or of the blessings of health; still with the wasted purse, or the withered limb, we live on, completing the story of our life, among those with whom we began to tread the flowery opening of the early path, and who are still accompanying us on the thorny way, with faces we have always known, and voices to which we have always listened; this it is which, if over the lives of many it throws a sameness, gives to those of others a deep, continuous interest, connected closely with the few beings among whom they act, whose destinies are bound up with their own, and who receive and impart colourings of character and of fate.

It is not so with the loose roamer on the world. Scenes shift before him. Persons appear, and pass away. The smiles of one day have little to do with the smiles of yesterday,

or the morrow, and little connection can he have with them, beyond the cheering sympathy of benevolence, awakened to contemplate, but dead, and barren in its influence.

Better for him is it to look upon the house of mourning; there a tear he may chance to dry; a dying pillow he may chance to smooth; want he may feed; nakedness he may clothe; but the scene shifts; the objects of his sympathy pass away; and leave him alone, with none to look on him but strangers. His hermitage, though like a shepherd's tent, he may remove it at will, is the dreariest, the most lonely of any; cut off from that connection with the small circle of his fellow men, assigned to him by providence, he strays like a lost sheep, and finds no happy little flock, in whose green pasture he may lie down lovingly; but he wanders through the tumult of crowded cities; trembles at every roar in the desert; and finds no shelter, no peace, no stay. He hunts for it with panting hopes, runs here, runs there, rests for a minute near the gentle, or stands hid while the turbulent pass

him by. If he sees a something green, he devours it as he goes, and he laps at the desert pool, or the city puddle, and hurries on.

To return to myself, it were idle to say all I felt, as that little caravan of fugitives vanished from my sight. I had tasted again, under their sheltering roof, of repose; a mother's eye of gratitude had shone kindly on me; a child had learned to love me; an old man had treated me with parental tenderness; and all these were Jews; the ancient people of God; the persecuted outcasts, who suffer, and have suffered far more for their despised faith, than any sect or people under heaven. The scenes too I had witnessed there, I revolved them more and more in my mind; and felt many disturbing notions, mingling with the remembered lessons of my boyhood.

For a few days I lay concealed at Isaac the vintner's, and when the vessel was ready to put to sea, I escaped to her by night.

The morning breeze blew fresh, and curled the blue waters, which tumbled billowy and buoyant, without rising into waves, ere I ventured on the deck; and when I did so, and

found that we were far out, and free — no land in sight, no Corsair flag — no crescent-crowned mast — Italian sounding from lip to lip — redeemed and ransomed captives singing the matin hymn; and captain, crew, and passengers all Christian, why, my heart burned, and as I leaned, with closed lips over the vessel's side, my spirit offered thanks and prayers.

The sun looked down on Naples, and its Bay, the morning that we entered it, with rays so piercing, so bright, so golden, that it seemed an atmosphere only for curly-headed joy, and laughing loves, and youth eternal. The shores, the islands, white dwellings in green gardens, white sails upon the shining sea, all smiled.

We neared the little harbour, and passed in. I see them now, the gaunt and ghastly men, who came with boats to us. I hear the hollow voices with which they asked our cargo; and the hollow cry of hope, with which they hailed the reply so welcome.

Famine was in the city. At palace portals, and church steps, at convent gates, at the doors of theatres, people lay famishing.

The busy chatter of the idle poor was hushed. Dead lay among the living; and dogs tore human flesh, all heedless of the feeble cries that cursed them.

I saw women young and fair feeding upon offal; and dogs snatching at it, and disputing it, as their accustomed food. Children I heard cry, and mothers rave, and strong men I saw, sitting silent, with rolling eyes, and hunger mad. And yet I tell' you, amid all these things, I heard guitars, and ladies stood in balconies with lovers, and rich men feasted, and the gay fed full, and went, and laughed in theatres; and painters, from their windows, made studies of sunken cheeks, and hollow eyes, and wasted forms. I too, I hurried through the miserable groupes with sickening but with haste. To some indeed I gave alms, as I passed along, free, liberal, as much I could spare, (what a word <sup>is</sup> that spare,) and then I went into the rich Albergo, and fed on full and dainty dishes, and rose up from them as it were a crime, and

took plain bread, and drank of water but ; still I felt as if I were guilty of some crime, to eat my fill of bread — bread — unbroken with another — and this, too, among the dying and the dead.

Plague in the tainted air, hanging with its menace, over a sickening city, — the enemy at the gate ; — these are evils terrible to man, but light to famine. Those whom the pestilence may spare, eat food, and give it to their children. In the pauses of the battle thunder, the full feast is spread, and the wine cup is gaily pledged ; but famine is a yet more awful scourge. The infant cries at the dry, unyielding breast of its pining mother. Children of the romping age sit still, and colourless. Men move about as wolves, and prowl for prey ; tear food from the feeble ; fight for it with the strong ; and go apart with the prized morsel, and face some lonely wall, and with an eye glancing all restlessly, from side to side, in ravening haste give it all to their own wild craving. I remember, that in the square of the palace there was a daily dole of bread by order of the king, but it never

reached the lame, the blind, the sick, the aged, or the helpless child. These lay afar, and died in the sun, while ruffians black-bearded, and strong, with bludgeon or with knife, forced in their way, and bore off the given loaves, and lived. Many too played usurers, and sold a day's more life to the slowly dying for their little all.

My heart was sick with looking on such scenes. Strange it may sound, yet true it was, I almost wished myself again a chained and toiling slave, eating black bread, and sleeping sound at nights. I proposed to myself to leave the city, and quit this theatre of woe; but conscience said "No, it will be base." Here you cannot doubt your power to serve, to save; some wretches — your purse — draw wide the strings, and feed the hungry. I had gone far out, by Portici, planning with myself some course of action; pressing my hand upon my aching temples, and fearing that my brain would break from its narrow cells, if I lingered among these harrowing scenes; till, as I came near the long garden wall of a villa, I observed a row of

beggars, squalid indeed, in rags, in pain, cripples, and sightless eyes; and mothers wan with new-born babes in arms, and little children among them, who played in the dust. But all were silent and uncomplaining, and I observed that not one person of youth, or middle age, or vigour was among them. As I gazed on them, and drew near, the gate of the garden opened, and they all rose as quickly as their sad state would suffer them, and were received within.

I remained near the spot for an hour; again they came forth, and again spread out their torn blankets, and lay down, and basked in the warm sunshine.

I asked if they were fed there regularly. "Yes," they told me; "we are seventy souls; all halt and maimed, except the children; and the lady here has fed us from the commencement of the famine. Ah! if all did the like—the poor would eat bread and live; but now, Senhor, the little loaf costs a ducat of silver, and the poor man's coin buys nothing in the market, and the sweepings of the market-place are



fought for at the knife's point; and the dead lie about unburied."

"And who is the lady?" "The wife of an English lord, a minister here at our court, and has two children. May St. Januarias and the Holy Virgin bless her then; she is a good lady."

I hastened back to the city, and went instantly to my banker, whom as yet I had not visited.

There is always, there must be in bureaux, a cold reserve, a quiet, methodical transaction of business. The eager haste, the hesitating utterance, the glow and blush of feeling; the money dealer looks at you with doubt, or with contempt.

"Alvarez, look in book D, 1760," said the cold stiff merchant, (as he raised his eyes from a letter, and, without recognising me, deemed it a mere enquiry after effects of a person in whose name he remembered money to have once been lodged); "book D or G;" and a little, thin faced, white-lipped clerk took down a heavy tome with a weak strained arm.

“ Alvarez ! — no effects — paid to order his balance of four thousand crowns, 18th of March, 1760; received by Giacomo Brunelli, his gentleman.”

The truth which ought long ago to have suggested itself to me, now flashed upon my mind; — my servant had robbed me, and fled with my money; a thousand thoughts came terrifyingly over me — was that all? Had he done me no greater evil? had he concealed my captivity? Had I so suffered, and so suffered in vain? I discovered myself to the merchant as the Alvarez whom he had once known — he recognised me, but slowly; however, he did at length identify me. Rapidly I told him what had befallen me, and begged to see the bill; it was produced — an evident forgery, which nothing but a careless neglect of the clerk, in not comparing it with my former bills, could have allowed to pass.

He spoke of concern, but stated chillingly that there was no remedy. It was not a moment to give vent to anger, though I felt boiling with indignation. I drew a bill of large

amount on Venice. He took it, turned it over many times with doubting and suspicious eyes, and was long before he seemed to decide on its transmission even. At last he bade me, in three weeks, call again. Although I had plenty for my own personal need during the interval, yet the thought of succouring the helpless and the famishing, had possessed me with a strength which could not brook disappointment.

I reminded him of my former dealings with him ; I pointed out to him the object, for which I needed the supply, and my readiness to pay any interest for the loan ; and I boasted, as a last hope, of my wealth, my large funds at Venice. He dipped his pen in his inkstand, and looking at me, as to dismiss me, and return to his occupation of entering dates ; -- he calmly said, " We have only one way of doing business, Senhor ; I cannot give you money. As to your wealth at Venice, I must remind you, that you either have, or tell me that you have been plundered of what you left here, why not there also ?"

" Tell you !" I replied in fury, — " have I not

shewn you the clumsy forgery? How know I that it was my servant who received these crowns? Bankers have before now failed in their trusts."

His passion nearly choked him: he was a spare, consumptive man; his cheek became deadly pale—he flew to the door, and called his servants;—they came; but my stern look, and strong frame, and outstretched arm awed them all; and it was only a torrent of abusive words they poured upon me. At last the little clerk whispered something to his master, which seemed to make him pause;—it did not pacify his violence; but turning to me, he said angrily, and with bitter contempt, "Ah, yes—very right—I recollect—if the *Senhor* is the gentleman, and the man of honor he speaks of, there is one in the city, who must know him. But I think the adventurer, whom reports says her father drove away with threats, will never dare to face such a noble person. The *Senhora* Frankland, the lady of the English Secretary, if she acknowledges you to be what you call yourself, we will give you money."

“My sister,” thought I, for the wild notion came swiftly to me.—I considered not exactly what he said—it seemed to me, when I heard the name of Frankland, however great my surprise to find him here, and an official character, yet it seemed to me certain that my sister was his wife; and I thought, perhaps, that some strange and falsified tale of a son, prodigal, and lost, and driven forth by an angry father, had been circulated at Naples, where doubtless they would have inquired for the Alvarez, who had disappeared so unaccountably; though, in a very different spirit from that, in which the enraged banker seemed to imagine. In a little moment this passed within me; and I said, “I shall rejoice to shame you for your want of courtesy; I know the name of Frankland well, and I doubt not his lady too.”

“Oh yes, we suppose you have not forgotten your robber-like attempt to run off with the fair daughter of the noble Senhor Cecil.”

“Cecil! — Maria Cecil!” I tell you that the old banker’s voice was loud—perhaps he

laughed, perhaps he cursed, perhaps he kicked me; I do not know—passively I was hurried down the slippery staircase by several coward hands, which struck, and pushed me. I wandered down narrow streets; among dead bodies and dogs, who snarled at me as, with paws and teeth, they tore the flesh from human bones; and the glaring eyes of cannibal concealment looked out on me from sitters-by cloaked, and with a bony gauntness of visage just shown above—on, on I went regardless; with a heart emptied of every hope. I did not feel as if I could live;—I gained the shore of the sea—blue it looked, and beautiful—I could not bear its smile—I turned away—I wandered to Vesuvius, and reached its ashen side, and lay me down breasting that black, and barren bed. Till the night came I lay there moaning—and then I climbed to the summit, heedless of the path—careless if I perished, and I gained the little plain above, over ground, perhaps, before untrodden. I meditated self-destruction—to plunge into the crater—it seemed a fitting doom for me. It was with a strange and

wild complacency I looked upon the red lava as it slowly rolled down the mountain's side ; mass above mass thickened, and fell over heavily, like huge waves sluggishly tumbling ; and there was a noise, — a low, deep roaring, — and a light — a flameless, fiery glare, and heat scorching.

The oppression from the surrounding scoriæ became excessive ; all I had undergone in mind — and my toil upon that, and my exhaustion for want of food, overcame me, — I swooned away — how long I may have lain insensible I know not ; but I awoke, as from a sleep, and, when I looked around me, I found that I was lying on loose cinders, greatly heated, and not many yards from a wide flow of lava, which now, subdued and colourless in the sun's rays, rolled in a very slow, dark body of black matter, with a whitish hue, the crust of molten fire streaking it here and there in lines, or broader surfaces. I rose, and staggered faint from my resting place ; my eyes swam, as I looked down the mountain, and again I sunk exhausted. There came a peasant, and a friar, and a tra-

veller to that spot, and they succoured me with milk and fruit; and, after an hour or two, I felt recovered and strengthened sufficiently to return. I would not satisfy their curiosity about me, though I most cordially thanked them, and, after the path was pointed out to me, I descended alone.

And was it possible to look upon the scene below me, and ask to close my eyes on it for ever? Sorrento's mountain arm encircling that blue bay; and isles towards the ruder ocean, checking its saucy waves, bidding them break, and flow in soft and hushingly; and the white and sunny city; and the green and villa-studded plain below. I paused, and gazed, and wept. Famine was on the city—and in my heart was hunger—the most aching, the most insatiate—the hunger of affection—that asked for looks, and tones of love,—that was ready to pour out all itself in answering love; but now the garner in which I had stored up my life's future nourishment was another's, and I, again famished in my hopes, a beggar in my very day-dreams, for I could build up no visionary home of happiness



now, or again ever. I moved forward, lost in melancholy thought, till I found myself once more near the villa, where I had seen the disabled beggars, — there they lay still — what need to ask the angel lady's name? I knew it without asking — Maria Cecil — Frankland now — to see her once again — just see her — hear her voice, if it faltered any — look on her cheek, if it were paler grown; — vain thought! — I communed with myself; and fathomed the abyss of my name's fall. It was clear to me that I was thought a wayward, wilful, selfish, heartless being, who had fled again, on wings of restlessness, and laughed at broken vows, and breaking heart-strings. My family, and my wooed love, wantonly deserted again, in a moment of caprice, and without an effort or a sigh. She thought me this being, and, with maiden pride, uprooted me from her young bosom; and chose an honorable man, and married him, and was the wife of his bosom, and the mother of his children. Thus thinking, she had probably found peace; “should I come then to vindicate my worthless self, and plant a thorn

in that bosom? — never — never” — that inward vow I made, and have for ever kept most sacredly. I hastened home to my lodging, and called for food, and refreshed myself, and waited impatiently for the night. It came — I took a mask, and wrapped myself in a cloak, and took my arms, and hastened to the banker's. I watched, and saw him in his room alone, reading by a lamp. I entered the portals — the careless servants were idle, or absent, or sleeping — I made my way to his chamber — unmasked myself, and held my dagger to his heart. In speechless terror he listened to me — I drew forth a crucifix, and made him swear, upon his bended knees, that he would never again mention to human being our late interview — that he would not suffer it to be spoken of by any of his household — and that, if perchance it had been, or ever should be, he would deny, or explain it away. I worked strongly alike upon his superstitious feelings, and upon his animal fears; compelling him to invoke the wrath of heaven on his head if he violated the oath, and menacing him with instant death from

my sure hand ; telling him I would come back, were it from the farthest Ind, to shed his blood, if he proved faithless. Cold sweat stood upon his forehead, and his lips were pale when he kissed the crucifix, and swore to observe what I enjoined.

I went down, and out into the dark street, calm and comforted. My own happiness was gone, but Maria's, such as it might be, should not be troubled or lessened through me — although I would have thrown down the wealth of worlds, had it been mine, to tell her all, and see her tears, and listen to her sighs, and know they fell, and heaved in pity and in love for me.—I forbore. —I gave up the guilty bliss ; a worthy sacrifice to the peace of her whom my very soul adored.

Until I could either go to, or communicate with Venice, I began to discover that I should be embarrassed. I immediately changed my lodging, and my garb, and appeared as a foreign sailor, waiting for employment. The famine was still felt throughout the city in all

its bitterness, and hundreds upon hundreds were daily perishing.

I have said that, after having seen how the lady (whom then I knew not to be my beloved Maria) had arranged so tenderly and considerately to assist those, who were unable to help themselves, an idea of directing all my efforts to succour the like objects had taken full possession of my mind.

The failure of my application to the banker for money had left me without the means of such charity as I had intended. Daily I shared my food, and a part of my light purse, with the sufferers ; but the relief it was in my power thus to give was little, and to few. A strange thought came across me, as I lay awake in the night — I will go daily to where they issue the dole of bread, and I will struggle in my strength, and get food for the helpless, and give it them. I did so for ten successive days : I regularly repaired to the grand square, and of all the strong men there assembled, none ever obtained half the quantity of the bread distributed that I did. To the aged and sick, the

blind and lame, the woman and the child, the first whom I saw, I gave this food, and then again returned, and rushing amid the throng, with violent strength, I forced my way to the door where it was issued, and got more, and gave it away — and more, and again gave it away. It is surprising, with what light and grateful boundings of the heart, I went home to my couch, on all these days. Many times my bruises were severe — twice I was cut with a knife. My face, roughened by the toils of slavery, and very deeply bronzed by the sun of Africa — together with my mean garb, and a bandage, which I had placed on my forehead so low as almost to conceal my eyes, made me feel safely disguised. It was therefore fearlessly that I walked about the city, and suffered myself to be pointed at, as a pardoned felon, fulfilling some holy vow : certainly I daily felt as though I were fulfilling a holy duty ; as if I were the honoured, though mean instrument of God's mercy to the perishing.

An accident, which had nearly discovered me to Maria, determined me to leave the city. It was

the very last day that a public dole of bread was given to the people, and every thing was beginning to wear a better aspect for the miserable population.

I had fulfilled my accustomed task with my usual success, and was returning from the palace square, through the Strada de Toledo, when, among the crowding and rapid carriages, I observed an open one with a gentleman and lady, a nurse and children. I marked the carriage before it came up to me, for I always loved the sight of children. Just as it passed opposite, one of the little creatures, in a playful struggle with its nurse, escaped from her hold, and fell over out of the carriage. I instantly darted forward, and seizing the horses' heads of the closely following chariot, succeeded, at the hazard of my life, in turning them from the course in which they must certainly have trampled over the child. I was severely bruised, but had still power to lift the little girl in my arms, and run with her to the safe side wall, ere the carriage was stopped, and the father

and mother by my side—Maria Cecil! and Frankland!

I did not, could not look up; but the hands of Maria touched me, as she took her child out of my arms;—and when she saw that it was not harmed, she turned with eagerness to ask if I was, and she thanked me very tenderly, and her heart, the mother's heart, was in her grateful tones. The manly Frankland, too, was warm in his acknowledgements; not, as we often see a noble to a slave, but full and freely thankful as man to man. He saw that I was hurt, and sent for a surgeon. He saw that I was poor in garb, and he gave me a purse, without a word of reward; but asked where I lived, and some others told him. I never answered him a word, —never dared to look up. My breast heaved, and shook with the strong quick throbbings of my troubled heart.

I drew lower the bandage on my forehead. I rose from my leaning posture. I threw his purse among the gathering crowd; and, without once suffering my eyes to glance towards any of those well-loved beings, or to steal one mo-

mentary look at her, whom my soul loved with an adoring veneration, I hurried hastily down the street, was soon lost in the crowd, and retreated to my poor little chamber weeping — happily weeping, — as we may when we have done well.

How did I lie awake that night, and think over the every trifle of that hurried scene! How often, again and again, in after life have I called it up; — how to this hour I find comfort in doing so! The child of Maria Cecil! I had pressed my brown cheek upon it — had seen its eyes — its little fairly curling hair. Ah me! I did not merit her. The God who loved her as a father gave her to another, and a better. I knew Harry Frankland was a noble-hearted man — a worthy lord for her; and I took comfort from the thought.

The following morning I quitted Naples, and took the road to Rome on foot. I had written to Venice to beg that I might find letters, and a remittance at Rome, whither I stated my design of going.

I set forth, with a staff in my hand, and with



barely money enough in my purse for a few days' scanty bread. Blighted as were all my hopes — desolate as was the cheerless prospect of my future life, — nevertheless, as I trode along the pleasant way, I almost forgot that I was wretched; and I blessed God that the sun shone bright, and that the morning air blew soft upon me. At every step I met cars, and convoys of mules laden with corn; and the carmen and the muleteers sung cheerily, as if they felt how they should be welcomed in the city; and the labourers in the fields and vineyards looked up, at the sound of their mules' merry tinkling bells, and shouted joyfully as they passed along.

It is a fine balm for our sorrows, to see the sunshine of happiness breaking out from clouds which have long hung over others. It nurses our sick hopes — it does more; — we cannot rejoice to see others blessed, without, in some sort, sharing in their joy.

I was six days traversing the country between Naples and Rome. I bought my food in the market-places; I ate it, in quietude, by sparkling waters or under shady trees; and I slept

soundly at nights upon the bare earth; and awoke light, refreshed, and grateful. On the evening of the sixth day I sat me down at the foot of that tall obelisk which stands before the noble church of St. John Lateran; and I took from my wallet the last morsel of my bread.

“Give me,” said a pale and perishing wretch, as he crawled forward at the sight; “give me, I pray you, a mouthful only of that bread. For two days I have not tasted food, and I am dying. They drive me from the church doors, and the convent gates; and the very beggars will not share with me, because I am of Venice.”

“And you ask succour of me! Do you know me?”

His eyes dilated; his lean, and melancholy jaws stood agape; his flesh trembled; he could not speak.—It was Giacomo Brunelli, my faithless servant, who kneeled before me in convicted guilt and dying terror.

I threw him down the bread; “Eat, miserable being — eat, and strengthen yourself to tell out to me the tale of your crimes. Eat. — I will go pray.”

I entered the vast aisle of St. John Lateran. I threw me down at the foot of one of those colossal statues of the apostles, and I bowed down my head to the altar of the holy sacrament, and asked strength to forgive the trespasses, which this wretch had committed against me ; and, as a calm came over my subdued spirit, I felt that to forgive, was to share forgiveness. Never could the sternest Roman have risen up from before the columns of gilded bronze which now gleamed on me from that altar, as erst on him from the shrine of Jupiter, with a mind so firmly knit to virtuous resolve ; for, the endurance of the stoic, what is it to the resigned and peaceful submission of the natural will, by the mourning and the humbled spirit of the shamed and imploring Christian ? Alas ! with me these emotions, however delightful ; however salutary at the moment, were ever transient. Some *ignis fatuus* glimmered through the fog of night ; and, with eager eye and outstretched hand, I followed the fleeting good, till again and again I fell whelmed in the miry waters.

Never was strength of mind more necessary to me, than at this moment ; for I had to learn what shook me like the stripping wind of icy winter — what left me like a lone bare tree, leafless, my roots quivering — my black trunk bending to the fall.

My father and my mother were dead : they lay in one grave — here — in Rome. They had followed after their son. They had pined of broken hopes. The *mal aria* had seized my father. He sunk under it. The mercy of heaven had spared my fond mother the bitter life of widowed loneliness : within a little month she was again united to him in the tomb.

From the confession of this wretch, I found that he had appropriated my money at Naples ; and given it out that he was ordered to follow me to Sicily, whither I had suddenly determined on going.

It seems that the year after, my father and family came to Italy ; and they every where instituted the strictest inquiries about one Alvarez. He heard of it accidentally ; and, having gambled away all his money, thought he might turn the

money to his advantage : so he presented himself as the servant who accompanied me to the city of Aleppo, and in whose arms I died. "In the morning," said Giacomo, "if I live, I will show you where they lie buried." He fainted; and appeared to be sinking fast. Was it on the brink of the dull vault where he was to be soon cast in among the bones of thousands? Was it on the eve of that sleep, from which he was to be roused, by a summoning trump, to the bar of Heaven, that I was to tread down the writhing worm? — No.—There are many ways of murdering; I was myself a murderer, a parricide. I went to a vintner's, and sold my cloak for a trifle, and bought wine; and came back and gave him a draught. I started as if an adder had bit me, as I felt his lips kiss my hand; but then I checked myself, and asked pardon of Heaven for that crime of pride.

I never closed my eyes throughout that bitter night. I walked about the waste ground near the obelisk, till the dawn of day; and then I would have awakened the poor criminal, to make him lead me to my father's grave. But,

as I looked down upon a thing so wretched, and saw it sleeping, it had seemed revenge in me to waken it.

I met a dusty-footed, sturdy capuchin, and asked him where they buried strangers. "Of what nation?" "English," I said. "The heretics, what matters it? They lie by the pagan, near the gate of St. Paul."

I went there with quick steps. It was a green and solitary place — waste — near the city wall. A pyramid, a tomb of a proud size, built by the Romans, was the only striking object that marked the spot, where a few memorial slabs of stained marble lay flat upon unconsecrated graves.

With what deep agony I stood over the white stone! "Beavoir," "Beavoir," twice sculptured on it. Beavoirs, who should have lain beneath the barred helm of marble in the old church of Beaulieu. My eye read on, "Placed as a plain memorial of her grief, by Harriet, the wife of Harry Howard, captain in the Royal Navy, and sole surviving child of these her lamented parents."

“How rich those English are!” said a poor fellow, with a spade in his hand, as he paused a minute by my side. “Now the two old people that lay here, there came a young man, and had their bodies taken up, and carried down to the sea, and put into a ship, and took them home to England — as if they could be the better of that, poor devils!”

The man passed on, not heeding my emotion, and left me.

“Then Howard, I thought, has been to them a son. Howard is a brother — a husband to my sister — yes; — I kneeled down, and thanked Heaven that it was so. In early life I had seen, though but for a short time, the noble promise of his boyhood; yes — there were men for Heaven to favour — Howards and Franklands. Such a being as myself only cumbered the earth.

Surely my cup of woe was full; surely I had drunk it to the very dregs.

I mourned; but I grew restless as I mourned, and tried to break away from my own accusing thoughts. It was clear to me, or I fancied it

so, that honour and duty alike forbade me ever to resume the name of my father. I was already considered dead — gone out of mind : be it so. I must not dwell, methought, upon my situation ; — it will madden me. I must seek a something to fill, to occupy, to beguile the mind ; to heal the bleeding heart. From a distant niche near the gate, the crucifix, with its sad lamp, looked on me. Ah ! no — although the very night before I had found comfort in my prayers ; it seemed to me now that it were mockery in me to hope for consolation there. A something hung over my spirits like the menace of despair. Now this I dreaded, and was resolute to chase away. Would that, at that hour, and, in my then state, I had resolved never more to touch gold ; but had entered on a life of busy toil, and eaten only of that bread which the sweat of honest labour would have given. — How much should I have escaped of after woe and crime.

When I returned to the obelisk, Giacomo Brunelli was gone. I never saw him after. I could not but indulge some hope, that I had



saved his miserable life for a few years longer; and that, perhaps, he lived repentantly, and blessed me for my act of mercy.

A letter was given out to me, from the post office, to the address of the Senhor Alvarez; and it was with a sort of doubting wonder, that such a rough poor-looking messenger should be sent for it, that it was, after a long pause, at length committed to me.

As I had exactly described my state of destitution to my Venetian banker, he had considerately enclosed a note to his correspondent in Rome, to save me from any embarrassment. To receive a sum of money, to clothe myself, and to provide a carriage to convey me, forthwith to Venice, was the work of a few hours; — and I left the city, which I had entered the night before as a beggar, again restored to all the comforts of a gentleman's condition; but with no heart to enjoy them. It was indifferent to me what wind blew, or what course I was to be driven; — and a sudden direction was given to my mind, by one of those accidental encoun-

ters, which, in my melancholy mood, it was not surprizing that it should produce.

The day I arrived in Venice, as I was standing up to get out of my gondola, it swayetl; and I caught the arm of a person in the boat adjoining, to steady myself. There was a cry instantly, which, at the moment, I did not understand. Being ignorant, as a stranger, of the flag and the costume of the gondoliers in the Lazaretto boats, I had accidentally touched one; and, as the quarantine laws in Venice were most strictly observed, I had to pay the penance of my incaution by a confinement of twenty days in the Lazaretto. There were two travellers in the building, into whose company I was thus unavoidably introduced. The one wore the turban, the beard, and the oriental robe; and spoke in rapture of the Mahometan and the Arab. He had traversed the Holy Land, Egypt, Armenia, Persia, and Arabia. The morals, the virtue, the hospitality of the Arab were his constant themes. The simplicity, the reserve, the seclusion of an Eastern manner of life, he pronounced alike dignified and rational. He

should return, he said, and pass his life in the East, where he might be solitary, and unquestioned; where he might live, and clothe himself after the manner of the most ancient among mankind.

It was in vain I related the hardships of my captivity in Algiers, and the scenes I had witnessed there. He denied that the Moor of Africa resembled the Mahometan of Asia Minor, and contended that their treatment of the captive was only imitated from the cruel example of Genoa and Venice. He appealed to me, however, as to many customs even there; and asked, if, to the reflective and contemplative life of a thinking being, the silence and seclusion of the haram and the garden were not congenial. Nothing was more mistaken, than supposing that all the hours of seclusion in the haram were devoted to idleness and dalliance. It was in such sacred retreats that the Arabian sages, the glory of Cordova and Grenada, had penned their noblest works. He contended that the better Mahometans were enlightened Deists; that their worship, and their lives, corresponded, in all things,

with the patriarchs and the prophets. He praised them as far before the Christians of any sect; — but at the same time, he spoke with such an admiration of all virtue, and of all virtuous characters and modes of life, that he irresistibly caught my attention, and made a deep impression on me. He slept upon the ground; he drank only of pure water; he partook of nothing but plain boiled rice; his only luxury being the long Turkish pipe, and the cup of the strong coffee of Mocha.

A something in the consistent self-denial of his life, and in the quiet self-government of all his actions, increased and strengthened my prepossessions in his favour.

The other was a younger man, in European dress, who had traversed the East rapidly — had looked only on the surface of things, — but seemed to have formed very different notions, and to listen with anxiety to representations he felt to be erroneous; but which it were difficult for him, with very slender knowledge, confidently to correct. He observed my eagerness, my aspect of unhappiness, and my readiness to

catch at any thing which offered a diversion to painful thought, and gave prospect of a new, exciting, and unaccustomed mode of life.

As we sat together one evening on the steps, which led down to the water, when all was mellow and soft at the sun-set hour, he thus addressed me —“ You are unhappy. A something weighs upon your spirits. A something sits heavy at your heart. Recollect, that go where you will, that sorrow will still bear you company. Your heart will ache whatever vest may cover it; and whether the sun rise and set on you in Arabia or in Italy, it will shine on the same miserable being that it now so gently looks upon, as it sinks to its glorious rest.

“ I say not, that if you go forth in a proper spirit of contemplation, your danger or your disappointment will be great. No; such a spirit is balmy to the wounded heart; and gives life, and health, and strength, to the weak and decaying mind.

“ I myself have gazed upon the sad scenery of the Arabian desert, with a solemnity of feeling

no language could depict ; no description could impart ; a feeling, the very sublime of melancholy. It does not depress ; it awakens, it elevates, it inspires. You complain of being alone in the world ; thousands are so. There is at times a darkness on your brow, which speaks of hidden things I would not know ; — but recollect, I pray you, that guilt has no stain which the fountain of mercy cannot wash away. Perhaps you are only a man of sorrow, with a broken heart ; the early promise of your life has fled you ; you have failed in some noble aim, some high pursuit ; or you have loved in vain. Whatever be the cause of your depression, I can feel for you. I am myself a solitary and almost a sad man. True, you have seen me smile and gaily pledge you ; have heard me talk with life and animation ; but the habit of my soul is lonely, mourning, meditative. To me, musing is no idle relaxation ; it is my life ; and I have so taught myself to sweeten solitude by thought, and have so struggled, with heaven's kind aid, to guide those thoughts to the praise of God ; the love of man, and the peace of my

own soul, that I will tell you of my past and present life, as much as may woo you to a smile and sooth you.

*The Muser's Tale.*

“ Wisely, most wisely has it been said, that the sport of musing is the waste of life. The happy consciousness of being useful in his generation, the high reward of after praise, of the cherished memory, and the venerated tomb, were never yet granted to that man who turned aside from the labour of thought, to dally with a dreaming fancy.

“ There is no more bitter consideration that now presses on me, than the gloomy consciousness that I was born with a mind which I have neglected to improve, and the powers of which I have expended in the selfish and unproductive pleasure of silent thought. You may smile at a regret, the utterance of which seems prompted by a vain estimate of fancied capacity. There is an ancient proverb, which says, ‘ If every one would mend one, the whole world would be better.’ The connection between mental power

and moral influence is known, and undisputed. — Picture to yourself what our earth would be, if all minds were cultivated to their utmost, and if, on every side, there were the abashing eye of wisdom, the persuasive voice of truth, and the grave frown of virtuous power to operate as moral checks upon mankind. I look not, however, to what I might have been, but to what I am. I cannot act as pilot in the sea of life; but I can still wave my little pennant from the shoal, where I am stranded; and, until the breaking surf overwhelms my frail bark, my warning shout shall be heard above its sullen roar.

I turn, and gladly, to a lighter vein. I will not detail the trifling though not inconsequent events of my early childhood. I was little more than eight years of age when I first began to build my airy castles. I went to a little grammar school in the town of ———, as a day scholar. Here the Latin usher always patted me on the head for my eager and willing attention, while the writing-master beat about my poor little knuckles with his ruler, sponged out my bad summing, and awkward figures, and gave up all



hope of exhibiting a fair copy-book of mine, or of teaching me to mend a pen, with frowning vexation. As a natural consequence, I hated all copy-books, and slates, and found even the dry rules of syntax, which I could easily commit to memory, delightful. I often staid away from school on the writing and ciphering mornings, and would prance about distant fields on a stick alone. Here it was that to keep my faults and my punishment out of sight, I first began to think, Mother Bunch and the wishing cap of Fortunatus assisting me. An elder brother had once asked a holiday for me; I afterwards, several times, made his name an excuse to my master, which was always readily admitted. At length the master detected me playing truant; my father and mother had been always most tenderly indulgent to me; I knew, and then shared, and do, to this hour, their abhorrence of a lie. How great must have been the irksomeness, how goading the vexation, of the hated task which I sought to evade at that early age, by a deception! The disgrace seemed to me greater than it was possible to bear, — to look my father and mother in the face, a something I

could never do again. I ran away, not only from school, but from home. With shame — with fear — with a heavy, but yet a hopeful heart I went off, at six o'clock, one fine summer morning, and ingeniously contrived to make a detour of fourteen miles, and find myself, after the mighty exertion, at a small town only seven miles from my home. I can remember, as it were yesterday, the kind of awful fear which beat in my little bosom, as, in the course of my wanderings that morning, I came out upon a wide lonely common. The exploring traveller, remote and unfriended amid the desert solitudes of Africa, never felt his heart sink with heavier terror, or conquered that feeling with a vaster effort of resolution. I was a pretty, clean-dressed child ; but it was foot-sore and dusty, penniless and hungry, that I stood in the streets of ——, in the middle of the day — what do ? — I saw the sign of a large white horse dangling in the wind. I went timidly into the yard, and asked an ostler if he would give me work — said I was young, and willing to learn. But, in truth, a horse was an animal I had never touched,

(for my father was old ; had left off riding ; and laid down his horses). I trembled, therefore, at the clatter of their iron hoofs, as they stood cleaning in the yard, and when the large stable dogs came smelling about me, I turned red ;—the ostler gave me a sort of wondering smile, and pointed to a big man, his master. By this portly personage I was good temperedly but pressingly cross-examined —so closely, indeed, —that out came the whole truth, told, I remember, confidingly, as if I had met with one who would engage me, befriend me, and keep my secret. He took me into the bar, and gave me a dinner with himself and his wife,—a kind, handsome woman, who filled my plate, mother-like, and scolded me with those looks and tones that attach and win us.

“ It may be supposed, that a message had been immediately dispatched to my home. The arrival of a post-chaise, and the well-known livery, announced to me my fate. I was carried home, got out of the chaise red and blubbering, was questioned, talked to, kissed, forgiven, and sent to bed. The next morning I was taken,

in my father's hand, which trembled, I remember, excessively, to the pedagogue. There was a little speechifying between them, of which I heard no more than does the culprit, at the drop, of priest, or executioner. The door closed behind my affectionate, nervous father, and I immediately received twenty-five lashes with a new birch rod. I could not sit on my little rump for a fortnight ; but I thought little of what I had suffered from my flogging, when I learned that I was to be sent to a boarding-school, in a cathedral city, twenty miles from home. The year I passed there was among the brightest of my young existence. The master was a clergyman, and the classical improvement of his boys his pride. I was always at the head of my class — I had property too — my little weekly rent of pocket-money. I made young friendships, ran about, played, slept sound, and was never flogged ; but, to this year, I may trace back the sowing of many weeds, which, although I have gathered from them flowers of some beauty and some perfume, did yet entirely choke all healthier growth in a

mind of some fertility. All the boys were taken once during the season to a play. This entertainment so delighted and captivated me, that I could think of no higher enjoyment. I wrote home, and obtained leave, kindly but inconsiderately granted, to go as often to the theatre as the master might approve, provided I kept at the head of my class. With such a stimulus I was always senior, and every week, therefore, I was permitted to witness a performance. There was one trumpery melo-drama which greatly caught my fancy, and of which I never tired — banditti, and benighted travellers — a forest hut — a broken ladder — a lone sleeping chamber — a blood-stained pillow — the ghost of a bleeding nun — an attempted murder; and a kindly rescue by the sweet cunning of a pretty, tender, peasant girl.

“ There was a strange wild spot, I remember, to which we used to walk on half-holidays, and where we used to play. The Castle Hill, they called it; an old, bushy, uneven knoll, with the remains of walls, and passages, and a ditch. Here, the elected manager, I marshalled

my little playfellows; and we acted not one, but a hundred different things; spouting extempore: fighting with wooden sworts, &c. &c. — to be sure, now and then, some of the stronger, and less intellectual boys would come and throw stones at us, and charge us, and roll us down the banks, but, upon the whole, I was a great favourite even with them. I gave of every thing I had freely; I helped the more stupid; and as I used to get story books, such as the abridgements of romances, and Arabian tales, and plays, why, I was listened to, and sought after, and gathered little dark groupes round the one candle at which I read, or leaned down with a little fond friend on either side looking over me. I used to be taken also to all the monthly concerts in that city, by some kind friends of my family, and learned to love sweet sounds.

“I must hasten to the end of this happy year; telling nothing about our pastry-cook, our roll shop; the spectacled and wig-wearing barber, that lived opposite to us; or the lame raven, said to be a hundred years old, and

which, at my early age, was to me an object of strange and fanciful veneration.

“ The remembered details of this year would make a volume, tiresome enough, though not to me.

“ The scene was now to change. I was taken to a public school, a little candidate for the dignity of a black gown and a white surplice, and the band, the proud band !

“ My heart rose to my very throat, as I wound my way up the stone stair-case to the election chamber, and found myself standing before six black-robed, grave men ; and was interrogated with grave hems, by a kind and reverend old warden, and asked if I could sing ; and answered with a stammering effort at harmony, ‘ All people that on earth do dwell, sing,’ and was smiled upon, and bid go down again.

“ What a day that was to me ! The awful form gone through, my examination, as it was called, over ; I had nothing to do but to wonder and enjoy. The arched gateways, the stone quadrangle, the tall buttresses of the

stately chapel, the grated windows of the chambers, the crowding ascent up the lofty steps to the high hall, the many tables, long, and narrow, and white; the solemn silence, the parent-guests, the gowned-boys, the servitors, all standing reverent, and the deeply chanted grace; how well I remember it — and then, the busy bustle of the feasting boys, the rows of shining-crusts pies; and the full portions of some dainty sent down from the great guest table, with the kind wink of the kind old fellow, watching it; and the bright eye of the receiving boy laughing out his thanks; and the good tempered servitor delivering it with a chuckle, and the indulgent under master, who walked the hall, turning his head away.

“Then, between the courses, the lesson read, and after, the sweet dish of ancient times, the stuckling — all this in a vast hall, with saw-dust covered floor; and trenchers on the tables, and the beer in stiff black leathern jacks, and a chained tub for broken meats sent always to the poor, or to the captive! Yes, it was a very happy day! Some young college boys ran down



with me that sunny evening, and showed me the prison meadow, and the chalky ball court, and the school-room, with its master's throne-like chair, and the strange tablet on the wall, with the painted admonition ; the inkstand, and the sword beneath, and below again the rod — learning, or war, or stripes.

“ It was a dull, dark evening, when, after the vacation, all the boys assembled within the college walls from their widely scattered homes. Heavily closed the ponderous gate upon us, and heavily tolled out the Cathedral bell. In truth, had I not been supported by a sense of pride and manliness, the year that followed would have sickened me. I was put into a class, all the business of which I could already do ; nevertheless I was abundantly flogged (that was however but form) : my trials were out of school. I was a severely beaten fag ; a little faggot-lighting, shoe-polishing, bason-cleaning, towel-drying, bread-toasting, chocolate-making, gaiter-buttoning varlet.

“ For study, or for play, I could never command an hour. I had always to watch some-

thing ; and many a long, cold, wintry hour have I passed, leaning against the iron-cased gate, to give warning of the master's coming step. What wonder if, with a full fancy, I learned to muse, and make a little warm paradise within me ? I did so, and it grew on me. Still after my year of juniorship, that season of frequent blows and hurried hungriness, still the sickly taste clung closely to me.

“ About this time my father fell very ill ; and long remained so. The last, the least, the most indulged of all his children, the only little one, when all the rest were grown up, I loved him very tenderly. The misfortune shook my little heart. I mourned, and mused upon him much.

“ Melancholy, and conscious that I was a very weak child, timid, too, from a saddened and broken spirit, I loved and sought all quietude—all solitary places. Never, unless compelled, did I join in the brave foot-ball play ; no active skill had I at fives, or cricket, or bold leapings, and bolder climbings. I looked on at all these things, wistfully, admiringly, and always with enjoyment, if none pained me by reproach or

taunt. Few did so ; the happier and stronger of my class-fellows, were fond and kind — they raised my broken spirit. One only battle I ever fought among them : it was with a bigger, hardier boy. He beat me soundly, and liked me ever after.

“ The solitary walk round the mead, the lone stroll upon the hill with its black tuft of firs, or the saunter by the river side, and up the double arbour-filled hedge — the lying in the long grass — sitting under the tree — sunning in the ball-court corner, and reading any thing, every thing that cost no trouble — all well-learned passages perused, and reperused, and spouted to myself — these were my pleasures ! Thus I fed my imagination with beauties only, and, like a fool, I made myself a colouring glass of rich and Claude-like tints, through which to look at this our world of trial. I found the business of the school easy. Some happy four of us would learn together ; one read the text ; one dug the lexicon — (I, never) ; one plainly construed ; and I, when they shewed me the roots of those glorious compound epithets, gave

richer and stronger English. Thus happily I idled on.

“ I liked my masters ; one especially ; — and before I was myself a senior, my youthful tutor — as for this last, the most gifted youth in that young world—his countenance was a sun to me. Manly and active in his own habits, he was yet most considerate for the weakly and the quiet. It was rare to give any boys leave out of bounds, who did not join in the badger hunts, and all stronger and social exercises. I remember his calling me — (aye, the very spot, and time of the day, and aspect of the hill and the heavens), and bidding me always use his name ; and that, with a kind tone, and a countenance that beamed out benevolent beauty. I always loved him, wept when he left the school, and after when we met as men ; to this hour, I think of him with a swelling and a grateful heart.

“ But time wore on, and I mingled, though not sixteen, with things above the school-boy ; felt the love of country ; read all the speeches of our statesmen ; talked politics, and procured new works. One I remember, that banished

all classics for weeks — itself a classic — a metrical romaunt; the lay of an aged minstrel. I could say it all by heart, and see it all; each spot, each personage; and, more, — could hear each wild and warlike sound.

“ At this time I passed a vacation which gave a strong impulse to my choice of life, in a small and romantic circle of war-like foreigners, — Swiss, exiled from their troubled homes, and serving England with their swords.

“ They were kind to me; I saw them at all times. To me their hidden, honourable economy lay open. I was an acute boy, and saw it clearly; I was a feeling youth, and I venerated them. I recollect the small, and struggling fires; the close-buttoned, worn, great coat; the drawings of their loved mountains hung around; the flute, the violin, the mathematical instruments, the out-spread maps and plans, the speaking with each other of battles long past, and lost, but bravely fought; and the frequent, sighing mention of their distant country; — and then the changing of their spirits; the lively song, the light

waltz, the masks, the foils and warming stamps ; and, at night, their glittering garbs, and cheerful smiles, at the concert or the dance ; and the love that women seemed to bear them.

“ Now was it that I wanted freedom, and an ushering into life — and glory, glory was my idol. In a feeble frame the heart beat warm. I looked up at the painted tablet. ‘ Open your lexicon,’ said the inkstand ; ‘ Come,’ said the naked sword, ‘ come to the battle-plain and the mountain.’ As I read the minstrel’s lay I had revelled, in imaginary pride, on barbed steeds, and felt harnessed in a heavy panoply of polished steel, and gratified my fancy with what I knew to be an impossible, an unattainable enjoyment. Now I blessed that change in warfare which I had then despised ; blessed it because I knew that in the death-shower of modern battle, the weak might stand among, — aye, and before the strong ; that to a high mind and a hot spirit, the soldiers, all brave and brawny as they may be, will point with a loving and confiding pride, though cased perchance in a weaker frame.

“ Well, I followed the visionary good, and threw away the inkstand, and buckled on the sword. Let me not call it visionary; I have lived, and reaped my little harvest of grasped hands and pledged cups, and the rough soldier’s rewarding smile; but the high glory of renown and rank has fled my fooled, ambitious hopes; and the calm comforts, which grow up beautifully in private life out of young, requited love, and early wedlock — the husband’s happiness, the rising race — all have fled far away. I cherished such golden visions once — when I was young, quite young; but I do not now.

“ I love to be alone. The dull detail of a mere parade life yields me no pleasure. I think of the forest bivouac, the tented plain, the bannered array of battle. I sit at the crowded board; I look for the features, and listen for the voices, of the distant and the dead.

“ The cup is filled high on the proud anniversary, and in silence we drink to the memory of the slain; and a pause succeeds — short — and then again the jest or song — and this is fame! for those who bloomed and smiled

among us, who fought by our sides, and whom we saw pant with the death-thirst, and perish in their warm gore! Well, it does not do to think too deeply of such matters: — ‘A merry heart is a continual feast:’ — I would I had one.

“But I have something learned which soothes me, cheats me of my care, peoples my solitude with airy forms, and soft young voices of other days. Many countries have I visited, and many scenes distant, and far removed by space, I can call up at will. They come like those shown in the old enchanter’s glass. I gaze, and am beguiled.

“Musing, it is true, can only be called a sport; yet it is an art. By it we may warm ourselves to the deepest gratitude for every blessing, and feel our bliss enhanced. We may fan the faint spark of charity and love into such flames as cheer the cold, lone bosom; and stir the benevolence of our nature to look out far, and lovingly, from our solitude, on all mankind.

“Wherever we turn, there is food for this innocent indulgence of the fancy. When I have walked the streets of the great capital of



my native country mid fog and sleet, I have found it in the orange vended on the stall, the cocoa nut by its side, and — perhaps, shivering at a corner — the African beggar, who was born among these sunny things; gathered, for aught we know, some luscious fruits we may have eaten, long years ago, at cheerful tables; or sailed home with them in storms, and watched while we were sleeping in warm beds.

“ Again, in the brilliant circle of the drawing-room;—the gem that sparkles, set in gold, upon white bosoms, — a thing that was dug for by dusky men deep in the caverned earth, who shall say when? who where? worn by how many? in what ages? in what countries?—the muslins, too, woven by Indian maids; and the carved fan, on which the quaint Chinese may have bestowed long days of ancient labour; and the huge elephant, that was hunted in some shady forest by bold and naked men, to yield the fair material — I love such idle thoughts; and love to muse upon the social fabric and its blessings — and on wonder-working commerce; how every petty coin we spend spreads among

our fellow creatures, builds cottages, and peoples them with singing industry; to follow the trifling gift, too, which aids the village school, which puts the bible on the parent's shelf, to register the births and names of their young offspring, to note down their wanderings, settlements, or deaths, in the blank leaf before the sacred page, in which they read about God's love, care, and mercy, and go confidently to sleep on Saturday nights, and bless him for the Sabbath rest of the expected morrow. Such thoughts I love and cherish.

“ Yet often do I weep to think upon my useless life. How little can I benefit my fellows ! I burst, half educated, into the world without one ray of science. I was never taught to trace the bright courses of the glorious stars. I was never taught to know, at a grateful glance, each wondrous animal that walks the earth, or swims in the wide, deep sea; each proud, or pretty thing, that soars, or flutters in the buoyant air; each tall, aspiring tree, or tender plant, that spreads a shadow, or that bears a flower; nor

all those various herbs that yield us food, and the many green sweet grasses for cattle. Little I know of the many treasures of the mine, of the varied strata of the wondrous earth, of the noble secrets of the husbandman, of the mighty powers of the chemist. I look at the little sailor lad as he takes his lunars; at the architect as he designs the bold and solid bridge, or rears the lofty cupola; on the machinist, who lightens labour; the informed mechanic; the very cottèr who reclaims one barren acre, and gives increasing means to the increasing wants of his fellow creatures; — on each and all these I look with a respect, a regard, and a generous permitted envy. I am too old fully to school myself in any of these matters for more than a moral pastime. I must live and die the useless thing I am; help the old beggar; smile upon the young; and walk this world lovingly, though lonely; thankfully, though sad; lift my bold eye to a higher and a better; and pray always for that guiding Spirit, which writes in characters of light the will and the mercy of that God

who rules, redeems — who knows, and therefore pities man.

“ Though grovelling I appear  
Upon the ground, and have a rooting here  
Which hales me downwards, yet, in my desire,  
To that which is above me, I aspire  
And all my best affections I profess  
To Him that is the Sun of Righteousness.”

“ Not altogether will this mourning confession of a wasted life be without its use, if it prompts you to a worthier course. A younger light sparkles in your eye; a younger strength swells in your manly limb. It ill befits you to recline upon the couch of pleasure; or to moulder in a gloomy cell, or to wander about the world without object or end: arouse yourself! — to needful arts, to honest actions, to holy study, or arms — the arms of patriot warriors — give up your span of being. So shall you taste of sleep and peace, of fame and high reward. Above all things, clasp close to your bosom the faith of the Christian; bind it about thee, walk with it, lie down with it, talk

with it. So in the hours of toil, of pain, of peril, you shall not be alone; you shall be guided, upheld, comforted. You wonder that a thing like me should offer counsel; that a dreamy child of fancy should reprove the idle and the murmurer. Yet take it of me: it is good, as that of wiser men; for it is the fruit, the bitter fruit, of sad experience."

It was dark night when he closed his tale. I could not see his features, but from his tone I thought he wept. I asked him "Had he friends?"

"Dear ones."

"Had he ever loved?"

"Love is a sacred thing — do you think, stranger, that I have laughed and shed tears, like other men, and lived till gray hairs are mingling with these brown locks, and never loved?"

"What, then, is it you fear for me; wherefore have you thus opened out your heart — surely travel is innocent, is profitable."

"I fear to see you caught by every wind of

man's poor breath. As you listened to the old traveller within, I could see the kindling of your affections, easily impressible. Cameleon-like, you take the colour of the moment. I tell you, that, if you wander in search of truth, you will not find it; in search of happiness, it will fly from you. Within, look steadily within, and up to the high heaven with prayer; — a dove shall visit you."

We were released on the following day from our confinement, and the strange muser left Venice instantly for his native country. The elder companion remained behind, and for some weeks I was almost constantly in his society. He was an even-minded amiable man. At times, indeed, I thought I could discover a tone of pride in his discourse — as if the world was stumbling on in darkness, and he one of the philosophic few who walked above it. It is evident to me, as I look back upon him, that he was one of those deluded men, who, kindling their own fire, and compassing themselves about with sparks, walk with a proud

complacency in its light, till they lie down in sorrow.

Such, however, was not my feeling at the moment. I listened to him with delight; his cultivated taste, his well stored memory, his exhaustless anecdotes, his descriptions of all that seemed rich and magical in eastern climes, fired me with an eager desire to go and dwell among the people and the scenes he so fairly pictured. We soon learn to regard the nature of our temptations, and the peculiarity of our situation, as such that none but ourselves can understand, or make allowance for; we soon learn to dismiss those subjects that give us pain. My birth-right had been sold — my loves had withered. I was an alien, an exile, an outcast, — any change of scene or life which should bury the memory of these things, was welcome.

On the same day, on which this chance-companion parted from me, I embarked on board a vessel for Alexandria. Nor did I forget the poor Neapolitan sailors who had been captured with me by the Corsairs; I left directions with my

banker to ransom them. He gave me letters, instructions, advice; and promised me, that we should meet again, as soon as ever the necessary arrangement of his affairs would allow him to return to the city of Cairo.

There is no finer restorative for the languid mind than the pure wind of heaven, as it blows freshly over the white breaking crests of the blue waves, and fills the swelling sail, and drives you laughing onwards to the wished-for haven. It seemed, for a time, as if I had left my cares, my sorrows, my disappointments all behind me, chambered among dark city dwellings. Never was a voyage more swift and prosperous than that which bore us to Alexandria.

The mountain, the cliff, the chapel on the rock, are the common objects for the seaman's land-mark; and hues of black, and slaty blue, and a red-brown, first meet the sight of home-returning men, or eager travellers. It is a long pale line of faintish yellow on which your eye first rests in Egypt. Down as you bear, a slender thing rises, as it were, out of nothing — “La colonna” is the glad shout: — the pillar of



Pompey is before you. And now the citadel, and now the white city, and the palm trees ; and now the mole ; the Pharos, and tall masts beyond ; — and boats come out with turbaned pilots, bearded, swart, and bare-necked. I was no captive here ; — a free, a fearless, a delighted gazer ; a man of wealth, with purse, and servants, and plans of pleasure.

My welcome was cordial at a wealthy merchant's. He was young, luxurious, voluptuous ; had indolently sunk into all eastern customs. His conversation was all about the Arab and his tales, the seraglio and its secrets, the brave Mamelukes, and their fiery steeds. How soon, how very soon, cameleon-like, as the muser had called me, I yielded to the influence of all the seductive colouring he threw upon eastern life.

As he enjoyed high favour with the Beys, especially with the governor of Alexandria, he had been allowed the use of horses for himself and his own friends. Coursers of Arab breed, gentle, that nuzzled playfully the touching hand, were led out for us ; creatures that

stood, like dogs, with quiet eyes ; but mounted, you scarce had known them, as they pawed, and snorted eager, and swished the long tail of pride, and tossed the streaming mane, and flew with fiery eye and outstretched neck before the loosened rein.

Encamped upon the sandy desert, we passed a body of those Mamelukes ; and paused to see the jereed play. I felt my heart leap with a new joy : their gorgeous robes of white, and crimson ; and the rich harness of their steeds ; all in a bright caparison of velvet housings, glittering with embroidery of gold ; and their arms, the curving blades of the crescented Saracen ; and the shouts — Arabic.

My companion was known to them, and greeted ; and when their course was done, invited to dismount ; it was a green pavillion that we entered, and sat on silken cushions ; and coffee was brought, and pipes, and iced sherbets ; and they asked me of my country ; and their black eyes flashed bright and intelligent upon me ; and, from under the proud moustachio, shone the white, and firm set teeth of

powerful and handsome warriors. Their questions were of our horses — our arms — our modes of fighting — of our slaves — our women — and, with smiles of pride, they looked at each other, and spoke more rapidly together, as they learned that we had no haram, — that women walked unveiled among us, and that free men did the work of slaves.

Among these Mamelukes there was one, youthful, with large fair eyes, and lighter hair upon his upper lip curling on it, and giving beauty instead of fierceness; he sat with an eager observing air — listened, and smiled as if he would like to know me better. Malek was his name.

A direction so entirely new, and so absorbing, had been given to my fancy that day, that, when I returned with the merchant to his evening repast, I supped cheerfully, and drank freely of his Greek wine, and devouringly listened to all his amusing tales. On the following day I engaged a house near his; in a little walled garden plot, upon the ruined site of the old city. I procured the robe, and turban, and

the slipper of the Turk. I purchased horses and arms; every thing on my establishment was now strictly after the fashion of the Mahometan. I gave myself up, heart and soul, to acquire a knowledge of their history in all its wild romance, and magical attractions — new images, new feelings, new thoughts, new enjoyments, new hopes opened upon me. — It seemed as if I had cast off the mourning, melancholy, conscience-stricken character, as the serpent does his dull, discoloured, wintry skin.

I was lavish in my expenditure; my admiration of the Mahometan was flattering even to his haughty soul, and they came to visit me; — lounged, and laughed — forgot their grave taciturnity in replying to my eager questionings; and sat wondering at an enthusiasm, at which they could smile, although they could not understand it. My object was to pour out all my energies of mind — all my tastes — all the capabilities of my fancy into a new direction. My pursuits became absorbing. Sad and silly as all this may sound, it arose from the very excess of my sufferings, whenever I looked back

upon the past events of my strange, and fatal course ; neither did I sink as the voluptuary — no — it was with me far otherwise. The day had scarcely dawned ere I was up, and out ; away, upon my fleet Arab into the sandy desert. The heat of noon was passed, not slumbering on a couch, but in a study, chosen, and therefore sweet — delighted in.

The Schieck of the coffee-house story tellers was my daily visitor. A learned Arab of the happy Yemen was my revered instructor. The wife of the merchant, my neighbour, was a Greek lady of Aleppo. She was skilled and eloquent, and passionately fond of all the tales and poetry of Arabia — and she had beauty, dark, mind-lighted beauty, and I was wont to listen to her for hours.

Malek too, the soft, yet sunny Malek, would come flying to me across the sands, at eager speed, upon his moon-coloured courser “Saladin,” — and we rode and played together as warriors play, with jereed, and with spear, and with strong Tartar bow, and flashing pistol, and gleamy blade.

Malek, too, was of all the Mamalukes the mildest, when by your side he sat in sweet, observing silence. He would read for me the Arab scroll, and tune the kitar, and sing, in strains new, wildly new, the love songs of the desert. To Malek, moreover, I was an object of deep and lively interest; for, as a youth he had been, as he called it, in the Christians' land.

Sometimes when I was busily engaged with books and papers, he would come and sit opposite me, and gaze; and call upon me to forgive him.

"Let me," he would say, "let me only look at you. I trouble you, but it makes me happy, so happy. I can think better about the Christians' land. Sometimes I wish that I had never seen it. I had heard that it was a land of gloom, and clouds. It was not so. It was green, with tall and shady trees, and many waters; and your cities, all chrystal covered houses; and by night, all festival lamps; and beautiful women, walking unveiled in your streets; and rosy children.

“ My master, the Bey, despised these things, but I a beardless boy, who had only numbered fourteen years, I loved to look upon them — and I remember too, your saloons, lighted with a thousand colours; and your soft breathed music, and your white bosomed dancing-girls, and one, who used to smile upon me, and teach me words of her strange language. “ Heart,” and he would press it — “ love,” and his eyes would fill with the light of past-gone joy — and he would sigh, and let fall his head upon his young bosom.

He had gone, it seems, in the suite of a Bey to France and England, and unlike the generality of Mahometans, he had seen all things with admiring eyes; moreover he often told me that he was captured as a child, and had faint images of forms and faces; of dresses, and of looks and sounds like those he saw and heard in Europe.

His love for every thing European was remarkable; he would examine again and again every thing I had of European manufacture. My books and prints — like a child he would

turn them o'er and o'er ; and some small nameless miniatures, which I had bought in Venice, out of charity to a poor artist — he hung over them for hours.

Though youthful, he seemed to be indifferent to youthful pleasures. He had a loving heart, which the purchased beauty of the harem could not satisfy or even soothe.

He had, too, a feeling of reverence for the Christian name. I never saw him spurn the meanest of them. From others he concealed this sentiment, to me he spoke of it ; never, as one who sought instruction : but he told me of a melancholy gentleman, who had sailed from England in the same vessel with them, and who was one of our holy persons, and always read our book, as he called the bible, and who used to walk the deck alone at nights ; whom he heard dispute once with a learned Imam, with a grave and meek sweetness ; and who spoke Arabic and Persian, as he had never heard any other Christian, and who used to talk inquiringly and delightfully to



him about the poems of the east, and the customs of his people.

It may be supposed that I found the young and attached Malek a companion to my heart. We were much together. My progress in the Arabic was rapid; and there was hardly a question my mind could frame, but he, or my Arab instructor, or the story teller, or the merchant's lady, would fully answer for me.

Nothing, perhaps, is more desolately dreary in its aspect than the sandy, and barren plain around Alexandria.

Who could look upon it and live, if the chill, and gloomy vapours of a northern climate frowned above it? But in Egypt, a sky eternally serene — an air dry and pure, give life and lightness to the spirits and the frame. Often I went out on long solitary rides far from the city walls; and, though alone, I was never, never sad. I had my noble horse to talk with, and was answered by a fond, proud arching of the crest, as he half turned the starred head of beauty; and, when I would rein up in the lone plain, the pricked ear of asking

wonder, and the loud neigh were pleasures to me; and my hand, as I patted the high-lifted neck, seemed answered by the pressure of a friend.

This indulgence was not without its dangers, as I was often warned, but I know not what of romantic fearlessness possessed me. I felt a confidence, as if I bore a charmed life. The fire, the speed, the strength of the glorious animal that bore me — his rare colour — black of the blackest — the Arabic characters, that, in burnt gold, were traced upon my old and curved Damascus blade, of a temper tried in many a field by men of other days—all these things gave to me a wild exhilaration of spirit, as if I had drunk from some enchanter's cup.

I was full of notions of high adventure, and chivalric encounter. The desert was the birth-place of chivalry; and how sublime the scene for the lone combat of turbaned Saracen and helmed Knight.

The rock, shivered, and stained black, as though lightnings had rifted it, and falling from a fiery heaven, had scorched it — the sand, wide-

stretched, sterile — still — one tree to die under — a solitary tree of thorns — in such a spot first I met the wandering Arab. Upon the sky-girdled plain, afar, a moving speck rose slow, and brave men might have trembled as the cloudy thing took form: — Of giant size, a warrior on his steed, with tall lance piercing the sky, paused for a moment, and then came careering on. The “Salaam aleikum” was ready on my lip, but, before I could give it utterance, “Revenge and no shame” was the cry I heard; and the poised lance, in menace, held aloft, he galloped close to me.

I drew my scimitar, and reined up my steed, and rode wide of his course, and watched his lance with a quick eye, that I might parry off his thrust.

“Salaam aleikum,” he hoarsely uttered, as he dropped his lance’s point, and drew up his bridle, and stood in peace before me. He had taken me for a Turk, who had lately shed the blood of one of his tribe; but his eyes sparkled kind, and his white mouth smiled upon my horse. He knew it, its name and race, and how

a neighbouring Sheick of a friendly tribe had sold it to Fakih Achmed, of Yemen, for a noble stranger ; and he asked me to turn to the tents of his tribe — and we rode side by side, and he placed me on his left hand. A Sheick he was — a shepherd king ; yet his vest was of a coarse blue cotton — a small dark turban, and a loose, outer haicke of a thick white serge. His face was thin, his form was spare ; yet wiry were the starting sinews of his bare brown neck ; one of his small hands held light the bridle of his lean, clean-limbed, and blood-veined mare, and his lighted pipe was between the fingers ; his other grasped, firm and strong, a lance of prodigious length.

We had not rode far when I saw the tops of a few palms, their fan-like crowns seemed to touch the sand ; but, as we passed over the little wave-like hill, their tall stems, with camels under them, and horses, and black tents, and goats, and dogs, and children, formed a sweet picture of a desert home ; and women stood with urnlike pitchers at the well ; brown Arab maids, who threw over their coarse veils, at the sight of the coming stranger, and hur-

ried to their tents. It was the evening hour ; I alighted, and they spread a cloth of goat's hair beneath a tree, and they gave me the place of honour, and looked, unwonderingly, unenvyingly on my rich garb, and the adornments of my arms, but spoke to and praised my horse ; and then they brought dates and cheese, and newly baken bread, and a bowl of camel's milk, and I ate with them ; and they broke the bread, and mixed it with butter and honey, and with their hands they served me from their portions.

As night fell, I willingly agreed to remain with them ; and we all gathered round a fire in a circle. The red embers threw a glow upon their eager features, and it was with a surprising pleasure that I listened to one of those wild tales, which, a thousand times repeated, have still the power to charm, and to rouse the imaginative and the kindling Arab.

In no scene, among no people, is the triumph of fiction so complete, as in the sandy solitude of the barren desert, and among the rude, and wandering Bedouins ; moved by the simple ma-

gic of the tale, these happy child-like men lend themselves to the illusion of romance, with all the warmth and sincerity of their natures, and seem touched and transformed by the wand of the enchanter, at the will of the narrator.

As this wild, and dreary-looking groupe with unsmiling faces, and coarse sad garbs, drew nearer to each other; and shuffled away the dust from between their naked feet, and the red ashes; and drew closer round them the large haicke, as the night wind came dull over the dew-moistened sand; little was I prepared for the animated scene that followed.

Here was no aid of dazzling lights, and painted beauty, and soul-subduing music.

It was the gloom of night — the stillness of a fearful waste, broken only by the shifting tread of the horse among his cords, or the slow contented sound of the kneeling camel, as with closing eye, and nose thrust forward on the shoulder of his master, he ruminated over his last feed.

The story-teller was but a common driver of

the camel, sun-wrinkled, and worn with long journeyings in the desert, and he had a hoarse husky voice ; but as he spoke — with fixed eye and parted lip, the listeners hung intent on every word he uttered.

He painted his young hero as a foundling of the tribe of Ad, suckled by a she camel, near a solitary spring ; as growing up in the tent of a noble sheick, with lustrous eyes, and comely cheeks, and raven hair ; strong and beautiful as the young hart, leaping among the green hills, and drinking of the bright water-brooks in Yemen the happy — a wielder of the heavy sword ; a bender of the mighty bow ; a far caster of the javelin ; a fierce thruster of the lance. Of his loves he told ; of the damsel Zillah, the daughter of that sheick ; straight and graceful in her form as the tall and shapely palm, with eyes like the soft gazelle, and lips like a crimson thread, and smiling teeth like white lambs, as they come back even shorn from the washing ; and with young breasts of beauty round and firm like the well grown pomegranates of Egypt,

and her maiden step light as the slow and prancing amble of the unbacked filly.

“ Praised be God,” said the listeners, “ who hath made beautiful women;” and their eyes glistened, and there was a kind of placid delight, which played about their grave and bearded mouths, and from the tents, where the concealed women lay, female voices called out “ Taib — Taib.” (“ Good — Good.”)

Then, as the narrator went on to paint a vale of waters, and groves of the luscious date, and the shady tamarind, and the proud cedar, and orchards of pleasant fruits, and beds of beautiful flowers, and the perfume of gardens, and the sweet smell of incence, and the singing of birds, and the voice of Zillah, soft as the gentle dove — again they interrupted him with smiling looks of quiet pleasure, and said “ Taib — Taib.” (“ Good — Good.”)

But when he pictured the hero as going forth to a life of trial, and drew him as a child of bold adventure, with lifted scimitar, and loosened rein, rushing down brave upon out-numbering foes — they called aloud “ Bismillah”



(in the name of God) for his success. Did the enemy beset and entangle him? Was he vainly trying to hew back his gallant way? They would half raise themselves in eager sympathy, and grasp the hilts of their swords upon their armed thigh.

At each of his victories they shouted "Praise God, the Lord of battles." "Praise God, praise the Lord of battles," was again the cry, as the tale told of the prey and the spoil; of the gold and the jewels; the damsels, and the black slaves, the silken robes, and the fine raiment.

And their eyes flashed delight as he was shown proudly prancing on a white war-horse, with a golden saddle, and pearl embroidered reins, a favourite of a mighty King, with purple robe, and chain of gold, and his rewarded love. The procession of the marriage, his veiled bride, perfumed and jewelled, smelling like precious myrrh, and fragrant spices, and radiant as the sun, and the dancing women, and the song, and the merry timbrels. When again the scene changed, and he was represented as decoyed by the Moggrebyn magician into a stony

wilderness, and fierce and tawny lions of Numidia, with shaggy manes, and loud roarings, came bounding down with eager springings, hungry to destroy him — they all started, and with a trembling eagerness, cried out aloud — “La, la, la, — Istagh fer allah.” — (No, no, no, — God forbid — That be far from him.)

And when the good genii saved him, and bore him safe to a holy place of white tombs, and black cypresses, and he performed his ablutions in the clear fountain of that sacred garden, and spread out his prayer cloth, and fell down, and worshipped, and good angels were seen hovering over him with bright faces and downy wings; they would bow the forehead, and touch the dust of the desert with their hand, and put it to their head, and say, as in thanksgiving, “Allah kareem.” — (God is merciful.)

Again, as, in after trials, he was nearly slain by treachery, they frowned, and called for the curse of God upon the traitor; but when, in the sequel, which, contrary to their more usual liking, the relater made a sad one — when he was drawn as heroically defending

himself in a lost battle, borne down and pierced by the swords and lances of numerous enemies, surrounding him on every side, and shown at the last dying under trampling horses — they let fall their heads on their bosoms and with sorrow grasped their manly beards, and said in deep, low tones, — “May God pity him — May he rest in peace.” And they were silent, and solemn, as though they had heard the awful rushing of Azrael’s dark wing, and seen the cup of the sherbet of death, and felt the icy arrow.

I was delighted as these wonders of our common nature were thus powerfully presented to my eager mind. I loved those tempests of the soul; the smiling and the weeping of those fierce, bearded, armed men; the brow burning with noble anger, the flesh trembling with a cold fear; and the heart melting with a soft tenderness; and all for a mere phantom of the brain — a creation of the desert bard — wonderful!

O blessed art! permitted, surely — surely smiled upon, by heaven; an art that spreads before the poor wandering child of the

dull and desolate desert, green vales, and shady trees, and blushing fruits, and blooming flowers, — things he must never see ; — that makes soft music to his ear; on silent sands, — music of falling waters, and of singing birds, — things he must never hear, — that, for his sackcloth tent, and haicke dusty and coarse, gives him the palace bright with gems and white raiment, and garments of glorious dye, and golden arms, and silver-hoofed steeds, and camels white and winged, with glittering saddlès:—

That gives him higher things than these, — Hopes, fears, loves, hates, strong sympathies, and throbbings of the heart, that wake the immortal soul ; woo it to think of death, and God, and an *hereafter*: — that whisper the rewards of faith and virtue — that promise, to fear, and love, and patient hope, the succour of high heaven, in angel aids, and genii armed with talismans so holy, that Eblis, and all his sorcerers, fly foiled to their cavern depths beneath old ocean's bed.

It was very late : far into the night had this

long tale lasted, with all its trifling details, so minutely given, and so eagerly received.

It was succeeded by a long pause of stillness and silence. As yet the Arabs had not risen to betake themselves to their tents, but they sat in the close circle with their eyes resting on the dying embers, and white ashes of the exhausted camel-dung. The late moon rose red ; a faint hue of solemn colouring spread over the white sand. The rocks were black, and the tall palms ; — and black their mournful and melancholy leaves ; — and they rustled moaningly to the rising night wind — and the black tent walls flapped heavily.

Suddenly one of the Arab horses neighed ; and, far off in the darkness, a neigh replied. In a moment were these wild children of the rein fast in their saddles. I too was about to mount, but they forbade me, and only two or three of them stole off, at a creeping canter, into the gloom, in the direction where the distant sound was heard. The rest sat upon their horses, in a close-clustering irregular groupe, while their

tall lances bristled dark above them, like an islet clump of lofty reeds on some lonely lake.

The women, too, came forth from their tents, wrapped in thick mantles, and stood near their husbands, in inquiring, listening attitudes; and the camels rose disturbed.

Presently the Sheick himself came speeding back. "Stranger," said he, "mount and follow me." Then he spoke to his people, and they got off their horses, and again fixed their light tethers, and planted their lances in the sand, — and quickly did many of them throw themselves down for slumber. A few stood around me, and they held the rein and stirrup for me, as for one who had eaten of their salt, and sat round their fire, and listened with them to the tale they loved.

"It is Malek of the Mamlouks, he of the fair hair, and dove eyes, that rides on the moon-coloured courser. He seeks thee. He is a friend to thee; and our tribe know the youth, — by the beard of the prophet, it is well for you that he came not with a company of Spahis. They

have shed blood of our people, and we seek to wipe out our shame."

We now reached the spot, where he had left the two posted, whom he had taken out with him, and, beyond these some twenty paces, a white enveloped figure reined in an eager bit-champing snowy steed. He was alone, and the moon now shone out silvery on them; and I knew Malek and Saladin. "Salaam Aleikum," said the sheick and his fellows, as they turned back. As briefly I replied, and a bound of my spurred steed brought me to the side of my young friend. As I had taught him, we grasped the hand.

He told me that he had been in great alarm, and feared that I had been taken by these Arabs for a Turkish Spahi, and fallen a victim to their stern notions of honourable revenge.

"I have had dealings," said he, "with the tribe, and know them; therefore I thought it best to come first alone, to see if, by some blessed chance, you were safe, or if I could explain matters, and satisfy them. But they are a very wild, fierce tribe; their robberies are most

daring ; and only a few days since they raised a tumult in the very bazaar of the city, and were driven out, leaving one of their people slain in the streets.

“ I had they however harmed a hair of your head, I had provided myself with means to punish them.” — As he said this, we passed over a shadowy sand hill, and, on the little plain below, lay a band of horsemen ; some leaning with an arm upon the saddle ; some seated on the ground ; some reclining with the cheek resting on the hand. Bright and many coloured were their garments, and they were encumbered with arms, and the housings and caparisons of their horses stirred a little with faint sluggish sounds, as when shaking off the heavy slumbering — and the light on them was very bright, and calm, and peaceful — and these men and horses were lying ready for the work of battle and blood.

They rose up as we came near, and slowly clambered on to their lofty saddles, and wound silently after us, back to the city.



This adventure among the Arabs quite warmed and strengthened my enthusiasm about all eastern manners, and ancient customs; and engaged in pursuits which I found so delightfully absorbing, my time rolled happily, or rather easily away. I never thought, I would not think, upon the past—the present; I lived but for the passing day. By this means I had acquired a kind of serenity, which produced a speedy, and pleasing effect in restoring me to the full possession of all bodily health and strength; what with exercise and temperance, and the luxurious bath, I recovered my lost comeliness; no longer indeed was I youthful, but yet in the very prime of manhood, — and it was not altogether without pride that I gazed on the glass which reflected back my turbaned head, and features of a warrior beauty; and the moustachioes long, black and silken; and the lower cheek, and chin, and throat, clean shaven, and soft, but with the blue clear show of manliness in the grained shade. Nowhere is the

skin kept so beautiful, and pure, and free in every pore, and clear from every hair-root, as in the East: such trifles I should scarcely mention, but I do it as a prelude to another scene in my disastrous life,—a scene, from which my reader may turn in anger, or contempt, or pity, according to his nature.

It was my habit to embrace as many opportunities as were offered me of visiting in the houses of the higher and wealthier Mahometans; very few indeed they were, for, in general, they were not rich, or disposed to receive strangers. The short morning lounge, the seat on the divan, the pipe, the cup of coffee; or perhaps one game at chess, or a chance ride in company; all ended here. One merchant, however, there was, a Turk of Constantinople, a particular friend of the young merchant my neighbour, who was very courteous, and social, and had travelled much; and as he was rich, and considered, I was often invited to his house in the evening.

He was anxious to please me, and he would often send for some famed story-teller, or, to satisfy my curiosity, let the paltry puppet-show

be exhibited in his apartments, or hire the most celebrated dancing girls at that time in Alexandria. On these occasions, not unfrequently the exhibitions took place in a large chamber, where, from behind a veil of separation, neither heard nor seen themselves, the women of his haram were allowed to witness the performance. The dialogues of the puppets are, in general, very indecent; but, as they are uttered with quaintness and laughter, and the whole thing has an air of poorness and puerility, however we may be surprised that the grave Turk should allow his women to listen to the ribaldry, we cannot suppose them to excite or influence the passions.

With the dance it is far otherwise: the dancing-girls, indeed, are in general gipsies of a separate and despised class; and the yellow skin, the coarse person, the face with its blue pricked stains, and the greasy hair, together with their awkward, and noisy jingling ornaments, have little attraction for the vulgar, even; but, it so chanced that a superior set of these girls had been lately brought hither, in the

suite of a voluptuous Turk, about to make the pilgrimage to Mecca. They had never been actually a part of his domestic establishment, but had been so liberally paid, and encouraged for their performances before him, that the merchant, who farmed out their talents and their charms, brought them to Egypt as a speculation; thinking to delight the Beys, and the great lords of Cairo, and trusting to his Turkish patron for a favourable word at the palace of the Pacha.

These girls were one evening hired to dance at the house of the merchant; and I was present. I was richly clothed, and had a seat on the left hand of the master, so that, according to custom, in all their songs and dances,—the eyes and words,—the movement and gestures, were all directed towards me.

They were three; their dresses rich; of a flowered transparent gauze; their fine muslin veils upthrown, floated lightly and carelessly on their shoulders,—broad gemmed girdles, bound close round their slender waists, were fastened in front with large round clasps of

gold ; and, as they moved with slow voluptuous grace, each delicate limb was given to the eye, — a sight impure ; and their dark braided hair lay half concealed beneath the veil, like a beautiful and laughing sky of blue beneath a light and fleecy vapour ; — and they sung, with pleasant voices sung, from the love bards of the Persian, and from young Turkish minstrels, strains of soft wooing ; and one, a young, fair, bright-eyed thing, sung out an improvised description of such a lover as she sought, and lightly rung the golden bells on her small ancle, and waved her willing arms, and smiled in winning wantonness on me. I did not, could not, frown upon a girl so beautiful, so young, and taught to be the thing she was ; — but here, the thought of broken loves, of her I virtuously loved and lost, came o'er my spirit, and, like a talisman, it changed the scene ; chilled the warm blood, and though it made me wretched, kept me pure. My lonely lot — my unblessed couch — my childless chamber — I mourned, as I thought of these sad things, and hung my drooping head. My parents, too, in their graves,

brought down to them with sorrow before their natural hour. I felt the want to go and weep alone ; to groan, where none might hear. I whispered to my host that I was ill — I gave the purse of bounty for the damsels to the old matron, who sat playing the tambourine near the door : — reproachfully that young one looked on me, — unheeding I hurried forth, and home.

The morning again brought with it that routine of exercise and study, to which I had so enthusiastically devoted myself. I tried to forget the past, and by constant occupation I succeeded.

Not only was Alexandria interesting to me as a city of the Mahometan ; here too, as among the ruins of ancient Rome, I found abundant food for the indulgence of that taste for idle yet busy contemplation, which had become necessary to conceal or to divert all painful thoughts. It was pleasure to me to rein up my steed under the shadow of that pillar, which stands tall and tower-like without the gates, speaking to the eye of the imperishable fame of the valiant but luckless Pompey — pleasure to

me to tread the breezy shore, where the queen of beauty and the fool of love, unhelmed and happy, had rode in the garlanded and peaceful car, frowned on by the old, and envied by the young.

And it was with no common emotion that I looked upon the deep waters of that harbour, which had once borne the world's great master swimming for his life, with the rolled volume of his martial fame, held high above its saucy spray.

Often, too, I would walk forth alone among those narrow paths, which intersect the desolate site of the old city in every part — here passing between brown and shapeless heaps of sand and rubbish ; there near the pointed obelisk of Cleopatra, and past its prostrate fellow ; or else leading among ruinous walls, or columns ; or between the well carved marble mouths of those ancient cisterns, which run far, wide, and deep below ; or past the high and jealous inclosures of garden houses, o'er which the dusty date-leaf looked on you ; or near some place of Moslem tombs to see the mourn-

ing visitors, as apart I stood, favored by my Turkish garb.

It chanced one day, between two lofty garden walls, that I met on the narrow path, two women riding on mules. Their large and cumbrous robes of a deep violet colour entirely concealed their forms : — nor foot — nor hand — nor any thing was visible, save through the sight-holes of the thick white veil, — the eyes. A slave ran before; and a black slave by each stirrup; and one led each animal by the bridle.

They slackened their rapid amble, at sight of me, and came more slowly on. I saw that they were of the family of some Turk, wealthy and respectable, and, as I seldom met in my walks with any women but those of the lowest class, or, at least, in the dirty garb of yellowish white that marks it, my curiosity was excited; and I felt all the witchery that forms and features, jealously and mysteriously concealed, so naturally gave birth to in a lively fancy.

The eyes of the first of these veiled ladies looked out upon me, and met my gaze steadily



without a turn or fall; and the slaves, perhaps accustomed to such stolen glances between their mistress and the passing admirer, kept their eyes unheedingly before them. Just as the second lady came up, her mule stumbled over a pointed stone, —and fell —and she from it. Entirely forgetting country, custom, situation, every thing, I flew to raise her up, and did so, ere the heavy and surprised blacks had recovered from their alarm. The lady was not hurt —the form I raised was the rounded loveliness of youth — the envious veil sat fast; but large and dewy eyes looked out from it; and she breathed hurriedly, as all gentle things do when they are startled. The glittering of a slave's khanjar, as he rushed upon me, roused me to a full sense of my imprudence and peril. — “La, la,” — said a voice like flowers and music. Warding off the stroke with my raised arm, I set down my panting and pretty burden. I now drew my scimitar, and assuming, as an only hope, a high, bold tone, I menaced them — told them but for me their lady might have been killed, — threatened that I would speak of

their blind carelessness to their master, and get them bastinadoed soundly, and then they prayed me not, and their good ladies too; and lifted up their young mistress, and placed her on her saddle, and moved on again; but they gave those large eyes, a look soft, languishing, and almost fond.

I returned to my home, and ordered out my horse, and took my lance, my jereed, and my bow, and I played until the sun set, crimsoning alike the sand, and ocean. I played alone; and the young Nubian slave flew, light and laughing, for my far-shot arrows.

Love — beauty — they were words to me, — mere words. What were the charms, or smiles of any being, — to one who had so loved and mourned as I had? — Nothing. What was a look from woman's eyes? — Nothing. And was it fond? — perhaps not; — or why? — we look kindly on the meanest slave, that picks up the fallen shawl.

That night I again went to the Turkish merchant's, just to wile away the evening. There was a story-teller there — a young Greek

slave-boy with a lute, or lyra, and whose voice was very clear and melodious. He told us a little tale of love, so prettily, and with such pathos, — and he sung in it one or two airs so sweetly, that I felt subdued to a softness I had not thought to feel ever again.

It was of a young Persian maid he told, who sighed and sickened for a youthful noble of Damascus; and she was without hope, for that youth was a stranger in the land, and of the Sunni sect, which her grave and proud father hated. She struggled with her passion vainly, — —vainly, for the youth knew not of her love, — had never seen her even; and she could not live on in sorrow. But she conquered her maiden pride, and, in humble guise, she fled to his silken tents, and kissed his feet, and asked to live with him a slave, a gazing slave in the bright sunshine of his smile. And he raised and kissed that loving maid, and took her to his heart and home.

Every body present was moved with that artless tale, and from behind the curtain of separation we heard soft murmurs of soft applause, mingling with the shrill cracked voices of aged fair-sex, exulting.

I returned to my dwelling, thoughtful and anxious. Surely, said I, after all that has passed in my miserable life, all that I have loved, all that I have lost, I am proof against the allurements of sense, and the assaults of passion. Woman is to me — nothing: — woman within a haram wall — a sacred thing belonging to another; — without, a public shame spurned by the slippered boy, and less than nothing.

I took pleasure in the reflection that I lived in a land, where only men were seen, where the customs were confining, secluded; the demeanour of all composed and grave in their houses, grave and warlike abroad. Yet I could not entirely dismiss a fear, that my accidental rencontre with those Turkish ladies would lead to a something embarrassing, and perhaps disastrous. I say, I feared this — it is true: — yet curiosity strongly mingled with my fear, and, as the changing spirits rose and fell, I felt myself eager again to behold those bright eyes, which I had thought looked fondly on me, or, I was shuddering at the base wish, all idle as

it was, all innocent too, which seemed a kind of infidelity to the dead and the distant. In Europe I am certain I should have passed unregardingly the assembled beauties of a court, or a city; but here, the veil, the mystery, the high-walled haram, the surly eunuch — these things stirred and troubled my easily excited fancy.

A few evenings after, as I was standing alone, examining a fallen column of white marble, which lay bedded in the sand, not far from my residence, there rode up to me a little black slave boy. — The top of his little skull cap glittered with embroidery, — his turban was rose-coloured, — his vest and trowsers, gaudy and silken; and the furniture of his ass showed that he was in good service, as a young, petted, and favourite eunuch.

He paused, and looked all round, keenly and suspiciously; then, with the broad white smile of his people, he drew forth from the bosom of his doliman a small nosegay, first raised it to his own forehead, — then put it into my hand,

which he kissed, as he bent down upon it, gracefully.

Instantly he turned his sprightly ass of Barbary, and galloped away. Not a word had been uttered. The stamp of approaching camels warned me to conceal the flowers, and I placed them in my bosom. I was not a master of their secret language ; but, well I knew that they told a little tale of love. The rose of beauty tells — the rose to secrecy enjoins. Roses were always wreathed about the altar of Isis ; and, with a crown of those fragrant, blushing flowers, the high priest of that goddess officiated in her jealous temples.

When I had gained my chamber, and took out this mystic love-letter, which the garden furnishes ; and looked on the soft leaves, written on by no sibyl hand, but by young lips ; graved by no iron pen, but sweetly stained by the balm of dewy kisses, I trembled — what had I to do with the throbbings of romantic passion ? They came, nevertheless, and found friends within, who awoke from their long sleep, and hailed them ; and all was tumult in my bosom.

I had thought it impossible for a trifle, and of such a nature, to so entirely seduce, bewilder, and disturb me. For many days I thought of nothing else; all was doubt, curiosity, and restlessness; when should I hear again of the mysterious fair one? — who was she? — surely the one, whom I had lifted in my arms — whose eyes I had seen — whose voice I had heard. Ah! my conscience smote me — had I not looked ardently, admiringly, in those eyes? — had I not spoken with eager tenderness? — had not my gentle pressure praised the fair form, which leaned its lovely weight on me?

Once only, for a moment, I fancied that, perhaps, the fair Almeh might be practising on me, but to her I felt a kind of proud, and pure indifference.

Ten days passed by. Nothing occurred: I never met those ladies on their mules — I never saw the little slave. It was well over — it was wrong, silly, — an idle, a weak, a wicked wish, to lure a Turkish girl to perilous love. Love too, — there was nothing in my feeling, that de-

served the name ; and to the inmates of a haram our higher love is all unknown. It was a wild fancy—the suggestion of an idle brain. I would, and should most easily forget.

It was a Friday, I remember, a day on which the women usually go abroad, and walk among the tombs, and deck the graves of those they mourn over with flowers.

In veiled groupes, or in couples, you see them on such occasions, walking unnoticed ; — their shrouded forms all carefully concealed. It was also a festival day in the city, and all the Mahometans in my service were gone there. I was walking in my garden alone, and the gate stood open. With as quick a step as their cumbrous garments would allow, two female figures glided in at the gate, and passed on swiftly to the house.

I was startled, and taken captive at the prospect of adventure, whatever it might be. As I came down the garden walk, I closed, and made fast the gate, and followed them into the hall.



One immediately unveiled, and discovered to me a Nubian woman, with the tawny skin and plain features of her country. The other stood at the farther side of the apartment, and was closely enveloped in a common white mantle ; but she had put off her slippers at the edge of the carpet, and a foot, small, snowy-white, and veined with beauty, shone up from the dark ground.

I approached her with a gentle eagerness. She shrunk all timid and trembling, and leaned against the wall ; her mantle fell open, and showed thin gauzy trowsers of a cloth of gold ; a girdle studded with jewels ; a vest of blue with flowers of gold wrought delicately in. Slender was that glittering waist ; and the dark vest was buttoned with bright gems to where the bosom's ivory pride forbade its further aid. Still she kept the veil over her face with a small hand ; — henna-tinged, but slightly, were the delicate fingers ; the arm was rounded marble, that outshone the dazzling bracelet.

I took that little hand, and with a tender

force withdrew it from its envious office, and threw aside the veil.

A face of blushing loveliness bent down in a child's pretty shame — a cap of a pale red cloth, broïdered and bound with pearls, hung its square top, tastefully, on one side, over glossy curls of the darkest brown; and a long tress of her silken hair fell down in a full braid behind. Her forehead was of alabaster smoothness, her eye-brows black, beautiful — but below, the broad soft lids; and the long lashes that curtailed the downcast eyes; and the line of beauty which marked the bent profile; and the crimson lip, and pretty chin — you could not look upon her steadily, she was so lovely.

Timid she stood, for all that she had dared; timid as terrified, and half-repentant — as doubting, fearing — like a child that has suffered itself to be passed from the arms of its own mother to one who has looked kindly on it, but then colouring and silent hangs its little head.

A soft enquiring word I spoke, and she raised her large loving eyes; dewy they were, and of the very deepest blue; and they fell

again as she opened her mouth of melody, and murmured lowly out, "I have seen and heard you, stranger, — let me live in your haram — let Fatima be your slave." — And then, with a returning courage, she again looked up, and those large blue eyes smiled with a soft imploring, and her pearly teeth shone smilingly between her parted lips.

I stood silent, but strongly moved, and pressed her to my heart. It was broken, that soft silence, by the loud voices, and the shuffling tread of a noisy crowd; and the sound of a gathering tumult spoke fiercely at my gates.

The blood fled fast from the cheeks of the beautiful Fatima, and pale she looked as marble from the tomb, and like a startled dove, or a sobbing hare, her heart beat big — speechless and panting she clung to me.

An Italian servant, who had a strong attachment to me, and my Arab gardener, to whom I had shown kindness, made their way over a back wall, and now hurried to the apartment.

At the sound of their coming feet Fatima rose up from my bosom, hastily replaced her man-

tle and veil, and sunk in silent terror upon the divan.

I met them at the door.

“The girl, the girl,” said the old Arab, “turn her forth — give her up to them.” “For God’s sake,” cried the Italian, “lose no time, they are furious — they will burst the gate — they will take her by force, and we may then be slain in the affray. You cannot save her — turn her out. — Why did she come? — Did you beckon her? — She must be a common worthless creature — turn her out — all will be well — a few purses will make up the matter for you. — *You* have nothing to fear — you cannot save *her* — *She* must die.”

She rose, that youthful being. “I will go — It is my hour — God is merciful. — I have brought you into danger, Christian — forgive;” and she bowed down her veiled head, and touched my feet. At this moment the gates burst open with a violent crash, and the turbaned crowd forced their way into the garden. They were the common mob of the city — in coarse robes, with dusky faces; eyes that

glared yellow and savage; and they hoarsely called for the daughter of Mohammed. I went with the Arab to the outer door — he kept them back from entering the house; luckily he was a sheriffe, and though humble of condition, wore the respected turban of green. I looked at the fierce monsters, I listened to their furious cries, and already the little dove within seemed given to their cruel grasp. I saw the ready sack, and I thought upon her watry grave — her early grave.

“Allah Acbar,” I cried aloud, with a strong, a frenzied energy, — “Allah Açbar — Mohammed Resoul Allah — la Illah Illalah.”

I turned, and rushed in, and closed the door. I was a Renegade — an Apostate — an Islamite.

I fell upon the divan exhausted, and in bitter agony of spirit. “Fair one,” I said, “I have bought your young life, — bought it with a price of shame! — go, I pray you, go within.” — The Nubian slave led her away to the inner apartments.

I still heard the voices of the mob loud talk-

ing, as in doubt, and wonder. My Arab came in, and with him a Moollah.

“ You know,” said the Moollah, “ what you have done.”

I looked up pale and stedfast, and repeated the Moslem’s short confession. He went away, and I heard the crowd disperse; some with unheeding laughter, others with the surly murmurings of disappointed cruelty. I lay still, and prayed (to whom? and how?) for death. I would have sought it among those cruel men, who had stood thirsting for blood before my threshold — but Fatima, the innocent young Fatima, must have sunk into a gloomy grave of dark, cold, stifling waters.

Was it her beauty that I thought of? — her youth? — her love? — perhaps they clothed her in a lovelier gentleness; but she was a woman — weak but not wanton — pursued to the very death, and helpless — yes, this it was: for, when yielding to that dread alternative, I dared deny my Redeemer, I felt all love, all passion, all admiring delight die blasted, as it were, within me, and I shuddered averse, and cold, and loathing.

I lay all night on the divan. In the still, dark hour of morning, the deep voice of the Muezzin, from the minaret of a neighbouring mosque, called aloud to prayer, in that solemn chant to which I had been wont to listen with a strange romantic pleasure.

Now, alas ! how changed it found me ! It fell upon my ear a mournful, melancholy, mocking sound. It was like the reproaching voice of that crowing cock, which awoke the fallen St. Peter to the heart-piercing consciousness that he had basely denied his Lord. But he went out, and wept bitterly ; and so, in repentant tears, found comfort, strength, and a safe, a sweet return to faith and hope.

I could not shed a tear ; there was a fire in my heart, a fire in my brain. The enemy of my soul had conquered. I was thrust forth from the green garden of believers, and a flaming sword forbade my return.

My first visitor was a secretary from the Bey, who governed Alexandria, to tell me that it was his pleasure I should take a name as one of the faithful. He directed that I should thenceforth

be called "Osman!" I put my hand to my breast, and bowed my humbled head. He left me.

Osman, the name of my childhood, my happy, indulged, protected childhood, my *Christian* name, given to me at the Holy Font, where sponsors vouched for my stedfast faith. It was an old family distinction of the Mowbrays, given to a great and valiant ancestor, who had slain a renowned Saracen chief of that name, in a single combat, under the walls of Damietta, in that very country, where I, an unworthy, degenerate descendant, was now sunk to the abject condition of a renegade.

Of all who had a few days before delighted in my society, only one came near me in my misery and my degradation.

As I sat without in the Verandah, that looked on my garden, I heard the proud neigh of Saladin. I knew it; and I thought that Malek, too, was passing by me with contempt.

Closer came the horse tramp, but the pace was no longer the strong, resounding, rejoicing hoof of a generous steed, rode free by a happy light hearted youth; — quiet was the walk, and



the gate was softly opened, and Malek came silent, and, with sad eyes, embraced me; sat down by me, and did not speak; but his every look and motion was the eloquence of a true regard, a generous sympathy.

That silent visit was a joy, an uplifting to my broken heart.

I dared not for a many days trust myself to look into the apartments of Fatima, for I associated her name, and form, and beauty, with all my sin and woe. The young Italian merchant, a profligate, a voluptuary, who thought and spoke but of the coarse pleasures of earth and sense, had a corner of his unclean heart for the superstition of his indulgence-selling priest, and he crossed himself in devout horror, when he heard of my turning Turk, and would neither visit or meet me after.

The father of Fatima tore his beard and cursed her. He would have sought to slay me and her, but the Bey was a devout Mussulman, with a great rage for conversion, and was delighted to hear of any proselyte, no matter how worthless. I was rich too — rich. Protection

—smiles, guests, were all things as purchasable as slaves and asses among these haughty Moslems.

Seven days passed by with a mournful sameness. At length I walked nervously into the apartment of Fatima; she lay reclined upon an ottoman of a dark blood crimson; white and unadorned were her light robes, and she was pale as grief; her long hair fell, in loose and shading tresses, upon her face and form, and her hand supported her sunk cheek. She rose quickly, and fell down, and bowed upon my feet and kissed them.

“ Kill me, Lord, kill me, you have saved my life. I do not prize it now. Why should I live? for what? I have made you unhappy — you hate me. Fatima has lost all, — all — home — a father and love — pray kill me.”

I raised that lily — pressed it to my heart — kissed the pale cheek, and tenderly embraced that lovely mourner. Her large eye, all filled with happy tears, looked at me as if it thanked that natural act with grateful love. I gazed upon her long. Tempter, that bade me pierce

that angel frame with the shaft of death — that bade me give her to a ruthless throng of murderous fanatics, — well didst thou aim thy poisoned dart at me. The chain, the whip, the loathsome dungeon, and the scanty food, — I had borne these things ; — here, here I fell — to save this being's life, for another day, perhaps — or year — of gilded prison I threw away my faith, and took the badge of infamy and shame. I now feel that I should then have died, — died, though in vain defending, and perished with her ; letting her die — why, what could have been better ?

The world was now before us both ; — both outcast — both despised. I took her in my arms ; and my big tears fell down upon my open breast, and she wiped them with her hair, and clasped me with the fondling look of an affectionate, forgiven child.

For that day I left her ; but, on the morrow, I took her as the wife of my bosom, and I loved and cherished her.

Yes, Fatima, — thy innocent fondness, — thy simple, single, child-like love to me, saved me

from despair and madness. I removed instantly to Cairo, and taking a house in that city, I lived the secluded life of a Mahometan in easy circumstances. The better to disguise my wealth at Venice, I associated myself with an Armenian merchant, feigning myself to have lost all that I possessed by my late act, with the exception of a small sum large enough to live quietly on ; and which sum I sought to increase by engaging in commerce.

Here there was no Malek. I had looked forward to my visit to Cairo with the wildest expectations of enjoyment, during the whole period of my sojourn at Alexandria. In all my studies—in all my day-dreams. I had been preparing for it, as a rewarding end—as the city of enchantments, of mosques, bazaars, and story-tellers ; where Turk and Moggrebyn, the Tartar calpack, the snowy turban of Surat, the fair Circassian, the black daughter of Abyssinia, the lively Greek, the dull-eyed Copt, and the huge and hideous negro of Darfour, met and mingled, bringing with them the features, and the dresses, the tongues and the

tales of their distant lands. Ah ! yes, — then I was free ; self-exiled, in truth, from home and country, but still a citizen of the world, standing, as I fancied, on a little height, and looking down on toil, and trouble, on divided countries, and on different faiths with an eye of philosophic pity ; yes, all wretched as I was, a philosopher I called myself, and held Christian, Jew, Turk, and Infidel, alike blind wanderers in the path to heaven.

Oh ! how bitterly my spirit struggled, when, in the mosque, I was compelled to kneel, — to fall prostrate, to rise, to kneel again, — my hands, my fingers, my thumbs, to turn, and bend them at certain moments, while performing the prescribed devotions, with the tame, tedious, and imitative servility of a petty posturer ; to receive with reverence (and pay for it) the amulet, for my arm, and my horse ; to make way and bend to the Santon, naked, and foul, and indecent ; to carry the beads, and as I passed them over my fingers, to mutter low hypocrisies. This then was the glittering deism of the Mahometan, in which so many have seen a sin-

gleness and a beauty. Had it, however, been a million times simpler in its forms, and more pure in its injunctions, and more kindly in its practice, I now saw what I had lost ; — my heart smote me at every thing I met which reminded me of Christianity. The mean and narrow-vested Frank, with shrunken form, and rusty hat, who started aside, submissive, as my horse approached him, was to me an object of envy, — the missionary capucin with his white beard, his black robe, his leathern girdle, and rude cord, an object of reverence ; and, I had well nigh called out in the anguish of my soul, for the impaling stake, when, on the morning of Easter-day, I chanced to ride through the quarter of the Greeks, and I heard them, from house to house, from door and screening lattice, hailing each other with the glad salutation, “ Christ is risen.”

No wonder that I seldom stirred abroad — that I passed the long day in my haram. Fatima had no mind — no converse — no knowledge of — no thought about, the world. I was her world, and Hilla, her faithful Nubian, and

little Mesrour, the eunuch boy who had brought me those fatal flowers, and afterwards fled to us; a little world, and she loved all in it; me as its divinity. And she would sit at my feet, and look up in my face, and listen to me as I spoke to her of things she knew not, with eyes of innocent pretty wonder; then rise, and play before me, as a child might do, with gems, and bells, and toys; or sing, in slow and graceful measure, dancing to her Turkish lute.

Oftentimes when I was sad and weary, she would come, sit on the divan, and pillow my aching head on her lap, and lean over me with a kindly throbbing bosom, and look down smilingly on me, and tell me an Arabian tale; and Hilla, and little Mesrour would draw near, and listen with delight. I had a garden for her of fragrant flowers and a marble fountain, a gilded aviary of pretty birds and fish with gold and silver scales that sported in crystal vases and fed from her lily hand. Sweet gentle being! I did not tell you what I might, and should have done; a child I found you, and a child you died. — Yes; she died — this

fair young thing—soon, very soon. Two years we lived together. She bore me a beauteous boy: it was not that she merely nursed it; it grew on her as the bud upon the parent rose-stalk. I loved it, as though it had been a little winged cherub sent on earth to live with me and sooth me; I did not love its mother less; nay, more—but a new feeling was planted in my heart—parental love. Long years of woe, of trials, and of tears, had softened the hard soil, and the plant sprung up, in size and strength like the enchanter's tree. Fair little silken curls fell over its young eyes of blue. It stammered—toddled—dealt its pretty blows, playful and laughing ever. It lived a life caressed, and we caressing. There was something very like happiness in this; but I had other thoughts when these innocent beings lay sleeping. Memory was to me as the beak of the fabled vulture, and in the still silence of the night her voice was sounding in my ear like a raven croak—

“ Deep written in my heart, with iron pen,  
That bliss may not abide in state of mortal men.”



It was a day of light and life, I remember, -- sunshine and singing. Fatima was more than usually gay; her tales were the short and silly jests which move to laughter, you scarce know why. She played with her lute, and fed her birds, and stirred the waters of her fountain, to make them flash more brilliantly. Hilla chirruped at her light labours, — and an old Arab matron, who had been added to our haram group, sat happy against the wall; the little Osman playing with and kissing her wrinkled cheeks; for children will press their loveliness against withered age most fondly, if age be kind to them.

I leaned on the divan, and looked on all these things.

What a wild piercing shriek that aged woman gave! — How every smile fled, how every sound ceased at it! I ran across to her — still wild she cried, and would not answer me. At last she caught the rosy child, who stood still and wondering; — she raised its little rounded arm of health and beauty, and pointed to a gentle swelling, and the infant smiled up in

my face. *The plague-spot was on my precious babe!* — Yes; — but I would not — could not credit it. I rebuked the old woman, and bade the child go play; and Fatima, the terrified and tender mother, I scolded her too, and Hilla; and I went abroad. In the *bezestein* I met my partner — “Touch not,” said he, “that cloth — it is only yesterday from Rosetta that we received it. I have just got a letter from that city; — the plague has broken out with a sudden violence, — the first day some twenty died.”

But I had touched it; — on the yesterday, had granted a suit of it to the little Mesrour; and he had taken a pattern-piece of it to show at home. Gaudy the colour was; and my child had played with it.

I flew back to my dwelling — I rushed into the haram. The little fellow lay shivering and sickening on his young mother’s bosom; his beautiful eyes were cloudy and confused. I sent for aid — Jewish and Frank doctors; — they came, and stood afar, and gave their dark uncertain counsel. I took him from his mother, — I lay down with him on the coolest spot. The mild

emetic, the gentle cordial, — I administered these things with hope, with prayer. It would not do;—pain, violent pain, convulsed his little frame. A thirst, too, a raging thirst, tormented him; and, at last, his little mind went straying. The wild delirium of manhood is less shocking to the sight than the dawning reason of a child closed up again, or scared by sickness. Then he swooned; often dying to my fears, before he did. In six and thirty hours my fondling lay cold, and spotted with the livid pest, in my trembling arms. Fatima, whom I had frequently sent away from the sad scene, and who had returned as often for the first twenty hours, had not, during the close of my babe's struggle, been near us. Fully engaged with the dear nestling, — thinking of nothing else, — the time rolled by with a terrific swiftness. Now I remembered Fatima; and the peril of that dear young being flashed upon me. Ah! — yes — in the outer apartment — the busy bending forms of Hilla, and the old Arab woman, and little Mesrour lying dead upon a mat, confirmed my terror. Fatima lay dying;

— her dull eye knew me — her hand waved me away — to save me — angel love! — and I fell down, and kissed her paling lip; and lay upon her body, I remember, long after it was cold; and black men tore me from it, and others held me as they took away my Fatima and my sweet child, and laid them somewhere with corruption.

A fever of the brain, violent but short, attacked me. In less than a week I was lying with recovered reason on a couch; — a Moollah with his beads sat mumbling near me; two of my black slaves stood with white eyes silent on either side; and, at the bottom of the chamber, I saw Hilla and the old woman.

There are situations of sorrow which the power of language is all unequal to describe. I never can say what I endured. Oh! what a relief it was to my mind when I could rise, and move, and be restless.

I went forth into the city, and wandered all about, looking for some spot where the pestilence was deadliest in its aspect, in the hope that, among the fouler poor, and the filthier

dwelling, contagion might yet do its desired office on me, and spot me, too, for the grave. Vain my longing; vain my search;—wherever I walked, I saw the dying. In every narrow lane I heard, in the tall house, the mourning cry, and the wailing of women for some one dead; and I met at the gates, the frequent bier borne out with a hurried shuffle by gloomy silent men.

With a cold patience and an unmurmuring apathy, the Mahometan fatalist walks sternly on his way; when he feels the poison—he turns, and goes with a grave resignation to his home to lay him down, and die.

The ravages of the pestilence in this crowded city were dreadful; but I never heard the defying shout of revelry—I never saw any hastening to live—no busy plunderers—no poison bowls were drugged—no wild and wanton kissings in the very house of mourning. If we condemn that passive indolence, which sits down sad and unresisting, and sees the taint spread without an effort to arrest its progress, we may at least be instructed to endure the

arrows of affliction, to drink of the cup of death, or still to lift to the mocked lip the bitter waters of a life prolonged when no longer valued, by observing the still resignation of the Mahometan.

“Why,” said an aged Turk, with a beard of silver, “why do you wail like a girl? Is it for yourself? or for those who are gone to paradise? I have lost five sons — sons who rode with me in battle; they have died, as dogs die, in their bed. Shall I reproach the Lord? — he gave — he takes away; blessed be his name.” Well I went away within to my chambers, where I might shed my tears, and sigh my wild reproaches to the unconscious walls.

I rode without the city on that side, where the desert spreads; — there I murmured and raved, unheard, save by my starting steed.

One evening as I was returning to the city by the pilgrim’s pool, I saw a man lying under a date-tree alone; an ass stood dull and drowsy by his side. I rode up to him; and, as I approached, was startled to hear the sound of English: moaningly and mournfully he prayed

a broken prayer—for death it was, I dismounted, and came close to him. He was a man, many years older than myself, and seemed in extreme agony. He knew his situation—he was dying of plague.

“Water!” he cried to me in Arabic, “water!”

“It may kill you,” I said in English; —“perhaps you will recover.”

“Ah! no — I do not wish it:” but oh! how merciful, how very merciful of my Heavenly Father, to send a Christian, and a countryman to close these wearied eyes—to receive my last sigh, and tell my gray-haired father where I died; and, stranger, that I died in peace — happy — very happy.”

I saw indeed that he was past hope, and I wept over him, envyingly wept. I ran to the pool, and wetted my handkerchief, and came and put it to his burning lips and his tongue, white and parched with the death-thirst.

“Thanks, charitable stranger. It relieves me for a moment; listen, I pray you. But oh! I have forgotten your danger; — stand back from me; on that side the wind will save you. It blows past me from that side.” I did as he desired, that I might not check his confidence.

I concealed from him that I was a Turk—a renegade; for why embitter his dying hour by the selfish indulgence of pouring out my own sorrows and paining him by the confession of my shame.

“Hear me, stranger; these papers,” and he took from his bosom a small packet, “take them with you when you return to England; and if you can, go, I pray you, to Ireland. Enquire in the county of Donegal for an aged gentlemen of the name of Nugent; he lives in a retired country house, not many miles from the village, and rock of Bundoran. Tell him that you saw his son Henry die; tell him I was not *alone*. I speak not of your presence; tell him, I say, that I was not *alone*. Nay do touch them yet, fumigate them; there are dying embers and loose straw but a few paces off.”

Exhausted by this effort he closed his eyes, and without uttering a sound moved his pale lips. Again he opened them, and looked on me. The disease was fast subduing him. His dull eyes began to wander in their gaze, and their expression was that awful one of a change from



life to death. He did not, could not pray again; but there fell from him imperfect broken words, such as delirium murmurs — “again,” “grave,” “my heart,” “Agatha.” The last word that fell from that dying lip was “Agatha.” Ah! was it indeed so? was this lone wayworn man, with hollow eye and haggard cheek, lying in all the sad and foul neglect of diseased and helpless nature—now, too, a corpse all stained with those poison speckles, which livid pestilence shakes from its dank wing, — was this the early, and the latest idol of the beauteous Agatha?

It was. — I took from the saddle of my horse the lancet that I always carried. I pierced the blue and swollen gland upon his groin; and then, with a frantic hope that it could not fail to bring the death I sought, I opened a vein in my bared arm, and inoculated myself with the dark matter. I threw a cloak upon the body, and left it, unburied on the plain. I knew the sun of heaven would suck its moisture up. I knew that sun would bleach the naked bones. What better end were

coveted for clay? The prowling jackal, and the ravening vulture; there was no fear of them; a body tainted with the plague even they, in greediest mood, would pass it by.

I returned hastily to my melancholy home with the papers that the expiring Henry had confided to my care, eager to peruse them and die. It was a mournful, but a strong consolation to have been reminded by the late scene, that a life of loneliness and woe had been the lot of yet another, and doubtless a more innocent, being than myself. It was impossible, too, that I could ever forget the deep impression Agatha had made upon my youthful heart. — True it is, that time had sobered down the grief of that early disappointment into a calm and solemn remembrance of her looks, her voice, her words, which rather awakened a feeling of sweet and cherished sorrow, now unmingled with regret. Regret of a more bitter character had marked those first hours of aching wretchedness, when I discovered that Maria Cecil was lost to me, and for ever. But all these sorrows, heavy as they were, came not

nigh my last grief. Oh ! the bond of the nuptial couch how strong it is : innocent beauty that has lain lovingly upon one's bosom and whispered natural hopes, and kind schemes, and fond confidences in the dark night. The mother of one's child — to be torn away from one's embracing arms, and laid in the cruel grave. The bereavement of the father too — what it is ; the cherub form that we have lifted, fondled, taught to open its little arms, and clasp our neck — the brightening eye, the speaking smile, the stammering struggle of its little tongue, and the ventured totter, that we have watched as only parents can. Flower and bud rudely snapped, both of them, and under foot.

All husbands, all fathers, so blessed, and so bereaved, demand our pity. Even I may claim it of the merciful ; although, in truth, I little merited that any thing should love me as did these things of innocence, therefore, perhaps, I lost them, and was left again alone — alone with my apostacy — a renegade without a God to pray to.

I opened the small packet of papers with a

strange and thrilling curiosity. Many years had rolled away since the burning of that manuscript which Agatha had sent to me, when she fled from Lisbon, and which was so provokingly consumed before I had made myself master of the contents. The very first paper I took up was in the well known hand of Agatha.

It was impossible for me to resist my natural and strong eagerness to peruse it. Could the dead have known me, — known me as one to whom Agatha was dear, to whom the story of his early love had been already in part revealed, he would himself have sanctioned my bold act.

*Note from Agatha to Henry.*

“ Henry, — My mother wishes you not to call just at present. In a few days she will speak to my father. How very fond my dear mother is of you, Henry — how I love her. I hope it will be in a very few days. It is quite strange to me that a day should pass by without our meeting. I think my father likes you, Henry — I never saw him look at any other person as he

does at you. My father is much kinder than he was the last visit. He is my father : I am sure I shall love him very fondly when we are married, Henry. I cannot write : when I think of you I want to talk. I hope it will be in a very few days.

“ YOUR AGATHA.”

*From Henry to Agatha.*

“ My dearest, dearest Agatha,

“ There was only wanting this painful injunction to shew me how very precious was the blessing I enjoyed — daily with you — looking on you — listening to you. “ *Your Agatha,*” how my heart thanks you for that word. Yes, you are mine — the spirits of the air have heard and registered our vows — mine now, for ever mine.

“ You are before me at this moment. I drop my pen with transport, with delight I gaze upon your lovely face. You speak to me — yes — it is your silver voice that falls melodious on my ear. How I thank that mighty mercy which

gives to man the power to image forth the absent — to paint — nay, stamp with one swift-willed thought her whom he loves : but ah ! it is a shadow only, rich in most beauteous colours, but still a shadow ; — we stretch out the eager arms ; they cross our lone bosom mocked and empty ; the vision fades into thin cold air.

“ Agatha, it was only when I first saw you, that I began to live. True, as a child I lived before, pleased with the picture of this green and flowery world, but my young heart ached for something ; what, I did not know. I would lie for hours in my boat alone, and look up at the blue sky. Some habitant of that pure region — some fair and winged thing with seraph eye ; ‘ if,’ I was wont to think, ‘ if it would only come above me, visibly hear, that I might look upon and love an angel form.’

“ Fancy, they say, has a bright deceitful colouring ; can picture beauties fairer than any seen ; it is not true. The eye is fancy’s cradle, it is ‘ by gazing fed.’ Did poet ever paint, ever image to his language-failing thought loveliness like yours ? No. Ah ! when it burst

on me, all beautifully pale with tender terror ; as in my first and throbbing wonder I looked on you, I saw that human beauty was then most angel-like, when feeling shone sad in eyes all dimmed by tears of sorrow, and God wiped away those tears, and chased that pale fear away by my poor agency ; and, on me you looked soft, gratefully, sweeter than any smile could be. Agatha, from that moment of our first meeting I felt that I had found the gem I sought — an angel nature in an angel frame — yes — you are mine, write to me, my love — write, as you would speak. I cannot endure this separation. Write, if it be only a line ; tell me what you do from hour to hour. Why does your mother delay to speak ? That noble-looking father can never refuse to make us happy. How cordially, how kind he spoke to me at our first meeting. Tell your dear mother to ask his consent ; or to let me, at once, make my proposal to him. I shall be wretched till I again have free access to your happy dwelling. Why this concealment ? Why this hesitation ? I implore you, Agatha, be urgent with your mother ; you know

she never could refuse a simple look of yours that spoke a silent wish.

“Your fond unhappy HENRY.”

*Agatha to Henry.*

“Beloved Henry,

“How shall I ever thank you for this letter of your love? I will not trust to words, but when again we meet, the throbbing of my happy heart shall tell you truly what I feel. Do not blame my mother: I am sure from her strange earnestness about your not calling, that she has good reasons for not acceding to my eager wish. Believe me, Henry, that every hour of separation is to me a little age of agony. You bid me tell you what I do from hour to hour — nothing, my Henry, but think — of you, with love, with hope; sometimes I fear, I know not what, or why — but we have been so very happy — well, it is no crime to be happy, and to love. — But why, Henry, have we so many tales of true love crossed. Forgive me, I am a child. My tears fall upon my paper; I cannot shake



off this heaviness of spirit; it is the excess of my love for you; my heart is too full; and now that we do not meet my fancies are sometimes gloomy; they take, you know, their colours from all trifles — the day, the hour, the cloud, the scene.

“ We were yesterday at Devenish — in the evening, at the red sunset hour. The season and the scene were the very same, as when you came, Henry, to my wild cry, and saved the life of the mother on whom I doted. It was the wish of my father to show the tall tower to the Padre Ignazio, who has accompanied him from abroad. I do not like that Padre, and yet his conversation is very striking, pleasant I might call it, if I could listen to it with you; — his manners too are very gentle and polite, but then his look, it is so searching and so cold.

“ How different was our visit of yesterday to this spot to those, Henry, we have been so often accustomed to make together. My mother felt it, and looked tenderly at me, and put her hand upon my forehead, and said that I was feverish; but my father did not hear her; he was busy

explaining something connected with the ruins to his Italian friend; and there was a gloom in his eye and tone, such as I had never before remarked.

“‘That castle,’ said he, pointing to the naked and crumbling ruin, which you see from Devenish on the opposite shore — (on which we have so often gazed together, Henry) that was the lord Maguire’s. He was hung by the English Elizabeth — his crime, that he had a castle, and he loved it, and the green fields about it, and the people who laboured in them. The night bird has it now, and the walls that have resounded to the harp of Erin, and heard the loud pledge of hospitable cups, echo to nothing now but melancholy whoops, and rustling ivy.

“‘Here, too, in this old roofless chapel, where the princes of Tyrone have kneeled in penance and in prayer, Elizabeth mocked with a tribunal of appeal, a ravaged, oppressed, and bleeding land. In arms they came; in arms they sat among these ruined shrines of the true faith, and tried the men who loved it; — and they

called up the tottering, trembling steward of the destroyed Maguire, and made him drag forth from his bosom, where he cherished it next to his heart, the rent roll of those wide demesnes, which, with his life, his lord had forfeited; and they smiled unfeelingly upon his gray affection.' 'Your good Queen Bess,' he turned, and said tauntingly to my poor mother. She trembled and leaned her face upon my shoulder. He walked apart with the Padre for an hour between the graves and the lofty tower. They seemed very earnest in their discourse, and I thought it must be of us, they looked so often towards us; at least my father did; — but when they rejoined us they were apparently engaged in a serious and learned discussion about the date and origin of the tower; and my father and he seemed to differ greatly in their opinion, even to warmth; and yet the Padre rather, I thought, encouraged than shared the anxiety of my father.

"In the evening, after our return, my father asked me to play upon the harp. I did — but ah! Henry, where were you to listen? I felt

that I never struck the chords with power ; nor could I trust myself to sing any one of those airs which you had ever praised. However, it all passed off well. My father was inattentive, and did not mark my trembling failure, while the Padre encouraged and complimented me, and was himself so full of gaiety and anecdote, and was so very attentive and polite to my mother, so studious to amuse, and to make himself agreeable, that I felt as if I had wronged him by my idle dislike, or rather quite grateful at the moment for the relief which his unconcerned and unnoticing manner had given me. Write to me again, my dearest Henry, to-morrow. Again and again I peruse your precious letter ; I have placed it in my bosom, my heart is lighter and happier ; it is a talisman of peace.

“ Your fondly attached

“ AGATHA.”

*Henry to Agatha.*

“ I write, my angel, in haste and anxiety — I am bewildered — terrified — I have just seen your father — I checked my horse to salute him, and would have spoken. — He returned my salute with a haughty unbending coldness, and rode away, spurring, as if moved to sudden anger or aversion. What can this mean? — my faithful boy Brian will wait for your answer at the bottom of the lane, if it be all night. — Bid Dennis be careful.

“ I saw you, my dearest Agatha, yesterday, many times. I was far off on the green hill above the slate-roofed cottage. What a delight it was to catch your moving form; you came often to the window, that looks on the lake, and stood there long; you went in and out of the house often, watering your plants, and walking to and fro on the lawn by yourself, unbonnetted. Dear girl, soon, soon we must meet to part no more — but this father, Agatha, it cannot be that he will frown

upon our loves, he has loved himself: — to my family he cannot object ; and, though I am not rich, my means are ample ; my professional prospects excellent. I know that a country life will be congenial to your soft, retiring nature ; and for me, I shall never feel a want or wish unsatisfied if only you are with me ; bound to me by those hallowed ties, which can make of an earthly home a little heaven below. I will cherish, worship thee as my household deity. Farewell ! I kiss the lines that your eye will rest upon, and repeatedly do I press to my heart and to my lips your dear letter.

“ Yours devotedly, my love,

“ For ever yours,

“ HENRY.”

*Agatha to Henry.*

“ We are undone, my Henry — ruined. Oh ! for strength to tell you. Oh ! for counsel, comfort, hope. No sooner did the servant leave the

room after dinner, than my father, abruptly addressing my mother, asked if it was true that she had been in the habit of receiving you as a constant visitor at the cottage, on the footing of an accepted friend. She confessed that it was, reminded him that you had preserved her life, and closed with a hope that the door might again, and always be open to you. ‘You mean,’ said my father, ‘that you would have him for your son — for the husband of Agatha. I would sooner see her in her grave than in his arms. He is a Nugent, I hate the name; he is a protestant, I hate the sect — and now that I have seen him with the orange lily at his breast, I hate the boy himself.’ I heard no more; I rose; I do not know how I managed to gain my chamber, for my whole frame was trembling, my head sick, my heart faint. I lay for several hours on my bed. My mother has been sitting by my side in tears. I cannot weep. I do not even sigh. I seem stupefied, frozen — I cannot gather any thoughts in order.—It is all dark and dismal, like a moonless night in winter. I cannot stir; I stand cold

and silent, waiting for the light of heaven. Oh ! Henry, that fatal flower. I am sure my father liked you ; he will relent, he must. How very wretched I am. What has love to do with names, or faith, or festal flowers ? Oftentimes my nurse has put in my bosom, when a little child, the very flower, and called me her orange lily ; and on July days, I remember, in the neighbouring cottages, some wore the flower and others not, but they were cheerful to each other, and their children played together ; and old Dennis would laugh and gather the lily for me ; and yet they say it is a badge of bloody hate. It was not always so ; it is not now — why, let my father look into your face, that radiant mirror of your noble nature ; where will he see hate, or scorn, or tyranny, or thirst of blood ? As well might he look for their dark traces on the soft features of the babe, cradle-rocked and smiling. And yet, Henry, my heart is heavy ; sorrowful as the grave ; and my brain breaks with the weight of care and terror.

“ Adieu — not that you will be a moment absent from the thoughts of

“ Your fond AGATHA.”



There were no dates to these letters. Lovers think not of time and place. The next too was without a date, but I should judge there must have been a lapse of weeks.

“ Your Honor,

“ I come to the lodge twice, but I would’nt see your honor, I would’nt be let. I am sint away from the cottage, and what will I do? I that have lived there man and boy, thirty year ; —and the young jewel lies sick, and your honor that loves her in a fever, and what will I do?

“ Sure the madam has give me all her money, bad luck to it, what will it do for a lone man?

“ I am thinking they’re making a Roman of the young cratur, and I am glad of that, any way, for her sweet sowl; but the divil be with that pale priest, that talks Frinch. I thought no good would come of him. Sure I never see him take an honest sup of potcheen since he come. Och, then, Father Cassidy’s worth a dozen of the like of him; though ould Cassidy, that’s his uncle that was, was the divil for

screwing out the rint; a good man — but he must have his rint. I mind he drove Biddy Henessy's cow, all one as if he had been a bloody orange boy, — bad luck to them; — save your own Honor, that picked me out of the water, where I'd bin drowned only for you; and the mistress that you saved that same day, and that wouldn't hurt a fly; and the young one, that has loved you ever sin — Och! then what a heart it is — and she sick at this present. I wished your Honor was a Roman, but whither or no, may be it will be a wedding — why then it should be — isn't your Honor made for her? and as clever a boy as ever I see at the fair — but some how the master's not agreeable — all along o that bit of a flower — bad luck to it then, and to the colour, and all colours, — wasn't it my own sister's brother, that was murdered at Bally James Duff, all along of their ribbons, and it was a green one he wore that same day? But sure I'll be let see your Honor soon — its for that I'm longing, for I'm a lone man, and what will I do? And the master, that's an

O'Neil himself to do this thing.—It's with a heart for you — didn't you save me then?

“Your dutiful DENNIS, till death — and that's no sin, for all that father O'Leary said — only I wished you were a Roman.”

*From Colonel O'Neil.*

“The Rock, October 11th, 1741.

“Dear Sir,

“I have received your letter of this day; your sentiments, Sir, do you honour;—I wish, I could believe, that they were so common among those of your persuasion, as you seem to imagine; but that, Sir, taught by a bitter experience, I deny. Your warm and liberal expressions convince me, that, at least, you are sincere in your feeling of respect for that persecuted church, to which I, and a long backward line of princes of my name, have been always devotedly attached.

“I cannot look upon my daughter, and wonder at your love — nor, when I consider

the circumstances under which you first made acquaintance with my family, can I feel surprise that you should have won an interest in the innocent affections of a very young and secluded girl.

“I observe, from your letter, that you are, as yet, ignorant of a late, and a very important change in the sentiments of my daughter.

“I must inform you that she has embraced the Catholic faith, and is now a member of the Church of Rome. Under these circumstances you will understand that I cannot entertain your proposals. I have bound myself by obligations of a most solemn nature, never to give her hand in wedlock to any but a Roman Catholic protector, or at any altar but that of the Mother of God, our most blessed Lady, the Holy Virgin.

“In rejecting you, as my son-in-law, I must distinctly say that I have here stated my sole objection. I have found in my own case, the misery of a union where the faith is not one and the same. You will tell me that such marriages are common; that they have been

happy ; and that, in essentials, the pious of both persuasions may embrace with a common love, and a common hope. This is error — pestilent, heretical error ; besides, Sir, there are other considerations, and I would that others weighed them as I do — never will I give a daughter in marriage to perpetuate from her teeming womb the race of those who have spoiled and oppressed us — me, I may say, a prince of Tyrone, from whose loins she has sprung. — Again, Sir, I repeat that my sole objection is to your faith. You may draw the inference without my speaking more clearly ; or perhaps it were better to say at once — that if you enter the pale of holy mother church, Agatha (for she loves you, and she is my child), Agatha shall be made happy — she is yours.

“ Fortune I disregard ; it is little that you now have ; and that little you probably would lose. I can ensure you a noble exile, and a high, and honourable employ. There are enough of Christian courts, enough of Christian camps, to welcome warmly such wanderers as you.

“ But I am forgetting myself— this was a kind of dream— I have almost permitted myself to like you as a patriot boy; but no— when did man ever yet quit the side of the rich, the triumphant, and the rejoicing, to range himself with the poor, the oppressed, and the mourning? Love is strong; but never yet was found strong enough to work a wonder like this.

“ Yours truly,

“ BRYAN O’NEIL.”

*Agatha to Henry.*

“ My dearest dear Henry,

“ My hand trembles as I write. What a sad melancholy blank now for many weeks past! A fortnight ago I had penned a letter to you— poor Dennis was to have been the bearer; but I have never seen him since. My nurse says, that she saw a letter taken from him, and burned by my father, and that my father was very angry. I have not been allowed to see my mother alone for many weeks; she always comes with my father, and they sit by me for an hour every

day. Padre Ignazio is often of the party, and he also visits me every morning for an hour, or more — and speaks to me, and reads — and leaves books for me; but, I cannot fix my attention—my thoughts wander — always, always to you.—I have been very unhappy — I do not think I shall live long—I am sure, I hardly wish for life, if I am not to see you. Henry, — my beloved — another time—” (Here the letter was broken off, and seemed to have lain by for some time and again resumed, and continued.)

“ I was forced to leave off, my head was so giddy from weakness, and, from that hour, I have never had an opportunity of getting a pen till to-day, and must continue it on the same sheet; but I am much better, dearest Henry, and you, I am told, have been ill; thank God, I did not know that: you are well, and out again; thank God for that blessing. I find too that my father and you have been writing to each other. Oh! if it should be so — perhaps they told me so to fool me—and yet it may be.

“ They have made me a proselyte to the church of Rome. — The Padre told me he was

sure my father would give his consent to any thing on earth I asked, if I embraced the same faith; but it was not that; at least God knows that was not all. — It is very good; I see not why they differ with such bitterness; — to love God, and to love man, and to trust in a Redeemer's blood. Why this is what my mother taught me, and what the Padre teaches me: and he speaks soft and gentle; and he is old and learned, and I do think good, though I did not like him at first; nor dare I trust him now — though I scarce know why not. It is not he who has caused me pain, but my father. He tells me that my father was resolved to break off my attachment (for he knows and charged me with it); that if he failed, he intended to take me to a nunnery abroad, and immure me for life: that my conversion there would be forced on me; that here, if I were cheerful in the act, my father might relent, and give me to you. He has promised all his influence, and it is great I see. The Padre is a very holy man — my dear mother has never spoken to me on this subject — she is sorry, I see by her eyes.



They would never let her talk with me alone ; but she has kissed me since so very tenderly ; you cannot think how very full of hope I feel.

“ I shall ask my father to let me be your wife. He must—he will. My mother was a protestant, and he a catholic ; I am their child, — they both pray for me, and, though at different altars, it is to the same Saviour ;—and I pray to Him for them, and for you, my Henry, every day and every hour. Farewell, or — no ; that sounds too mournful — adieu. To God I commend you till we meet, or till I see again your precious handwriting — always, and fondly

“ YOUR AGATHA.”

*Henry to Agatha.*

“ Meet me, my angel, meet me I pray. I have seen you for three days past in the garden — you are pale, my Agatha. — I was very near you ;—you were on the lake yesterday with your mother. Entreat her to go with you to Devenish to-morrow at noon ; I must see you, and her ; I cannot write what I would say ;

the weather is mild, wrap yourself well up ; your health, your life is mine.

“ Your tenderly attached

“ HENRY.”

*Henry to Arnold.*

On this letter was written, “ Returned to me with some other papers, on the death of my dear lamented friend.”

“ My dearest George,

“ Your affectionate letter of enquiry breathes the warmth of that which, alas ! is to me of all men, at the present moment, most necessary, a dear, a tender friend. Hitherto I have been quite unequal to the task of writing a reply ; I have, more than once, attempted it. The pen fell from my hand ; my tears flooded the paper, and I gave up the effort.”

“ The sun of my existence is set, and for ever ; — Agatha never can be mine. You have seen her, George, and I remember what you then said of her ; but you cannot know what I have lost. — It was the least of her perfections

that she was the loveliest of her sex. Her image, pictured in my brain, will be at once my torment and my solace till I die.

“ I tell you that I have lost her ; but I must relate the mournful circumstances as they occurred.

“ I wrote to you after my last illness, and then acquainted you with the sad interruption of our happiness, and the cloud that seemed gathering over those enchanting prospects, which I had gazed on with the fond and foolish belief that they would surely and easily be realised. Alas ! they have proved like those blue masses of golden-tinged clouds, which take such shapes at eve as mock the form and the solidity of the mountain ; but human foot did never yet scale their heaven-lighted summits. The whole but a gorgeous vision that has no stay. Faint image of the promised joy which I would picture — what have suns and mountains to do with the form and heart of her I love ?

“ You may remember what I told you about the unfortunate chance of my meeting Colonel O’Neil, as I was returning from the annual

procession at Enniskillen, perfectly unconscious that an orange lily still remained at my breast ; of the first letter I wrote to him, which he never replied to ; of the illness of my adored Agatha and her confinement ; of the communication I received from Dennis ; of my second letter to the Colonel ; of his reply ; the agitation and terror it caused me ; and my request of a meeting with Agatha and her mother. They came at the hour agreed on to our loved haunt. I had been there with Dennis from sunrise, that no suspicion might be excited.

“ I watched the approach of their boat. I received her again into my arms — Agatha — from whom I had now been separated months. She fell into them faint, and weeping ; I trembled with love and apprehension ; I bore her to a seat upon a grave-stone beneath the southern wall of the priory. As soon as she recovered herself a little, we mingled our tears, and were happy — what had passed, what threatened us, forgotten, or no longer thought of ; we were again together. The time rolled on ; her mother sat silent by ;

we murmured to each other lowly and fondly. It had been my intention to propose to her that she should fly with me; that we should marry, and brave the vengeance of her father, relying on the sympathy and protection of mine; but it seemed to me, in that delightful moment, when we met, a wasting of the precious present, to be thinking, with anxiety, about the future. I was gently pressing her fair hand, and tenderly looking into her kind eyes — I was reading over all that she had suffered, in the paleness of her dear cheek, and marking, with grateful rapture, the faint colour of returning health, that gave, at times, a soft brilliancy to her beauty, still more enchanting than the radiance of her wonted bloom. How terrific, how wild, how piercing was her shriek; as, at that smiling moment of security, she raised her eyes, and beheld her father! He had suddenly turned the angle of the ruin, and stood, with a pistol levelled at me, and a look of livid, deadly anger.

“ You have never seen him, I think. He is a tall man, stately, — of noble features, an eye

black, fiery, and proud; a complexion sallow as death; lips that have no fulness, and are not red. He pressed them, as though he was striving to conquer the demon in him, and, drawing forth another pistol from his bosom, presented their butts to me, and bade me take my choice.

“ ‘I will not,’ said I, ‘meet you thus, and now, or in such gentle presence; why ever? and for what?’ ‘I know,’ he rejoined, ‘your object, you would rob me of my child, rob me of her affections; are we to have nothing, we poor exiles? no country? no home? not even the smiles of those we have begotten? You come to steal away my one poor lamb; what if it does not love me; it is mine, and I love to look upon its innocence, and feel it mine.’

“She clung to his knees — Agatha — in suppliant beauty. Her hair floating loose and wild upon her shoulders; her eye uplifted and fixed, with that beseeching earnestness upon him, which, when sinners fix the like on God, wins for them heaven.

“He threw her off: I raised, and clasped her to my bosom.

“He smiled cruelly, and came close to us ; — ‘Agatha,’ said he, ‘I grant the boon; let this true lover but embrace our faith as you have done ; — here, now, — by the buried saints around us, I swear he shall be yours and mine — your husband and my son ; — and I will cherish both of you, for I am wretched, and want some things to love.’

“The noble Agatha averted her fine eye from mine, and loosed her from my close embrace.

“‘Father,’ said she, ‘I will go with you, and think no more of this.’

“‘He gives you up, this faithful lover, then !’

“‘It is not over the bleeding heart of his white haired father that I would have him chariot me to deny with the lip all that he holds most sacred in his inmost soul. Henry,’ and she turned towards me, ‘I spare your feelings ; thus spare you the pain of speaking out your thought.’ Then she came close, and whispered, ‘Beloved of my soul, we shall meet

hereafter in another, Henry, and a better world, where there is no giving in marriage; we shall be spirits, Henry, loving God, and each other.—Farewell.’ And she threw her arms around me, with the fearless fondness of such partings as are for ever, and, sad and seraph-like, she looked, and kissed, and left me—with my face bowed to the dust, and my heart broken.

“And I am to see that vision of light no more on earth? Well, it is something to have seen it ever—but it might have been mine; have walked with me through the vale of life, an angel of good, ever at my side. Union with Agatha was a thought dear to me, as was his youthful Isaac to the faithful patriarch; my sacrifice was required at my hands. I kiss the rod. I do not murmur; but I may surely mourn; yes, George, even till I die.

“I lay all night upon the island; in a coffin of stone I lay, pillowed by the cold granite, which once supported a head wrapped about with the grave cloth; and, when at midnight the moon shone bright and chill, I rose, and



paced in the ruined aisle: and stood among the flat tombstones without, where the nettles were waving to the night-wind, now silvery, now black: restless I climbed the tall tower; and looked to where on the rocky bank, in the distance, that white cottage lay asleep, as it were, in the moon's soft light; and thought, even to madness, on Agatha; and knew that she, too, was waking with sorrow, and mourning over our broken loves.

“For a month I lay in my chamber, more like a dead than a living being.

“When I again came out they told me that the family of the O'Neils had left the country. Agatha had again been alarmingly ill, and from the nurse I learned, that, in an access of delirium, she had escaped from the house, rowed herself to the island of Devenish, and had been found there frantically calling on my name. She was, however, the nurse said, perfectly recovered before they left the cottage; only she was sorrowful and looked thin.

“There are those in the world who would say, ‘Rouse yourself, Henry; shake off this de-

pression ; take up with some active and stirring pursuit ; conquer this disappointment ; think of Agatha no more ; forget her.' Forget Agatha ! Heavens ! forget *her* ! You, George, will never speak thus to me. You have seen her, and I have told you that her lovely form but feebly images her lovelier mind. You know, too, that although she did spare me the pain of uttering that mournful, melancholy, and eternal farewell, which was already forming itself on my trembling lip, and which, as my burning brain conceived it, and my heart bled with the cruel wound, shook my whole frame : you know that such would have been my course, when the dread alternative was placed before me. I should have, — I have resigned for ever, those hopes of happiness below, on which my soul fondly hung.

“ You recollect, my dearest George, how we used as boys to wander round that sloping field at Portora together, at the soft hour of dusk, and talk over our future schemes of happiness ; and you remember, on the Sabbath evenings, how at the hour of prayer our affec-

tionate, father-like master used simply to expound to us the truth, the intent, and the promises of the Gospel, while we sat with our Greek testaments, wondering, but yet reverent, before him. You remember how he told us that the scaffold, and the axe, the wheel, the stake, and the fire had passed away, but that the cross remained, borne by thousands of the bowed down and broken hearted, yet faithful unto death ; and sorrowing, not without hope, and not without love, the fruit of a simple faith.

“ Little we thought, George, as happily we talked together, that, to one of us, a trial bitterer than death was so soon to come.

“ There has, moreover, been one thing in this my trial which has deeply afflicted me. My innocent, my angelic, my *Christian* Agatha, she knows not, she may never know that the martyrdom I have endured is the fruit not of a narrow, superstitious fear, but of a wide-embracing grateful love ; not of a blind, confined, or intolerant prejudice, but of a clear, expanded, brotherly feeling for the countless families of mankind. Little is it that women exercise

themselves with the agitating councils and conflicts of senates or of camps ; but we know, for we have together pored over the page of history, we know with what civil and religious *liberty* never yet did, never can consist ; and while we have mourned with a patriotic feeling over the penal curses poured upon our Catholic fellow countrymen, and have longed for their repeal, and have always felt that Heaven opens as wide for the true Christians of one sect as another, and that they who are born and bred in a path which they conscientiously pursue, in the exercise of faith, hope, and charity, are objects rather to be admired than persecuted ; yet we look back to the noble daring of protesting martyrs with an affection and a reverence, which neither in time, nor in eternity, shall be subdued. It were again to light the faggots around their venerable and sainted forms ; again to bow down before the Pharisaic priesthood ; again to seal the holy pages of light and life from the sight of the ignorant and the perishing ; again to close the fountain of living waters from the thirsting lips of men, and craftily to sell out

the bitter waters of destruction to a deluded people ; again to crucify the Son of Man, who died that *all* might live, and who gave us the truth to make us *free*, if we voluntarily replaced upon our degraded limbs those iron chains which hands from Heaven have loosed.

“ O there are battles more deadly than those fought with the naked sword ! There are partings more bitter than those, where the devoted warrior turns away from the fond embrace of her he loves, and whom he knows that he is leaving to be numbered with the slain.

“ George, life is the trial—to live on when we have lost all that coloured it with hope. You will smile at what I now tell you : — Warner has written to me a long, kind, well-meant letter ; he tells me that *I must not grieve* ; that it is sin ; that, if I truly love God, I shall count all things on earth as dross, as dirt ; the loss of them as my gain ; that I may never mourn for any thing, but my own sins, or rejoice for any thing but the means of grace, and the hope of glory. Warner you remember ; he was bigger than us ; a most excellent, worthy, cha-

ritable youth. He is a clergyman, a very exemplary one; he has a pretty parsonage in a most beautiful spot. About three years ago he married a charming woman, to whom he had been long attached, and he has two sweet children. Ah, George, how little can Warner judge of what I have suffered! Who shall ever, in this world, presume to judge of the trials of another? The highest consolation, both to the sinner and the sufferer, is, that God alone is the searcher and discerner of hearts, and the ever-present recollection, that *he gives peace not as the world giveth*, is our most powerful support.

“ I am about to leave Ireland; I propose travelling for a few years, and I sadly fear that I shall never be fit to take orders: I cannot apply to any thing; my mind breaks away. Think not that I have the most distant intention, or even wish, to follow Agatha. If I could hear that she was well; that she was treated kindly; had recovered tranquillity of spirit, — yes — I feel that I could even bear to learn that she was married: what a mother Agatha would

make I and how great are the consolations of the mother. The glow which the thought of her happiness would give me forsakes my sick heart — I weep — my mind wanders — I feel that I can never, never be happy again.

“ Your friend,

“ HENRY NUGENT.”

There was an unfinished letter to his father, and many from his father to him. These, as my eye caught the commencement and signatures, I folded up again. It was alone the tale of my Agatha for which I had dared commit a breach of my more faithful duty. There were other scattered memoranda, notes or reflections, dated in various places, and in countries widely separated. It appeared, from them, that he was continually exercised with sorrow; that he derived great consolation from religion: that his different pilgrimages were generally connected with some christian or philanthropic object: that he visited dungeons and hospitals, the abodes of poverty and wretchedness, with alms, and with the voice of comfort:

that, in many cases, he had, both among the Moors and the heathen, spoken words in season, and left an impression on their hearts which put to silence the voice of scoffing, and humbled the haughty brow.

One note I observed without a date, which must apparently have been written in Italy; and it was the more remarkable, as coming from one who rather than embrace the faith of the Catholic, had given up all his hopes of earthly bliss.

“ I frequently enter the open churches at the hours when there is no service. It is a custom most praiseworthy, most hallowed, to leave wide the gate of the temple; where are the poor inhabitants of narrow and of noisy dwellings to find the privacy and the silence so assisting, so necessary to prayer? There are always, I observe, some human forms kneeling about, solitary, near gloomy shrines; the grave-stones are fitting hassocks for the aged and the widowed. Want and woe look on them as the promises of peace. They are generally the miserable, who steal in for moments of repose under the shadow



of Almighty wings, and leave the healthy and the happy, forgetting God in the sun.

“The garbs I see are generally mean, or the faces are wrinkled, or they are wan. I love to mingle my woes with theirs ; and, though it is not at the sacring bell that I kneel, — and it is not before the picture, or the image that I cross myself, in the gloomy aisle of an old, a silent, a venerable church, my spirit always more freely prays.”

“Who ever yet stood among the solemn ruins of some mouldering pile, where men have kneeled, and sobbed, and tears have fallen on their gray beards, without a heaving of his bosom, or an upward glancing of the eye ? How many reverend histories attach to the damp green stones you tread upon ! The broken scutcheon, and dark ivy mantling over it, where the red banner hung. What a sublime object for the eye of contemplation ! temples for thought, such roofless ruined places ; whence

we come out humble, and hopeful — in charity with all the dead, and the living.”

The last note seemed to have been written not long before his death.

“Strange that, after twenty years, my heart, all heavy as it is, should feel so young in that sad power of loving. Hapless — hopeless has been my love, still is it strong, as when, in early youth, I daily fed it with a lover’s gaze. Solitary as has been my desert path, through the wilderness of life — thy image, my beloved Agatha, has soothed my lonely hours. This, heaven has permitted here; an earnest that we shall meet hereafter. Yes — we shall meet again — where there can be no more separation, no more sorrow, — no more death; — Even now, perhaps, the messenger of mercy awaits me — the plague is begun — that terror to so many; but which brings only hope to me.”

And his hope was now possession — his faith, sight — his body, alone, lay rotting here below — his spirit had flown up, swifter than any

wing to the God who gave it; and he was bowing down before the King of glory with such tears, as the pardoned shed; such love as the pardoned alone feel.

How mean — how poor — how base — how utterly despairing I felt as I contrasted my life and my loves with his. Death would not come to me; I bore, as it were, a charmed life. Again I was bitterly tormented by the thought of my apostacy; and yet I asked myself what would this Henry have done, situated as I was? Would he have given up the gentle Fatima? Could he have seen her die? Vain questions — in a course like his, such temptation would never have assailed him; or if it had, a way of escape would have been made for him by that mighty hand, to which he daily looked, on which he daily leaned.

I had hoped that the poison in my veins would spread itself, and destroy me. It did not — my pulse beat quick — my blood boiled — my skin burned — I felt ill — I scarce broke bread; and yet I lived, and moved strong; and my mind was full, seeming to have a clearer,

and more increasing capacity for wretchedness. — I walked about haggard in the bezesteins. One day as I was returning homewards, not a week after the death of Henry, I saw a crowd, with anxious faces, hurrying towards the palace of the Pasha. Turks, Arabs, and Greeks were all mixed together ; but, there were more Greeks than I ever remember, on any other occasions, to have seen assembled in public at Cairo. The Turks and Arabs were talking loud, and hoarse, and looking savage at the Greeks ; these last were grave, and sad ; yet I thought there was an air of triumph about them, melancholy and mournful, but still of triumph ; such as that with which conquering soldiers look upon their own slain and wounded.

In the middle of the crowd I now discovered the object of their interest ; a fine tall young man, with one of those pure Grecian faces, which have certainly a more dignified and more beautiful expression than the features of any other race on earth. He was clad in the habit of a monk, and he was now on his way to the

Turkish judge, to declare his resolution, rather to die a Christian, than to live on as an apostate. The Turkish judge was in the court-yard of the palace, and, mounted on his gray mule, was just coming forth after an interview with the Pacha. He silenced the reviling crowd, and endeavoured to reason the unfortunate out of his extraordinary purpose. I pressed near; and looked steadily, and eagerly on the offered victim. He lifted his eye and fixed it calmly on the venerable looking Turk.

“I come,” said he, “from the desert of Sinai. For months have I fasted on that holy mountain, in preparation for this hour. The rock my bed; the water of that scanty rill, from which the FORTY MARTYRS drank, and the daily dole of the convent-beans, my only subsistence. I have prayed to my offended saints for strength to bear this hour. I am ready.”

The judge evidently wished to save his life; he remanded him to his dungeon, for he was already a surrendered prisoner. I followed him back to the spot where the prison stood; all the way he was repeating aloud his firm re-

solve, and declaring his eagerness to suffer. I returned home, and all night I thought with admiration on this noble young Greek. I, too, resolved like him, to abjure the faith of Mahomed, and to ask the blow of the executioner. Yet, as I walked my chamber, I, that had already courted death, I that had embraced the corpse spotted with the pestilence, that had opened my vein for the black poison, and bade it mingle with my healthful blood, in the sincere desire that it might corrupt what is the life; I felt that I shuddered at the idea of a martyr's death.

I threw myself down, and tried the prayer of preparation: it would not come. I could shape no form of words: my heart could conceive no prayer, — my mind's eye saw nothing bright or hopeful in the dreaded future; and my flesh, my coward flesh, trembled.

I rose with the dawn and went out; I hastened to the prison — the execution of the young Greek had been decided on. He was led forth with his hands tied behind him, and I learned, among the crowd, that during the

night the Turks had made great efforts to shake his resolution; especially his former master and patron, a wealthy and warlike bey, at whose incitement he had turned Turk about two years before. He was deaf to every promise — every allurements. He had turned from the offers of wealth, women, land, horses, all the fondest objects of his early and known ambition, with contempt. They had finally tried the effect of torture; he endured it. His countenance, indeed, showed, from its extreme paleness, what he had undergone; but though he looked weak, he walked firm. It was in the large open space before the mosque of Hassan, that the expecting multitude was collected to witness the awful and cruel death, to which, by order of the Pacha, he was doomed. Many attempts had been made by his former master to get the dreadful punishment changed for the quicker and milder one of beheading; but they had not been attended with any success, for the Pacha was a cruel man, and a bigot.

He was stripped naked; a cloth around his loins was the only covering that concealed

any part of a naked frame, which might have furnished a perfect model of manly beauty for the imitation of admiring sculptors.

I looked upon this form of life, and glory—was it indeed to die!—and thus?—and so young?

The dark executioners threw him down on his belly, upon the sand, and with a razor they gashed a deep wound for the impaling stake. Before they had time with their ready paste to staunch the flowing blood, a dozen Greeks, wounded and beaten as they did so, had broken into the still circle, and dipped their handkerchiefs in the stream, to them so naturally sainted; but the Turkish guard instantly threw buckets of water all about to wash up the precious flow, and many of his countrymen were driven back with the blows of staves, and sabres, disappointedly.

It was a long and pointed stake they now brought, thick as a man's arm, and they thrust it into his writhing body far, yet nowhere out; they had fixed a stay upon it to prevent this. And now, with a barbarous yell from all around,



it was raised aloft in the air, then planted firmly in the earth.

Oh ! God — it is a dreadful passage to the tomb ! It was very horrible — his moans — his quivering lips — his eyes upturned in agony. The sweat that stood upon his forehead — his call upon the name of Christ ; repeated oft with that fervour of belief, which showed a mourning, penitent, imploring heart.

Three hours he hung a piteous spectacle, and there came close to the stake a man of a great age, with white hairs, and feeble steps, and leaning on a veiled woman. The Turk struck the elder, and would have driven him back.

“ I am his father,” said the old man, “ do not strike me, without it be to kill — then, welcome. I am his father, let me look upon my dying child ; and this his wife : suffer us, I pray.”

Then the captain of that Turkish guard was moved, and he spoke kind to them, and asked them for one minute only to turn aside, and he gave the signal to dispatch him : so they took their mallets and knocked off from the stake the

transverse stick ; and it pierced, and broke through his white breast, and he bowed his head upon it and died with a loud (and it sounded a happy) sigh.

Notwithstanding all the agony, sympathy, and shuddering, shrinking terror, with which I had witnessed this dreadful scene ; although I had felt the night before that I had a fear even of the sword of the executioner, yet now—strange revolution of the feeling ! my every nerve was strung up to a like sacrifice. I ran forward—I called aloud, that “there was no God, but God, but that the Messiah was the Son of God, and Moly : the dying prophet.” I clasped the im- with the tameless tiger ; ~~and~~ its second victim. gave me bread ; — blows too they ~~would not~~ added, but superstitious fear forbids.

The gate of the sad court is ever open. The pious and the tender ; the heartless and the grinning : the wondering and the timid walk hourly in, and round the strange menagerie. Man, the melancholy show : here, laughing at a straw ; ‘there, babbling to the heedless wind ; here, looking and uttering curses in maniac hate,

He did not speak to me ; he looked at me indeed with an expression of deep interest ; but, to the soldiers and the crowd he stated that I was mad, quite mad, and knew not what I said. It was in vain I, first calmly, — then ravingly denied it, and stated my desire to suffer. The judge rode up at the moment, and after hearing what Malek continued to repeat, he pronounced upon my fate, and directed that I should be led away, and placed among those poor wretches regarded as holy, who are kept in the large khan devoted to that purpose in the very heart of the city. I have said that I had strung my nerves up to endure the bitter and tormenting death of impalement. Then the old man, “do loudly call — without it be to kill — then, welcome. I am his father, let me look upon my dying child ; and this his wife : suffer us, I pray.”

Then the captain of that Turkish guard was moved, and he spoke kind to them, and asked them for one minute only to turn aside, and he gave the signal to dispatch him : so they took their mallets and knocked off from the stake the

bearing back again into the tempestuous ocean of life.

Here, however, in the new scene of my existence, there was no roaring of the wave, no rushing of the blast. It was a state of being to be likened only to the moveless ocean of the frozen north, when the long drear night of a polar winter broods over a still waste of towering iceberg, and snowy shore, and waves sunken to sleep; black, smooth, silent, chained up by frost. Here, for fourteen moons, to me they seemed as years, I lay upon a bed of straw in a narrow den with a grated front; in chains I lay; they tended me as I have seen a keeper with the tameless tiger; through the bars they gave me bread; — blows too they would have added, but superstitious fear forbids.

The gate of the sad court is ever open. The pious and the tender; the heartless and the grinning: the wondering and the timid walk hourly in, and round the strange menagerie. Man, the melancholy show: here, laughing at a straw; 'there, babbling to the heedless wind; here, looking and uttering curses in maniac hate,

there raving after some lost joy ; and all in words the wisest listener cannot gather meaning from ; or, sometimes couching sullen and silent, but with eye that menaces the gazer. Oh ! it is a fearful sight to look upon ; a man, whose thoughts have gone before him to the tomb, beyond it rather, scared but not perished, waiting for him in another world — immortal things conceived by human hearts, and which, as we entertain them into wishes, shall rise trumpet-tongued, and in one silver note, or blast terrific, wake at one moment all — all the memories of a life below ; and, in the same short moment, picture to the startled conscience, all that it may hope or dread through an eternity of bliss, or vain bewailing.

Wretched indeed, was my existence here ; the sights and sounds appalled me ; in the night they were very awful ; often did I envy these poor creatures ; for in one respect even they are to be envied ; they cannot sin ; they cannot suffer from the silent stripes of busy conscience lashing the bleeding heart. With me, too, this was yet more in exercise than ever, for it is

the custom every Friday to lead out the insane and take them to the mosque at the hour of prayer. At first I raved, and uttered such wild sayings, that I hoped they might confine me more closely, but on the contrary they seemed to regard me as a person, so stricken of God, that for me they numbered over their beads; for me they gave the larger alms; to my grated cell they came in larger numbers, and brought all the strange Mussulmans who arrived from any distant country. How often did I accuse Malek of barbarity, to have saved my life only to abandon me to a living death; still there were moments even then to me of some soothing, and many of such fear, that I will not, dare not say I would again have asked the impaling stake. After a while I ceased to disturb the worshippers in the mosque, and it became a pleasure to me to see them devout, and prostrate. I listened to the Koran with eagerness, and where I caught from its page the reflected light from our holy Scriptures, I dwelt on it for days with thankfulness. There was a fountain in the centre of the court which played con-

stantly. I became as much attached to it as if it had been a living thing; it moved, and sparkled, and spoke. There was a sweet companionship about it; from the bars of my den I could catch a small angle of the sky; for hours and hours I would gaze up. — Did a bird fly over it? I scratched a longer line upon my black wall. The sun, the moon, the planets, such as in their course might pass it. I watched for them, and felt the brief moment of their hurrying passage one blessed to me, and stolen from the cruel tyranny of that evil angel, who had conquered me, and seemed to reign over, and control my miserable destiny. Thus cheerlessly, fourteen months had passed away, and hope had utterly forsaken me, when as they were leading me back from the mosque one Friday, a common Arab of the desert came near, and after looking at me very intently, broke off a bit of the sugar cane, that he was himself eating, and gave it me, uttering a “Bismillah” aloud, but closer in my ear he whispered “Malek;” then, mingling with the crowd, he withdrew.

I took with me the piece of sugar cane to my cell in wonder — what could the Arab mean? Malek was near perhaps; some kindness was intended me, I felt certain; Malek was about to effect my release, but how? it mattered not, I should learn more — enough I knew to build an airy castle on. The hope of freedom awoke, and filled my heart with joy. Sugar cane was a common thing for one poor Fellah to give to another in kindness, and there was in its juice a pleasant sweetness, that helped me to pleasant thoughts; soon again, perhaps, I should look some field green and gay with them. As thus I thought, a hollow juiceless joint broke between my teeth, and instead of the soft pith, something tough resisted them; it proved a small scroll of thin parchment, I durst not read it then, I hid it till the night, and it was by the bright light of a full moon, which hung, for a few moments that happy night in its passage over my cell, that pressing close to the bars I read the following note in Arabic: —

“ I am far from you, and ~~my~~ soul has been



in darkness for you, for it loved you; have no fear; trust yourself with the bearer, he will guide you to me;—come, we will dwell in a tent, and ride together in battles—come quickly.

“MALEK.”

I thought that long suffering had too severely schooled me, for any thing again to move me as this did. I shed tears of joy, my heart leaped in my bosom as though I were young again. The next day I was all eagerness, and expectation; every moment I thought the Arab would come and visit me. I examined every face that entered the gate, with earnestness, and turned away with disappointment; the day following, and the day after again, in like manner, I looked and longed, and still it wore away in hope deferred. When a week had passed by, I thought that, deterred by the difficulty or danger of the undertaking, the Arab had shrunk from the attempt. Certainly he risked his head upon it, for they watched me with extraordinary jealousy. My late partner, too, had procured a Firman from the Pacha to take possession of my property as an incurable, first receiving the half of it himself in fee.

I was just again entering the gloomy gates of our Khan on the following Friday, when a loud disturbance was raised in the bazaar near, by the violent quarrel of some Arabs; every body's attention was called by the language of bloody menace, and a crowd gathered rapidly. My attendant turned, and went a yard or two for a nearer view. At this moment the "Bismillah" was whispered in my ear, and the name of "Malek," and the same Arab, whom I had seen before, caught me by the arm, and led me hurriedly down a lonely lane; two dromedaries were kneeling there. To wrap round me a common brown zaboot, to place me on one of them, to leap on his own, and to set forward, was the work of an instant. We passed forth out of the VICTORY GATE, and making a circuit by the desert, came down to a retired spot just opposite Ghizeh. Here, at the voice of the Arab, our dromedaries kneeled down under a date tree, and we alighted. He took bread, and dates from a bag, and gave me to eat, but he would not speak, or in any way, as yet, satisfy my curiosity. Towards

evening I observed a boat with a party of Arabs ; the moment they came to shore, my companion embarked me and the two dromedaries. As we were crossing to the opposite bank, they spoke thick, and laughingly to each other ; and as I looked upon their features stained with dust and sweat, I found that the disturbance had been raised by them, and that the violent quarrelling was only a blind the better to favor my escape.

The very instant that the boat made the land, — we got out of her. He again placed me on my beast, and rode forward, at the rude rough trot of the dromedary, until we had past through the cultivated tract, and gained the desert. It was already dark when we reached a small well close to the pyramids ; here again we alighted. Not far from the spot there was a small natural arch in the face of the rock ; he led me in, and striking a light for a torch with which he was provided, I found myself in a cave-like chamber, with a mat, a gourd or two, and an earthen cooking vessel.

“Ibrahim will not return to-night,” said my conductor, “I saw him passing in at the VICTORY GATE, as we came out of the city; we may sleep here.”

I found this Ibrahim was a Sauton; this his hermitage, and never, perhaps, was any situation better chosen for a life of seclusion, and penance.

My anxious desire was now to learn something from my conductor, concerning Malek, and our present destination. He was provokingly brief. “Malek is at Djidda. I have sworn to him by the black stone of Mecca to bring you safe to him; what need you know more?”

I have never met with a man so taciturn. He did every thing as silently as a mute; if he spoke to me, it was with the eye, or the wave, or beckon of the hand. His look was ever very expressive; his form spare, and lean; but his limbs all sinew, and strength. He made a large fire at the door of the cave with some wood that lay near; put bread before me; and then seating himself close to the fire, he smoked in silence. I too drew near; to my questions

I got no other reply than a shake of the head, or that backward bend, which is with them the assenting nod, and at last, he pointed to the cell as intimating to me to retire, and laying his own head back upon a stone fell asleep. I could not sleep for very happiness : God knows the past was melancholy enough, anxious enough the future ; but the present was sweet, and refreshing to my soul. I, but yesterday the chained tenant of a grated den ; its narrow floor, its low roof of stone, my earth, my sky, my world ! was now free. I stood upon the wide and boundless desert ; the vast blue concave of the starry heaven above me ; and near an awful pile of giant steps, *TITANIC*, made to scale that field of light ; and a broad brilliant moon pouring on every object her silver flood of peaceful glory.

I climbed the pyramid ; that “everlasting hill” of stone. Weak from disuse, my limbs could scarce perform for me their office ; but at length I gained and stood upon the lofty summit. It was as if I had left the world. *Where was the world ?* — was that it, that white cloud

of vapour which hung long and narrow below ? — was that it, that dull, that desolate plain ? — afar so dark and dreary, and near, shining with no life, no gladness, but reflecting back the white rays of the kind moon, just as some corpse might the taper's light, that scares from its silent bier, darkness, and those fiends who love it ; — surely it had vanished — there was no sound, no sight of man — chaos had come again, or rather that happy day, when the lights rolled in calm state in the high firmament, before man was.

A sigh of the night wind burst from between two loosened masses of the huge stones. "Fool," they seemed to say, "we are the world : — kings swelling in their pride — slaves fainting in their toil, dug us from the dark quarry and reared us here ; a hundred thousand of such things as you lived only for this object ; for us they earlier waked, they later slept ; — they cried over us with bitter tears ; the blood of their lashed skins has stained us ; they cursed, they groaned, they sickened, and they died ; and then he died, for whom they had so laboured — *all*

*rotted.* They, at our base, close crowded in their sandy graves,—he, in the deep dark centre of this mighty monument, alone, in sad solitary pride. The winds have ages since scattered the dust of all. Here they are nothing; but their shades together stand where thou shalt stand, and all men. In chillness and in darkness they await the inevitable hour.—you look up to the shining stars, as if you sought to join them—art fit?—can you dare to desire your death?—do you indeed, in all the fearlessness of an innocent and firm hope, look upwards?—if not, down, down to the world again; it is your element, your heaven—yon pure and holy region would be to you a hell.”

Such was the voice of the sighing wind, and down, in humble mood, I trod with cautious steps,—felt, at each timid stagger of the foot, or grasping of the outstretched arm, that I clung to life; nor when I laid me down upon my mat, and closed my eyes, did I dare to hope that again they might never open. In the morning I awoke to look upon the world, from which I had been for a time excluded, or rather

to begin life again — yes, and to find that it had still charms. There is no sadder looking animal than the dull dromedary; there is no scene more drear, or naked than the Lybian desert; and yet, as I journeyed on behind my brown and silent guide, and thought that I was again to see a human being, to whom I was dear, I did feel happy, and I looked around, at the free and open space on all sides spreading, with an exulting transport.

We travelled all the day parallel with the line of the Nile, but so far from the cultivated land as to avoid all observation. Towards evening we bore up (even as ships do) for the green coast, which skirts this ocean of sand; and the old Arab leaving me near a small rock about a mile from a date grove in which I heard the shout of the cattle-driving peasant, went towards it to water the animals, and get food — then returning he gave me a few dry dates, and a coarse dhourra cake, and, with a smile of triumph, as having catered sumptuously, a gourdful of camel's milk; and then he lighted a fire, and sat silently stirring its ashes, and smoking till overcome with slumber — I, in imitative quiet-



ness doing the like. — A few hours' repose, and again we mounted, and rode forward.

In this manner we travelled for some days ; by day shaping our course in the desert, in the evening coming near again to the inhabited country, — once only did we meet any persons on that waste ; and those were only a few swart Moggrebys, in white cloaks, having white and peaked cowls ; and they looked out darkly from them, and uttered the hoarse salaams, as they passed us by.

I shall always remember this strange, silent journey with pleasure ; there was a calm about it very sobering to my poor spirit, after all I had gone through. It is thus, that when the couched eye again receives from the skilful leech the power of seeing, for a time the chamber is darkened, that it may not be dazzled, to its injury, by too sudden a glare of bright and attractive objects. So with me : I could not have borne to gaze again, at first, upon the busy world ; but the yellow sand, and the grey rock, were objects suited to the mind, just loosed from chains like mine, and from the looking on sights, and listening to sounds, which had well nigh broke it down

for ever. On the evening of the eighth day we arrived at the foot of some white hills, not far from the river, and nearer to a village, if such it could be called, than we had ventured hitherto. The dwellings seemed all caverned beneath tall banks of soft stone, or in the face of loftier rocks, and two or three persons only were visible, and these looking about suspiciously. At last, one approached my guide, and, after a short conference between them, my companion bade me get off the dromedary, and follow the stranger, saying, that he would show me a safe place of concealment for a day or two, as there was danger abroad, and an order had come to search for and seize me if I could be found. The Arab to whose charge I was now committed brought out an ass for me to ride, and walked swiftly a-head of me. He led me for some miles through desolate and lonely places; not a weed grew on them; white sand, or brown gravel, or slaty rock; over which no insect even hummed or buzzed, to break the stillness. At last, in a deep and narrow ravine he stopped, and clapped thrice with his hands; I looked around in won-

der; not a person was to be seen, not an object that had life; no path, save that by which we had entered. There was a pause: I gazed upon the scorched soil, and on the sterile banks, that rose on either side, and asked him why we stopped in such a spot. He smiled. Two men now suddenly started from the earth, it seemed, and joined us: they spoke together; then my conductor motioning me to get off the ass, mounted it himself, and rode away from the place by the path at which we had entered, and left me alone with these dark-looking, savage men. They both wore daggers: I was unarmed, so I felt myself at their mercy; yet knowing the faith of the Arab, remembering that I had eaten with and slept with the one who had guarded me from Cairo, I was unwilling to believe that I should be betrayed. But it was with a strange anxiety that I stooped at their bidding, and crawled under a huge mass of rock, through a narrow opening,—which, seen even from the distance of a few yards, appeared only as an uneven broken place, the bottom of which you might touch with a stretching arm,—and found myself in a lofty

passage, at the feet of another Arab, who stood erect in it, and held a blazing torch, that lighted all the walls, and showed them bright with many colours of a gay and dazzling vividness. Just coming from the open glare of day and the blinding desert, I was too bewildered to see any thing distinctly; all thought or reflection concerning what it might be, or whither I was brought, escaped me; and so long and so often the sport of Fortune, the tales to which I had listened at Alexandria and Cairo came over me with all the power and the force of some terrifying reality. I stooped down, and would have gone forth again. I felt persuaded that all was magic around me; some dread illusion of an enchanter. The other Arabs were entering, and they rose and hoarsely laughed together, and led me on. "Fear not," they said, "it is the palace of Pharaoh" — "Pharaon, Pharaon!" they loudly repeated, and invoked Allah with a low muttering. Still reflection refused to come to my aid. All my latter studies had been Oriental; with them my mind had been imbued; and of the ancient Egyptians I did not,

now, but urged me on with a graver look. In a dark corner of the inner apartment, on which a feeble light was thrown by a small lamp of oil, there sat a grey and aged man. He was clothed in a light blue garment, and had a deep red turban. A white beard fell upon his breast; and with shut eyes, and the noddings and waving action of a kind of phrenzy, he was playing on a rude pipe: while before him, with long and lifted necks, and crests out-shooting, and spread hoods, three large living serpents moved in quick circlings, and hissed as obedient to and rejoicing in the sounds.

I felt my mind almost giving way. I had been long among the mad, and had listened to their ravings when terrors all ideal menaced them; here, there was a something of a reality, such as I had never dreamed of; it took me by surprise; feeble, exhausted in mind and body, I thought I was to be the victim of some horrible incantation, and the sweat stood profuse upon my forehead.

How sweet a thing is the sudden going away of fear. How very grateful do we feel to God

for it ! How, in a kind of humble mood we look in with a sort of shame, and pity, and contempt for ourselves, that we should be so very weak, so easily the captured slaves of terror, so unconfiding to mercy already often experienced ! Judge what I felt, when a thick curtain on my right hand was drawn aside, and, in a small side chamber, fully lighted ; seated upon a carpet with his pipe in hand, and a book open before him — I beheld my friend — my only friend — Malek, — and he sprung up, and clasped me to his manly bosom, and kissed my cheek, and laid his head upon my shoulder.

I wept for gratitude and joy, and smiled too, at my own late weakness ; still was I lost in wonder. The manly Malek, and his glittering arms immured in this strange awful place, I could form no guess of his intents, and purpose ; kind I knew they were — that only.

He now explained to me that he had been unfortunate enough to excite the hatred of the Pacha at Cairo ; and that he had been ordered to Djidda, the very day after he had succeeded in rescuing me from the stake ; that he had

is all one — Prophets are they both — Allah alone, he is great — he is good — he is above all, let us worship him and love each other. Do you know where we are? It is a tomb, this painted place; a tomb of very ancient people. There was a pale wanderer here from the West, a learned man, who told me of them, how that they lived before any prophet, and worshipped Allah even as we do now, with fear, and reverence; but, as none have ever seen him, they veiled his symbols in strange forms like these, and all their smaller imaged things are but the painted language of their praise to him, — their faith — their hope. He read me many words, “Joy,” “Power,” “Stability,” “Life,” “Eternity,” “Immortal;” and he showed me how they had pictured — a tear; and, he read too, “God powerful,” “God Judge:” what more, Osman, need we know?

I listened to him, all bewildered with delight to think that I was again near a being, who had served, and saved me, and offered me his heart, and hand, and to tread the path of life by his side. I was prepared with no other

answer than that of the grasping hand, and the tearful eye. We sat down on the carpet : he clapped his hands, and the Arabs brought coffee, and we refreshed, and talked quietly together. These chambers in the bowels of the earth were then the chambers of death. These forms and figures on the coloured walls ; the gods and hieroglyphics I had learned and read about as a boy, and the old man, and his serpent brood, who had filled me with such unaccountable terror, was one of the common descendants of those far-famed ancient Psylli, whose easy sorcery procures for them a livelihood without labour, and a sort of reverence among the vulgar, and the timid. I laughed with blushes of shame at my late fear, as when, by night, in the tapestried chamber, our hearts throb at the fancied moving of the arras, and with an effort having risen and touched it, we turn back to our couch with a more free and even-beating pulse, and lay ourselves down again with a smile.

Relieved from all present anxiety — looking into Malek's kind eyes — and resolving in my



own mind to link my fate with his, and let my heart live close to one so warm, and generous as his, I said nothing to him about those doubts as to whether I was acting right, which, although I chased them down again, rose whisperingly within me, not loud enough to destroy my peace, but sufficiently so to make me distrust its continuance.

On the walls of the small apartment, where we sat, the representations were all of a lively character, such as flowers, and fields, and waters, cattle, and festive peasants, and boats with many coloured sails. It was well lighted too; and they brought us in fine bread and honey; butter, and milk, and luscious fruits — so we feasted together happily.

At a very early hour on the following morning, before the break of day, the Arab, who had conducted me from Cairo, returned, and we left the tomb with him, and, mounting asses, rode away to a place on the river's bank, where, he said, a boat was ready to ferry us across to our camels.

Just as we reached the spot we found that a

party of Turkish soldiers had seized upon our bark by force, and were filling it with their own baggage to carry them down the river. — This was embarrassing, for we could not now pass back by the road, by which we had come without being discovered and questioned by a party of horsemen, whom we had observed to cross in that direction; but one of the men who had been with us in the tomb offered to lead us to a secure hiding-place for the day, if we would not fear to pass it there. Malek bade him lead on; we followed him to the nearest hill's side; where, near a small rude cavity in the broken ground, again lighting a torch he crawled into the earth, and we after him. With the knee and hand we felt ourselves pressing upon substances, that crunched under our weight, as leathery parchment, and rotten sticks might. It was not at first that I was aware of what broke beneath me; they were coffinless bodies, *dry bones that are to live again*; — it was very horrid. At last we got into a sort of chamber, where we could stand upright; and, where there were ranged, on either side, twelve of

those painted coffins, in which the wealthier dead lie embalmed. We lifted one of these lids ; the mask painted on it was that of a female. Rude as was the portrait, the artist had contrived to give a roundness, as of youth, to the cheek and chin — a bright blackness to the eye, and to put a smile on the red lip ; within there was a strait stiff form ; narrow, and shapeless with its hundred linen folds, and the dark mummy mouth was gilded o'er, and the hands gilt. A branch of the sacred sycamore lay on every coffin ; perfect it looked, but, at the gentlest touch, fell to a formless dust. Here we passed the long, long day impatiently, and said but little to each other. I thought of death, and of the world when it was young, and of the world to come. Glad was I, when, at the dusk evening hour, they let us out again. Our trusty Arab had contrived to get a small raft of reeds ; Malek and myself would have swum, but he prevented us, saying there were many crocodiles in that part of the stream ; so sitting still upon this wet, and almost sinking contrivance we crossed the river ; found our kneeling beasts ;

jumped on them ; they rose eager and lofty, and bore us away with quick willingness on their well-known desert path.

We rode for eighteen hours, then halted six under a tall rock, which threw out its afternoon shadow long and cool. Here we ate of the cold hard eggs, provided as our food ; drank from the warm water skin, smoked the refreshing pipe, and slept. For fifteen hours rode forward, then again alighted for three, near to two small wells of discoloured brackish water, and snatched a short slumber under a lone Acacia tree, thorny and spreading out umbrella-like above, but giving only a slight, thin, and broken shade.

Another harassing stage of sixteen hours brought us to the coast. A little bay it formed just where we came on it — a lonely unfrequented spot — no shed, no tree, no water, all sand and rock around ; but out upon the shining wave, joyously rocking, lay a large black bark with a tall mast, and a wide yard. Our Arab guide unwound his turban, and tied it on his stick, and waved it round his head, and a little shell-like boat put off to us. And now

Malek took out a purse and a small pistol, and presented them to our faithful guide. It was surprising with how different a look and manner he received the common valueless old pistol, and the rich well filled purse;—the latter was put hastily in his girdle; the rusty-looking weapon he pressed to his heart and forehead, and glanced down on it with pride; then he fell at the feet of Malek, and thanked and blessed him, and I too came in for my share of his blessing, though I had nothing to give him. He bowed his head down on my hand.—“May your father and your mother be blessed,” was his beautiful salutation, as I was about to step from the shore at going off. *My father! my mother!* whom I had sent early to their sad graves. I wept, and none knew why; and, though Malek was a young Pylades to me, I could not, dared not tell him.

It was pleasant to us after our hot fatiguing journey on the desert to lie down still upon our carpets on the high poop, and look on the full sail that bore us swiftly on; pleasant to see the waves break, in thick far-thrown spray from our

bows, and to hear the glad music of that rushing eddy at the stern, which promises the speedy voyage.

We ran to the harbour of Loheia on the coast of Arabia Felix in about twelve days; and anchored about a league from the shore. Malek had a kind friend in this city; a merchant of Cairo who resided here for the convenience of the coffee-trade. Luckily for us he had great influence with the EMIR or DOLA, and we were therefore not only suffered to land, but also to make arrangements for a passage to the city of Surat, on board a large Arab vessel, that was about to be freighted thither by some Indian Banians, with a cargo of coffee, which is here purchased on more reasonable terms than that of Beit el Fakih, which is shipped from Mocha and Hodeida. Malek had rather feared that some letters sent from Cairo or Judda to the city of Mocha, which is the most common port of embarkation for the east, might have caused him embarrassment, if not led to detention and imprisonment; therefore, he lost no time in con-

cluding a bargain, and, in a few days, we again embarked for the more distant voyage.

In our crowded vessel there were many Mahometans from Hindostan, who had been performing the pilgrimage to Mecca, and were returning from their homes. We could not but remark with interest, those among whom we were now about to be cast, and though most of these were of a common class, sick, and travel-worn, and dirty. Yet a certain elegance of feature, and gracefulness of movement, combined with a sparkling expression in the full eye, told us that they were a soft, luxurious, voluptuous race, who lived in a land of abundance and pleasures — and we wondered together when we reflected that those small delicate hands were familiar with the rein of the war-horse, and the hilt of the battle blade.

There was one youth, in particular, about sixteen years of age, the nephew of the only wealthy Indian on board, Azim Cawn, the son of an Omrah of the city of Allahabad, an old and faithful adherent of the unfortunate Mogul—who delighted us. He was all grace and fire.

intelligent and curious ; asking with eagerness, listening with delighted eyes ; speaking with a fond and confiding fearlessness. He was just the sort of informant we required. Our complexions and arms ; a few of the horses, that he had seen at Djidda, and the Arabic that he had heard spoken, these seemed to have impressed him with some respect for Turks and Arabs ; but whenever he spoke comparingly of the aspect of the two countries, it was with difficulty he suppressed a sneer at Arabia, while he dwelt with unrestrained delight on those pictures, which he drew for us of his native land. In particular he dwelt upon the great beauty of some of those daughters of the tribes of Brahmin, with whom it is not lawful to intermarry for any but those of the sacred family to which they themselves belong. “ Listen,” said he ; “ I will tell you a short story of the love, which one of the sons of Mohammed bore to one of the fairest of these idolaters.”

*The Tale of the Young Mogul.*

“ How will you believe me when I tell you



that, in the country of my birth, there are many nations and many languages, people of many colours, and again divided into many tribes, so strictly observing this separation, that they will not even touch food prepared by a caste differing from their own, although they should die for hunger; that they worship the bull, and that they regard the chattering monkey as one of their inferior deities, and venerate the poisonous serpent; that these people have large and stately temples of stone, that they have ancient books written on the leaves of trees, and that they are skilled in all useful arts and divers costly manufactures; that they wear splendid jewels, and that yet they often walk naked except the cloth round their loins; that their priests marry, and the priesthood descends to their children; that they have a caste who are born to the use of arms, and who alone fight their battles, and that the son of the merchant, the potter, or the cultivator, is always what his father was before him, and marries the daughter of one who follows the same trade with himself. How will you believe me when I tell you that, although

it is the land of the sun, we have mountains so lofty as to be white with everlasting snows; that we have forests, in which there grows a tree so enormous, that its many stems form a shady grove, and that a herd of wild elephants may find shelter beneath its branches, and lean their huge strength against its trunk; — but the elephant, you do not know it in your country, it is a living mountain of flesh, with pillars for limbs, it has the force of many horses — we put castles on its back, and fill them with archers, and we clothe the beast with crimson trappings, and he carries them proudly to battle; and we ride upon him to the hunt, and he saves us from the fierce and striped tiger, and crushes him beneath his heavy feet; and he has a long and pliant trunk, which hangs from his head, and which he uses like an arm; he will pick up with it the smallest straw as gently as the least of birds, and he will raise with it the fallen cannon, or break down the wall, or uproot the tree, or lift armed and strong men, and throw them without effort from its path, and break their bones on the rock; and yet they are wise, these

animals, and have knowledge above all beasts, and gentleness so that a little child might guide them. This is a wonder of my country, but we have many others; — we have wide and glorious rivers, and fertile valleys green with young rice, and glistening with its nourishing waters; and spacious plains where reapers laugh over their labour as they bind up the sheaves of full eared corn; and fields of the soft white cotton; and gardens of sunny mangoes; and hills covered with thousands of white herds slow moving as they pasture. And thousands upon thousands of young horses neigh in our meadows. And we have cities, wealthy and walled, without numbers; and treasures full of gold, and silver, and precious stones, and costly stuffs, and mines of the sparkling diamond. You smile — I tell you this is no fable, such as your story-teller in the desert fancies, it is the truth — this is a faint picture of my country.

“In the reign of the renowned Acbar, Lord of the World, and shadow of the great Allah, it chanced that he went forth on a grand hunting-match, in those valleys of rock and thicket, which you look upon from

the lofty and strong towers of Narwha. That he might enjoy the manly sport in his bolder manner, he forbade that his guards and hunters should spread among the coverts with poles, and cries, and torches, as is the wont to rouse the game; he would not even mount his elephant, but rode forward on a favourite Persian horse into a narrow path, that led, as the sound told him, on a shallow stream of water flowing over a stony bed. A few only of the favourite Omrahs were following him; suddenly there sprung upon the path a royal tiger, of the largest size — Acbar was foremost and alone. The beast couched in ferocious beauty, and the glaring eye and curling tail warned him of its fatal spring; already, in the fancy of the following nobles, was their beloved emperor lost to them, and their lances were raised to avenge him on the monster, when Acbar spurred, like an arrow forward; and before the astonished animal could advance or turn, he had given it a death-blow with his keen sabre, and it fell roaring in its fast flowing blood. An act so daring the oldest hunter present had never even heard

of. They shouted in the fulness of their wonder, praised the merciful Allah, and all leaping from their saddles kissed the golden stirrup of Acbar, and pronounced him the great and favoured servant of high heaven. Just at this moment a woman stepped from behind a clump of bamboos, which stood among the tall reeds and giant grass close to the spot, and fell down at the feet of Acbar's horse, and implored him saying, — ‘ Oh ! mighty Acbar, a second time thou hast saved me from the jaws of death, but now prince I am sorry for thy boon — let the feet of thy horse, or the edge of some kind sword, give me to the grave ; for I am weary of my life.’

“ Then Acbar commanded to raise her up, and that she should speak more plainly to him, for he knew her not.

“ And she stood up before him, and said : ‘ Forty moons have passed since my lord hunted in these parts ; and when he was fatigued, he laid him down under the shade of a tamarind tree alone, near the tank of palms, which is sacred to the goddess Kali, the queen of the destroyer ; and the glory of

my lord's majesty was veiled under the common garb of the hunter, and none heeded or knew him. At the hour, when the sun was setting, the holy Brahmins, and the people of my caste in the village, and all my family came out with the body of my betrothed, an aged man, who had lately died, and they raised a funeral pile to burn his corpse, and me too, they had clothed in the yellow robe, and they had threatened me, and terrified me, and obedient to their bidding I was to burn with my husband's body. Then the noise of the tom tom, and the singing, and the voices of the crowd awakened my lord; and he rose up, and came near, and saw me, as I was walking round the pile. And he cried aloud, with a voice of thunder, and burst into the circle, and caught me by the hand, and said that I should not die: and though alone, and none knew you, yet was your presence so noble, even as a god's, that none laid hands on you. And some horsemen rode up, for they were near, and knew your voice; and they drew their swords and were about to fall on the crowd; but you called out and bid them stay their hands, — and then rebuked my kin-

dred, and the people of my caste, and the Brahmins, and commanded that I should live. And for fear of your great power, and your wrath, they obeyed you. And I felt very happy though I dared not to show my joy, and lo ! I live — but how ? I have not yet numbered eighteen years. I am at once a widow, and a virgin ; degraded as a widow, and as a virgin neglected, — turned from — loathed — driven out to perform all the lowest, and most disgusting offices, begrudged my very food, and sent daily to this jungle for sticks, in the hope that some wild beast may rid them of one, whom they wish to but dare not, destroy themselves. Look here, my lord,' and she held up a garment that had once been white, but was now yellow and sordid, torn and stained ; and she raised and threw it back upon her head, and showed how all her fine tresses were cut off, and she left bald and shaven in her shame.

“Then Acbar gave orders that she should immediately be taken, and received as a servant to one of his wives in the palace at Agra ; and he rode to his tents, and sent for Abul Fazil his minister and friend, and they sat together, and

discoursed. The prince was very heavy in his heart at the tale of the widow, which he had just heard, and it entered into his noble mind, that if he could inform himself of all the secrets and mysteries of the religion of Brahma, that he might be able to abolish throughout his wide dominions many of the superstitions by which it was disfigured, and to bind all his subjects together by one common principle of toleration and love. He unbosomed himself to his faithful counsellor, and begged his advice and assistance. Now Abul Fazil had a young brother of the name of Feizi, a boy of singular beauty, and great talents, only ten years of age. Already he well knew all the manners, and customs of the Hindoo people, spoke their tongue, and had caught their phrases with the quick imitative power of his age. It was resolved between the Emperor and his minister that this boy\*, under the character of a poor orphan of the Sacerdotal tribe, should be introduced into the house of a learned Brahmin, in the famed city of Benares, or Casi the splendid, and instructed in

\* An historical fact. Vide Maurice's Indian Antiquities.



all those sacred mysteries, and secret principles of their faith, which seemed to defy investigation.

“Feizi was an uncommon child, vain and ambitious; he eagerly embraced the proposal, and promised to be the fittest instrument for his sovereign’s purpose. Already could he rein the steed, already wave the sword; weak as was the bow his young arm could string, he had already shot an antelope in the chace, and his preceptor boasted that he had twice read the holy Koran through, and the tales of the parrot. So great too, was his command of countenance, that neither joy, nor anger, nor love, nor hate, nor fear, nor exultation could break through the smooth and governed mask of his young face. He went in the fullest confidence of succeeding to his patron’s wish, and with a resolution to let no object whatever interfere with that highest one of advancing to so distinguished a place in Acbar’s favor, as the prospect before him promised.

“When he entered the house of the ancient

Sáradwata which stood in a small garden of bananas, on the opposite bank of the sacred Ganges to that on which the city of Benares is built, even as a boy he felt that the difference between a palace and a cottage was not so great as he had once imagined.

“The Brahmin sage lay reclining upon the shaded seat before his door, and he raised himself up at the sight of his young orphan pupil, and welcomed him with benevolent smiles. He was aged, but without one hair of gray, for he was entirely shaven; he only wore a cloth round his loins, and he sat the naked philosopher of his people, raised, in their opinion, above the highest of earthly kings.

“Feizi joined his hands, and spread them; then stretched them forth, and took hold of his feet, and touched them with his head.

“‘Welcome,’ said Saradwata, ‘if you come with a thirsting lip to the ocean of wisdom you shall drink and be satisfied. You must content your palate with what is simple to the taste and your eye with the beauty of divine objects; your ear with devout instruction, and the per-

fume of virtue alone must regale your organs of smelling ; for liquor that intoxicates ; and beauty that is wanton, and obscenities that inflame, and delicious odours that overpower and subdue the senses, find no entrance here. Then he called, and there came out of his cottage his wife and a little female child of five years of age with her, and they brought two large portions of snowy rice on leaves of a dark and shining green, sown together by fibres, and put them before Feizi, and they all smiled on him, and Saradwata, said, ‘ Eat my child ;’ and Feizi answered ‘ I can see by your eyes that you are among those who bear in mind that, “ as the sensitive plant shrinks from the slightest touch ; so does an unkind look cause the countenance of the dependent guest to fall.” ’

“ ‘ My child, to practise hospitality with cheerfulness, ensures the blessing of Letchima our goddess.’

“ ‘ May the kind hearted man never know what it is to have an enemy,’ was the reply of Feizi.

“ These few words of Feizi quite delighted the

old man, and praising the early promise of wisdom in his pupil, he pointed to his wife and child, and said, — ‘ This, boy, is your mother; this, your sister ; and these walls your home.’— So Feizi lived with him as a son ; and, in the course of ten years, he became a master of the Sanscrit language, and perfect in every branch of science, and in every religious truth, or mystery veiled in that sacred language. The time had now come when the Emperor impatiently expected his return, and a secret messenger was despatched from Abul Fazil to require that he should come instantly to the royal presence, and reveal, as far as he knew them, the leading principles of the Brahmin faith.

“ It was the evening hour when Mirza, the ancient preceptor of Feizi, to whom Abul Fazil had confided this mission, arrived in a small bark without any attendants but his boatmen, at a ghaut near the village of Ramnaghur, opposite to the city of Benares.

“ There he landed ; and walking apart, he spread his carpet upon a retired spot on the bank, and after performing his ablutions, and

offering up the sacrifice of his evening devotions, he sate down, and taking out a small coin from his girdle, he dispatched one of his boatmen to bring him a small bunch of the yellow plantain fruit, and a vessel of new milk.

“ From the spot where he was seated, his eye commanded the ancient city of Benares standing in tall pride and sacred beauty upon the banks of the holy Ganges. Numerous pagodas rose, with their pyramidal towers, far higher than its lofty dwellings, and pointed up into the blue heavens, as if with the prayers of those who built them. Immediately opposite to him many wide and handsome flights of broad stone steps descended to the river, and in other parts along the bank, paths led down upon the water. It seemed to him as if all the people of that fair city were in motion on the banks and in the waters. A thousand female forms with garments of the richest dye, and urns of polished brass that shone beautiful, were descending to, or passing up from the worshipped stream — or they bowed, or bathed, or sported in the waters, — or strung necklaces and bracelets of the

white and sweet scented moogree flowers, or coronals of the yellow tulip-mouthed chumpā, and dipped them in waters, and took them glistening away; or they washed their own light thin robes, and went up with the wet garments clinging in close folds around forms and limbs of a perfect beauty. In separate groupings the Brahmin men of every class, and of every age, from the gray, the decrepid, and the wrinkled, to the rounded little limbs of the small boy, were dipping their bodies in the river, while you might observe all the actions of worship, and of prayer; and your ear might catch a thousand joyous sounds, and pleasant voices as of glad hearts for blessings given, and for duties done, and springing too from the happy healthful feeling which follows ever on their purifying rites.

“ ‘Allah be praised!’ said Mirza, ‘Allah be praised!’ — and tears filled his aged eyes — ‘blindly these worship thee, O father, yet they do worship thee. Thou dost hear, from thy high throne, the little still throb of every human heart that beats in gratitude to thee; and the

voice of the innocent and the young is a music, from which thy angels do not turn away ; and the tear of the sorrowing sinner is a pearl that weighs heavier in thy sight than all the costly sacrifices of the millions of altars raised by these poor idolaters to thy glory. Bless, mighty Allah, the design of thy servant Acbar, the lord of the world, who seeks to reclaim these erring children by the word of wisdom, and not of scoffing ; by the green branches of peace, instead of the red swords of persecution.'

"As he spoke these words he bowed his head to the earth. The boatmen returned, and set before him, on a broad and silken leaf of the banana, plantains both red and yellow of a melting richness, and broke for him the large shaddock with its rosy pulp and delicious juice ; and in a small vessel, fresh from the potter's hand, the white milk just pressed from the full udder of the cow returning to its stall : and Mirza partook of his simple repast with a quiet satisfaction, and imagined to himself, as he mused happily, the boy Feizi, the pupil whom he taught and loved, now grown into the man — having already performed a very wonderful part

in the strange drama of life, and most probably about to receive its very highest rewards and honours, and to fulfil its noblest destinies.

“Not far from the tree under which Mirza was seated, he observed a small shrine, sacred, as he knew, from its symbol, to the god Siva the Destroyer; and he saw coming towards it, through the small grove behind, three females. Mirza was a man who venerated all religion, who was better pleased to see a human being prostrate in humility before a stone or a lump of sun-dried mud, than walking, lofty in his pride, and with a haughty glance, as of defiance looking up to the starry sky, and laughing at the unseen God — so he moved to the other side of the tree that he might not interfere with or disturb their devotion; but, curious to see the manner of their worship, he kept his eyes fixed on the shrine and on the approaching groupe.

“The principal figure in it at once rivetted his gaze. It was a Brahmin girl of about fifteen years of age; her complexion of that clear pale golden hue, which marks the very highest caste, the purest blood, the daughter of the sun. Her



garb, too, bespoke her sacred rank : — a small close vest of faint red colour, of a delicate tissue wrought over with flowers of gold, just covered the young breasts and well formed shoulders, a very long shawl of a muslin filmy, and thin as woven hair, was wrapped about her slender waist, and fell in numerous and decent folds before. But above where it mantled her body and head, or below, where it fell upon her strait limbs, it was no veil, but only softened to the eye her bright warm loveliness. Her round neck was polished as the sacred shell of Veeshnoo : her *scaled* forehead high, and light, and calm, like the beauty of a midnight moon ; her eyebrows arched like the bow of the Boy God, — and glances flew about from her black eyes like the small swift arrows which he wounds young hearts with. Her teeth were like to milk-white flowers, and her lips to the deep red of the Guava fruit ; and the palms of her fine fair delicate hands, and the little soles of her small feet, were tinged as if she had grasped the pink roses of GHAZIPPOOR, or trodden with a light unbruising step upon the scarlet flower buds of the sacred cusa grass. Her hair shone dark and glossy, and a round

tire of gold was fixed at the back of her well-shaped head ; and her ear-rings, and necklaces, and bracelets, and rings around her ancles, were of pearl, and gold. She held a chaplet of sacred beads in one hand, and a small golden vessel with water and flowers in the other. Nothing could be more graceful than her gentle gait — she smiled upon the damsels who were with her, and her beauty seemed dazzling to the eye of Mirza as a bright and beaming dagger suddenly unsheathed.

“ As she stood before the shrine, and poured out the sacred water from her golden vase ; and sprinkled with it the sweet-smelling flowers, and scattered them upon the symbol of the god — a fine perfume was shed around, and Mirza inhaled it with delight ; and he lifted his voice and cried, ‘ Allah, in the innocence of her heart, a chaste, unspotted, pure child, she worships she knows not what. Be thou her teacher, her preserver, save her from the impure rites of Siva. Save her from the fire of those barbarous funeral piles, whereon these idolators offer up to thee the hateful sacrifice of victims from

that lovely sex, who, from the cradle to the grave, are the weak, the fond, and the helpless slaves of ours.'

"But he paused, and listened, for he heard a voice sweet as the bird of song when it pours forth its warbling melodies to the glistening blossoms on the tree it loves. And she said to her damsels,—'How happy is my life—it is like that of the lotos, which blooms safe, and sheltered, on some still and secret bank, under the shadows of the sacred tree. So I, under my beloved father: his roof my place of rest, his bosom my place of shelter. 'Say rather,' said one of her young companions, 'like the young antelope reared in a sacred forest, that has no fear of any hand, and sports about, and licks them all in love, and innocence.'

"Whose, Priyamvada, should I fear? is it, thine? and she bent playfully and kissed it—or this of my loving Reti, and she turned and put her young arm round Reti's bending neck and kissed her sunny cheek.

"It is not mine or her's."

"Is it then the grey and aged Sarngarava,

my father's oldest friend — or the sightless and withered hermit that sits on his deer's skin under the ancient tree near the huge image of Ganesa ?

“ ‘ No — you have not named him yet ; is there no other near and dear to you ? — Seen daily, hourly, and as often looked upon with fondness. You surely do not forget, you do not cease to like Vasanta ?’

“ ‘ Is not Vasanta as myself ? — a second self ? why, the kissing of my own hand ; it were the same, or no, ’tis sweeter, and not so silly to kiss his. — He is my brother, we have grown together, played together, sat at my father's feet together, and heard his wisdom. — ‘ Yes, my dear Letchima, thus have ye done in ignorance, in innocence too long ; true, he is thy brother ; but his destiny is not to sit beneath the shade of trees in idleness. He has many things to do such as become a man. Even now I heard that he was soon to enter on an active life of distant journeys, pilgrimages, perils, and visits to many learned sages in cities of renown. You must lean less upon him, be less fond ; so shall you better bear his loss.’

“ ‘ What ! Priyamvada, Vasanta leave me ? leave his sister ? Oh, it cannot be, we are two wings ; one could not fly without the other’s aid. Be less fond of him—how ? look at Vasanta ; listen to him ; then tell me, how ? ’

“ ‘ Letchima, I know you fear the gods, and love the goddess mother of your name. I tell you that you must wean your heart from this violent affection for your brother Vasanta. It cannot be happy — cannot be innocent.’

“ ‘ It is happy, it is innocent ; you speak darkly and unkindly.’ ‘ Listen to me, Letchima, I am not unkind, I could not be to you ; there is nothing on earth that I have seen, nothing in heaven that I have dreamed of, which I love so well as you. Devoted to a virgin life by fate, and, thanks to heaven, by choice, a lover of the tender leaflet ; a waterer of the thirsty plant, a gazer on the blossoms of the water lily,—a trainer of the blooming creeper, that twines in delicate grace on the shady Amra tree, —all my delights are in the grove and the garden ; where, in every beauteous thing, I trace the image and the power of the great Bhavani, the mother of all things ; but you have ever

been to me the visible goddess of my little world, a beautiful Apsara, escaped from the heavenly realms of Indra, and given to our love below.'

“ ‘Talk not so idly and so wildly, Priyamvada; thus is it that the tender Reti propitiates her goddess mother, the beloved, the youthful Cama, the son of Maya.’ — ‘Yes, I must so speak to you, for I have a secret to disclose that will deeply wound you; even as the arrow, the delicate body of the little fawn.’

“ ‘My heart flutters, and my right eye throbs.’ ‘Alas! it is an omen of ill, which may Heaven avert! but listen:—last night I sat upon the lower step of that sacred tank, behind the temple, and watched the lotus blossoms, which float on the surface—in the clear darkness of the night, their leafy cups of rose colour, or pale yellow, or pure white, shine soft like holy things; and I strung moogree flowers for the festival of Durga, and said mantras to myself in whispers. The moon scarce three days’ old, rose like a bow of silver, above the tall, black trees; when a voice near, close to me, thus strangely spoke:—‘Welcome, I hail thy crescented form. I love it; and I long once

more to gaze on crescent-formed squadrons, on moony shields, and moony sabres — my task is well nigh done ; my long hypocrisy may cease. I may tear off the mask, and back to palaces and silken tents, and live thy follower, Mohammed, thou only prophet of the only God. 'There's not a secret of this Brahmin faith that is not mine. I know the pure and mighty truths taught in the oldest of their VEDAS. I know and have traced the dark corruptions of their priestcraft. I come, mighty Acbar, to pour these mysteries into thy royal ear, and open a passage for your power and wisdom to cleanse their temples from polluting rites ; but I will pray you to deal with them in mercy, for I love these people. Yes, though I pant to leave the idle, moveless seat beneath the wall ; and spring into a warlike saddle ; and to exchange the wearisome sound of oft repeated truths, for a loud voice of stirring trumpets ; I reverence, I venerate Saradwata, almost as much as the good Mirza, who taught my infant lips to call upon the mighty Allah ! Ere thrice again you fill your silver urn, fair planet, I shall away for the red towers of Agra.'

“Letchima fell faint upon the bosom of Reti, and her broad eyelids veiled up the beauty of her sparkling eyes, while the water of sorrow fell from her long, dark eyelashes.

“‘Look up, my Letchima.’ ‘Ah! no, the tree of my hope is broken.’ ‘Listen. He sat a while in silence, for I now discovered his form on the higher step. At length he wept aloud and spoke about you thus:—Ah! Letchima, you love me as your brother—love me as a Brahmachari; and I you, with a love of tenfold strength. You may, you can, you must be mine. You I cannot leave—you are my reward; the life of my heart; the hope whose leaf, and bud, and blossom I have watched, as though it were,—it is a plant of paradise. I would not give the fruit of that bright promise—the throb of her chaste heart, beating in wedded love for me alone, for all the wealth and all the power of Acbar:—the fabled throne, and heaven of their dread Indra were poor to it.’ As the young Letchima lay reclined upon the shoulder of Reti, she turned, and hid her face on it, and pressed her convulsively with her encircling arms. At last she raised her silent, lamenting



eyes, and looked the sorrow that she found no words to utter. ‘To your aged father,’ said Priyamvada, ‘this blow will be shame and death, to our Gods dishonour, to our people treachery—to you —’

“ ‘Wo, only wo—I cannot change my heart. It is all full of him — has been for long, and innocent years. He is no hypocrite; he cannot be; he loves, and speaks but of kind and noble thoughts — and he does love all the good powers that live above the stars. I know he does, for I have seen his eyes look up to them, and beam with thankful praises.—And he prays too; for I have stole upon his solitude in the wood’s depth, and heard his humble voice, and seen his forehead bowed in the dust. And did he say that he would love me still? Ah, no—it cannot be, and yet it may — Vasanta is my brother. Look at him; he comes — now like the Mahdavi plant I’ll cling to him, he shall not leave us. I could not, would not live alone. Torn from that loved tree — my head would droop; my leaves all wither, and the tangled plant would die.’

“ Mirza rose up, and leaned forward more eagerly, for he longed again to behold the docile boy, who sat under him in the season of childhood. Yes, grown as he was to the full height of manhood, with the high forehead of thought : and the eye of grave beauty, and the prominent nose of handsome pride, and the broad breast of vigour, and the strong limbs, graceful even in their lustihood, yet Mirza knew him ; knew him by the smile that played upon his lip, as Letchima flew fondly to his arms, and the man of care became lost, for a time, in all the radiancy of happy boyhood's joy.

“ ‘ Vasanta, Vasanta, you will not leave me ; they tell me that you are going away — they tell me you are not my brother ; we shall die — my father and Letchima will die.’

“ Feizi started, trembled, and put her from him, — ‘ Whence learned you this, child ? — what mortal has discovered this ? or have the powers of the air revealed it ? It is true that I am not your brother, your gods not my gods, my country far away ; and I go again to seek it. But you, Letchima, must seek it with me ; sweet

as the voice of the cocila\* to the lovely Rasala is thine to me — like it I could not blossom, could not live without thee. It is our destiny ; you have been given me in the high heaven.’

“ ‘ Now, may the mother of the gods pardon or kill me ! Vasanta, I have dreamed of this before. I lay last harvest moon upon our terrace roof, and slept, and in a vision of the night there fell about me sweet flowers, scattered by unseen hands, and pretty green birds that warbled, and bright butterflies — and there came a lovely child ; he flew on a loory, whose feathers were all golden, and red, and purple ; and he had a bow of sugar cane and flowers, and arrows tipped with sunny blossoms ; and he strung his bow with a thread, clustered all over with stinging bees ; and he aimed an arrow at my heart. I knew him to be Cama, and I laughed. Maya and Reti his mother, and his consort, stood near smiling on me ; when suddenly from the cloud

\* An Indian bird of song. For these various Indian images, see the drama of *Sacountala*, the story of the *Nella Rajah*, and many papers in the *Asiatic Researches*. How much and how little I have availed myself of their aid in embellishing the well-known, but naked facts concerning Feizi, the reader will discover.

of flowers, and birds, and butterflies, a figure rose and looked on me. No sooner did my eye rest on it, than I felt a stinging pain about my heart; then Cama laughed and flew away; but Reti came near, and took my right hand, and placed it in the hand of him whom I saw in my dream, and bound them with the sacred cusa grass. And I was clad in a new garment: and looking down, behold the corner of my mantle was tied to the mantle of the youth; and the likeness of that youth was as my own Vasanta. O say not that my gods are not your gods. It is not true, for I love them; and am taught by them to love you, Vasanta—love me, love me, do not go away; see where my aged father comes to seek us—tell him you will never leave him; be to him a son, be to me the son of my lord.'

“ ‘Maiden, I must not tarry in thy cottage longer; the mighty Allah frowns at my delay; Mohammed, the great prophet of God, calls to me in every sound I hear—the royal Acbar sits impatient on his throne—fly with me, Letchima, my heart thy future home.’

“ ‘Cruel Vasanta, I cannot, will not quit the bosom of my father. How should I exist in a

strange soil, when I knew that my father mourned and lay dying?"

"At this moment the venerable Saradwata advanced: though of a great age, he stood erect, and walked firmly and slow. The purse and wrinkle of a hundred years deformed his naked skin; a pale salmon-coloured cloth was wrapped about his loins, and the thread of the sacred Zennaar hung loose from his bony shoulder. As Mirza contrasted the stately form and the smooth marble skin of Feizi, he thought upon his own weight of years with a sigh; but again, as he marked the calm mild eyes of Saradwata, and the unquiet restless motion of the bright black orbs that rolled beneath the young brows of Feizi, he felt that age triumphs over the world, and that there is a sweet sadness in standing passionless on the brow of that rugged hill, up which we all must toil, and pausing to look back with kindness, ere we take that next and latest footstep, which must be planted in the grave.

"But judge the sorrow of Mirza, when Feizi threw himself at the feet of Saradwata, and wildly poured out the warm confession of his long deceit, his purpose, and its end.

“ The old man stood long, statue like, in silent agony ; then starting from his fearful reverie, he looked up imploringly to Heaven, and down, with a reproaching frown, on Feizi. Not one word did he utter, but seizing a creese, which lay concealed in the folds of his girdle, he would have driven it into his own bosom. The terrified youth caught his uplifted arm ; then, kneeling at his feet, swore to expiate his meditated sin by all the severities of penance, if he would promise never to attempt any thing against a life so sacred as his own. The venerable Brahmin now burst into tears, and, trembling as he wept, asked in an agitated tone, two requests — “ Grant these,” said he, “ and I will live and pardon thee.”

“ With eager transport, yet solemnly, he swore to observe his will.

“ ‘ Never translate the Vedas, and never reveal to any living soul the mysterious symbol of our holy faith.’

“ Feizi ratified the oath in these solemn words :  
‘ By Him, whom ye believe to have spoken to your Brahma thus — ‘ Even I was, even at first,

not any other thing; that which exists unperceived, supreme; afterwards I am that which is, and he who must remain am I,' — by that Supreme Being, and by that text holy to all mankind, I swear never to reveal these or any of your mysteries.'

"Letchima had lain prostrate in awe and sorrow; now Feizi raised her from the earth, and asked the blessing of Saradwata; and the old man took her young hand, and giving it to Feizi, said, 'Be to her as a sheltering hill of Malaya to the young sandal tree.'

"Then the aged Mirza hastened to join the groupe, and he tore his beard for grief, and by prayer and reproach and menace sought to turn the youth from his purpose; but the young arms of the beautiful Letchima were entwined fast about his neck, and the venerable Saradwata held his hand with the pressure of parental pardon; so Mirza turned himself away, though more in sorrow than in anger, and he went back alone and melancholy to the palace of the mighty Acbar."

We thanked young Azim for his simple tale. In the fair eye of Malek there shone expectant hope, and I could see that his heart was aching with that want, which they who never loved too early know.

I mused upon it long — of Agatha, I thought, and Henry, — of Fatima, and the power of the boy-god in every age, and among all people, a little tyrant over man. I have seen him pictured upon palace walls, stealing in playful flights the warrior's iron arms, and leaving him a sighing slave in silken bonds.

We had scarce anchored in the river opposite the city of Surat, and were yet busied in gazing on the novel scene, when the animating cheers of the crews of many vessels broke forth loud and joyous. I knew the sound, — it was the bold huzza of British seamen, and their hearts were in it. The yards of every English ship were crowded with courageous sailors, close clustering, regardless of their hold, as they wayed their high-raised hats.

I looked up; not very distant lay a French ship of war, dismasted, and a perfect wreck.



Close to her a British frigate, black and battered, with torn rigging, and wounded masts. A boat was pulling to the shore, — it passed under our stern. Strong and steady were the strokes of its glancing oars, and the small crew had the fine laughing look of rough, fearless, attached seamen; and there sat aft a post captain, with his right arm in a black silk handkerchief, and next to him a decorated French officer of rank, to whom he was talking with a kind and friendly earnestness, as anxiously delicate to spare the feelings of his captive. Just as the boat came up, both raised their heads to examine the strange build of our Arab dhow.

The cheering of my countrymen had already dimmed my tearful eyes; but I saw, through those tears, the well-known features of Howard, — the brave child of early promise, and now a reaper in the field of fame, — my brother too! Alas! no brother now, nor could be ever again: he thought me dead, — better he should think so still, than find me as I was. His course, his life, all worthy, noble; — mine, weak, wilful, miserable, and guilty. And now

where was I? — what about to do? — a stranger in a settlement of my countrymen, — a renegade recruit for mercenary service with barbarian princes; this, all this I was, nor could I find strength to tear myself from Malek, whose friendship, the only thing left to me in the wide world, I prized, I clung to at all price.

We landed in the new and busy scene that evening, and were received at the house of a wealthy merchant. It was impossible for any state of mind to be such as not to find itself aroused and wakened by wonder to observe, — dusky and ebon men were moving about in crowds, clothed in soft garments of the whitest cotton, or of thin muslin; and others, who looked of some haughty rank, and of a complexion, such as I had never seen, fair indeed, but of a yellow hue, walked as naked in the full bazaars as the coarse black porters, staggering beneath their heavy loads; women unveiled of fine forms, and handsome features, with striped or coloured garments, hair rolled up in large shining knots, adorned with flowers,

or gilded ornaments, and huge shackles of silver on their ankles, and rings of silver on their toes, and necklaces, and many bracelets on their upper arms, and about their wrists; and stall keepers sitting on their mats, and writing on dried leaves with iron styles; and canopied chariots passed us drawn by milk white oxen, that had bells and shining collars, and long horns tipped with wrought brass; and crimson litters, borne with swift steps, and singing cries, by well-formed handsome men, with *men* reclining in them; and warlike looking nobles riding on fine horses with rich trappings, and servants running with them, one fanning the horse, and flapping off the busy flies, one holding a tall screen between the rider's cheek and the fierce sun; while huge above all cars and horses, and loftier than the Cadjan thatched bazaar, and cottages, moved, ponderous and slow, a stately elephant with a glittering howdah, and red trappings, and a hundred men ran before with silver staves, and shouted out the titles of a little child, — a turbaned child that sat grave upon it, followed by a body of

prancing horsemen. Malek was delighted with the novel scene, and even I looked on with pleased wonder, and smiled.

This soowarree or retinue had scarcely passed us by, when I saw, close to the gate of the factory, Howard walking on foot with an English resident, followed by palanquins, and examining every thing with the curious eye of one newly arrived. I was looking on him with a full bursting heart, and about to turn back with Malek towards our lodging at the merchant's, whence we had strolled forth on foot, accompanied by servants to look at the city; when a cry was raised in the crowd, on every side they were flying off in terror, and as the space opened, I observed a naked man with hair dishevelled, and a drawn dagger which he brandished wildly, running, and shouting with a fiery stare around him: — no sooner did he espy the Europeans, than he flew towards them. I saw his purpose, and ran to the same point with speed. Howard not having remarked the man to take that direction, was turning round to speak about the strange cry to some

behind him ; but they fled as did the gentleman with him, and Howard was left unarmed, and overtaken by the mad Malay.

I reached him just as, though bravely facing him, the dagger of the madman was at his groin ; a sabre cut from me averted the fate of Howard, and drew the disappointed man in his stung fury on me. I fell bathed in my blood, and as the blow was given saw the wretch struck flat by the hand of Howard, and disarmed.

I was a dark and bearded man, care and climateworn ; he did not know me, never knew his preserver ; I heard all his full thanks, and all his brave concern expressed in that language that I first lisped in, and have ever loved ; his anxious enquiry of the English surgeon of the factory who ran forth as to the nature of my wound, and the extent of the danger, and his anxiety that the interpreters should fully let me know his grateful sense of the service I had rendered him.

O ! it was a happy hour, that hour of pain, and flowing blood ; happy in that I had saved

the life of one whom I loved, and in the hope that my wound was mortal. It did not prove so: the blow had been ill directed and feeble. The wretch was exhausted by his frenzy, and weakened by my sabre cut; he had killed several persons in the bazaar, and was put to death by soldiers on the spot.

My wound was sufficiently severe to confine me for weeks. In a very few days Howard sailed for Bombay, but before he did, he called and begged to see me, again through the interpreter he warmly thanked me, and presented me with a pair of richly inlaid pistols, begging me to wear them for his sake, and praying that they might never fail me in the preserving of my own life or the taking that of a foe. Could he have known the turbaned man, who gazed upon him, — how bitterly would he have spurned me! or no; the truly good, the truly great, will often pity where they might despise: — He went out, and I heard him say as he crossed the threshold, “a fine fellow, a noble fellow, that Turk. I wish that I had been going to remain here, and could

have known more of him." To think that he knew me well; that he had saved me from a watery grave, had married my own sister, and stood mourner at the grave of my parents, oh! how very bitter were my reflections; but I strove against them. There was much too in the present position of my circumstances, and in the only prospect before me that occupied my thoughts painfully and seriously. I had linked my fate with that of Malek, and I loved him; but Malek was a Mahometan; alas! and I too, not in my heart, but in outward profession. Saved by him from the martyrdom I had dared to provoke; from the horrid prison in which I had languished; to turn now and say, "Malek, go on your path alone, I am free; I will now return easily without danger, and without fear to the profession of my faith, and ensure to myself the countenance and protection of one of these Christian factories. This I could not do; and, from the weakness of my character, rather than forfeit the good opinion of Malek; perhaps, too, rather than lose his society and friendship, I lingered on as I was — a man without a

country, without a faith, without an object in life, or one dignified motive for any of my actions. I was the more confirmed in my resolution to follow his fortunes; because, in truth, his prospects now greatly changed for the worse. The merchants and agents had deceived him. The two services, which had been named to him as affording such splendid opportunities, were those of Sujah Dowlah in the north of India, and of Hyder Ali in the south; but Sujah Dowlah had been conquered, and set at rest by the English; and Hyder was only liberal in his offers to Europeans. I was entirely ignorant of the political relations of my countrymen in India, till we actually arrived there; I learned, therefore, that both these native princes were inveterate enemies to the English; and I rejoiced to find that their camps were closed to Malek, as it spared me the painful necessity of avowing to him more concerning myself than he yet knew; for it was under the name of Alvarez that he first became acquainted with me, and he was quite ignorant that I was an Englishman. An offer of good employ of rank and command



was made to him on the part of Madajee Scindia, a prince of the Mahrattas, but he rejected it with scorn; and, after full enquiries, he determined to set out as an adventurer to that weak and humbled remnant of Abdalla's power, which, in the person of Nidjeeb Dowlah, still held for the young emperor, Jewan Buckt, a small territory to the north of Delhi, and braved, with spirit and independence, the vast hordes of the cruel Mahratta.

It was not, therefore, in the character of rich Sirdars, but as two soldiers; horses, arms, and a slender purse, our sole possession, that we set forth for that distant court. Its situation made it impossible that I could ever be opposed to the troops of England; and it was really with a light heart that I pressed the sides of my horse, as, on the first morning of our march, an antelope bounded wild before us on the wide plain, and Malek galloped with exulting speed and shot the noble game, and it was brought by herdsmen to our small tent. That very evening, after our coffee, the pipe of Malek fell from his hand, and he complained of faintness, and giddi-

ness in the head ; there was a big perspiration on his forehead — his hands were clammy — he became convulsed, and appeared to suffer great pain ; he called to me anxiously for water. I felt certain, from the nature of his thirst, that it would be dangerous to satisfy it ; but I sat by him, wetted his lips, and supported his aching head. Of all the awful things which I have witnessed, I know not if the rapid emaciation of that face of a fine and manly beauty, and a natural fulness, is not among the most affectingly horrid. The very hand grew thin and bony as I grasped it ; and in four hours, I held a corpse with hollow cheeks and sunken eye, and fallen jaw ; the fine nose sharp and attenuate ; the form all shrunk.

The sun rose upon my sorrow, gloriously, as in the East it always rises, and found me sitting by another of my blighted hopes — bitterly I felt this wound. He died — this noble being, I thought died, because I loved him. A curse has gone out from Heaven against me, and I am very wicked ; he is taken from me, because he is too good for companionship with me.

The gallant Malek who rode rejoicing forth in the morning — dead. — Why do the trees look so green in this land? Why are the birds painted? and why do the people sing? when death, borne on the scented vapours of the gale, poisons the very air we breathe.

I had his body borne to a place of tombs on the bank of the river, a little above Surat. I caused them to place a turban stone upon his grave;—there were black cypresses in that cemetery; for a month I lived wandering about among them, not exactly in my right mind; my tent was pitched just outside the wall of the burial ground, and I thought that I should not care to move it again ever. My mind, too, was perpetually dwelling on the thoughts of a future state. Our covenant was not known to Malek; no, but Malek was happy in Heaven, for Malek had been good on earth; he had ordered his conversation aright, and the promise was his; the wonder and the mercy will be revealed to him on that day, when all the generations that have ever lived, shall stand before the judgment-seat of the world's Redeemer.

About the end of the month, as I was one day passing solitarily along the bank of the river, I heard the sound of a convent bell — that short peculiar hurrying tinkle, so familiar to me, from a thousand associations, and listened to in so many different, and distant scenes; guided by the sound, I followed a green path that led among tall cocoa-trees, — there was not a soul to be seen on it — there was a gorgeous gloom upon the evening sky, and as I walked between two rows of these beautiful trees, I felt as if the grove were some cathedral with its dim, religious light, and I traversing a stately aisle, the bare and lofty trunks, its columns, and the interlacing of feathery foliage, its gothic arches. The path terminated at a small square white-washed building, with a chapel front, a cross above, and the pavement before the door all stained with green, while tall rank grass rising between all the interstices, fringed around each separate slab, and waved over it, veiling it as in triumph.

I entered the chapel, — one deep and melancholy voice recited prayers; one shrill and

nasal voice responded, — four aged women, and two men, cripples, all native Christians, knelt humble with their rosaries, and drew up the heavy habitual sigh. When the priest turned from the altar, and joined his hands, his eyes looked wondering and sad upon me. It surprised him to see a moor in that place, — it grieved him to think of the broad way trod on in haughty ignorance by so many; he went through, however, calmly, and reverentially with the vesper service; and, at the close, passed into the body of the convent by a side door, leading out from the chapel. I was remarkably struck by the voice and manner of the monk; he was a friar, of the bare-footed Carmelites, and I saw by an inscription that this was a small missionary station of the Propaganda. The poor black people tottered and hobbled out to their huts. I gave them alms, and I could not but observe that they crossed themselves with some sort of fear, as they took them from my hand, which they judged to be worthy of amputation for having ever touched a Koran.

The attendant priest continued for a quarter of an hour shuffling about, between the altar and the sacristy, and putting every thing slowly and methodically in its place, and, at last, came up to me, and said, he must shut up the doors for the night. I now questioned him about the inmates of the convent. "There is only one," said he, "the Father Fidele, whom you have just seen." — "May I speak with him?" — "Aye, any body may, but not now, these evening hours he always passes alone on the roof of the convent, but in the morning he goes out to the Ghaut near, and numbers come to him. What is the matter with you?"

"Why do you ask? What do you mean? do you know me?"

"Not I, I never saw you before, but the Father is a great Hakim, and many of the natives of all persuasions come to him, and immediately he heals them."

"Ah, friend, he cannot heal me; still I am very anxious to see and speak with him, and this very evening."

“ Well, if you are so earnest, I will go and call him.”

He came down, and forward to the pavement, in front of the chapel, to meet me, as I turned back from the river, to the bank of which I had strolled in the absence of the messenger.

He was a tall, grave looking man, about sixty years of age, bare-footed, and bare-headed; a small, but thick grown circlet of hair, of the very blackest grey, was contrasted by the cold white marble look of his broad tonsure; his strong, and well proportioned neck sat upon his manly shoulders like a warrior's: he bore himself erect, and trode slow. There was no light in his large eye, no smile of courtesy on his well-cut mouth, and yet neither was there any repulsive pride upon his dark eye-brows, nor in the nose of that haughty prominence, which so often wears it. His cheek was brown as an Arabian's, and his teeth as white. He was a noble-looking figure, and the white robe, the eastern costume of his order,

begirt as it was with leathern belt, and rudest cord, became it well.

“What would you, stranger?”

“Father, I would speak with you alone.”

He waved his hand, and the other priest disappeared. He stood still, with his eyes quietly intent upon me. I strove to find words, to frame a speech, to make a confidence: in vain; my tongue clave to the roof of my mouth. I felt parched, bewildered.

“You are not well,” said the monk, and he came closer to me.—“I am not happy.”—“I meant to say as much,” he rejoined. “The day has been oppressive, the evening is so, come in with me, and rest yourself.” I followed, as he led. His step was noiseless,—mine the loud slippered tread of the Mahometan. His cell was on the ground-floor, a verandah in front, and the court before it plotted with grass, and parcelled out in beds of flowers. A fountain played and murmured in the midst. There were cages of little birds, and a Mina bird that hopped fearless about, talking; and among these things of gentleness,



a tiger that walked loose. "Fear not," said the monk, as he observed me start, "a lap-dog were not more tame. I have reared it from a cub." It came up as the purring cat might, and licked his hand, and rubbed its beautiful skin against his robe. We entered the cell: clean it was, and cool: walls naked, and a naked floor; a pallet, a low table, and two small stools of woven rushes. At the pallet-head was a black cross, with the figure of the suffering Saviour carved in ivory, neat and small. A book was on the pillow; a lamp, with a shade of glass to keep it from the insects, stood on the table; and by its side, a plate of leaves, with plaintain-fruit upon it. I partook of some in nervous silence. The monk went out again into the verandah, and returned with a glass of cold water. "Drink," said he, "it will calm you, will restore your nerves. I will spare you the pain of uttering the first great secret of your sorrow. You are a renegade, a repentant one, I see, and you come to tell me so." He immediately changed his language (for he had been speaking Arabic) to Italian,

and seeing he was understood, proceeded in that tongue to soothe me, and invite my confidence.

I poured myself out to him without reserve. "And tell me," I cried, "oh! tell me, holy father, is there for me one ray of hope? May I ever again kneel before a Christian altar, and offer up the prayer of the contrite heart? Will it not be an abomination? What angel will carry it to the mercy-seat? What can ever wash away my guilt? It is, it must be, the unpardonable sin! Yet, will it be a comfort to me to pass the miserable remainder of my life in some act of penance, the sternest which your fancy can devise."

"My son, one tear of penitence that gushes warm from a wounded heart is a more grateful offering at the bar of offended justice than a long life of rigid penance, performed in cold endurance, and mortified resolve. To the sinner's repentant sigh those white-robed spirits, nearest to the Almighty's throne, bend down the raptured ear, and, with rejoicing hallelujahs, hymn their high praises at the welcome sound.

I, too, have sinned. Like thee, in agony of soul, have mourned, dark and disconsolate. — The shirt of hair, the scourge, the long and wasting fast, the midnight watchings, and naked body, stretched in prostration on the cold marble of the grave; I have tried these things, but I found no peace, no rest, no hope! It came — the blessed light that gave it me — as bright, as soft, as the young early beam of dew-eyed morn in summer. Look there, my son,” and he pointed to the crucifix, “that, spiritually seen; it shone from that; and my guilt was washed away by the clear fountain flowing from that wound, where the blood of expiation was mingled with the sacred and pure waters of everlasting life. Here found I the promise of my pardon; here, sufferer, will you find the promise of your own;” and, taking the book from his pillow, he opened it, and showed me a plain Bible in the Latin tongue; — “but as few things are more comforting and consoling to a being oppressed by the burden of his sins than to look into the diseased hearts of fellow-sufferers, listen, while in relating a few circumstances of my past life I

give such relief to your anxious fears as a view of that hope and promise I have learned, with a loving and confiding boldness to appropriate, may, must impart to you.

### *The Monk's Tale.*

“ There is a silent hall and weedy garden in Ferrara, which I remember, when the one was ever full of joyous echoes, and the other a myrtle-hedged shelter for fair flowers, and delicate plants, and bubbling fountains, and marble nymphs, that stood under shading trees, in cold chaste nakedness. It was my home. I played in that hall as a boy, in winter, and ran about that garden in summer. My father was a noble of that city : I was his second son. The wealth, the title, and the joy, were, in prospect, the possession of my brother from his cradle. Me they designed for the cloister and the cowl. I was to be a member of one of the noblest orders ; and my father, who was a haughty and ambitious man, would say to me, not laughingly, but in bitter earnest, ‘ Am-

brogio, I'll have you in red robes before I die, boy. There is, you know, but one step on, and the earth becomes your footstool, and your triple crown is above every crown in this world. — The next we cannot know ; nor does it matter ; let us make this our own.' Ricciardo, my brother, was the favourite, however, for he was a boy of silken hair and silken phrase, and loved his silken clothes. It was strange, that heir to swords, and shields, and power, and full purses, he should be such a character ; for we had steeds and falcons, and wide demesnes, such things as form a warlike lord. I was scarce twelve years of age, when my father, changing his determination about the monastery, be-thought him that I should study at Padua, and be provided for as a regular canon of the church.

“ I passed five years at Padua, as students pass them, happily enough, learning from each other without the toil of study. To talk, to walk, to make repasts together, to listen to dull lectures, and laugh at them when they were over, to stand at the church-doors on days of festi-

val, and mark the young beauties of the city as they came out from mass, and shook their curling hair, and artfully threw back their veils, and raised their fine eyes to look up at the passing cloud; these were our pastimes. I was now sent for by my father home, that I might be present at a great family-festival: my brother was about to be married: I returned. Short as the distance is, I had never once been at Ferrara, since I left it for the University, neither had my father nor my brother once visited Padua, to see the devoted young Ambrogio. I had thought this unkind, and now I returned with an ill grace, and a very reluctant feeling; moreover, I felt sad at the idea that I was about to be present at a marriage-ceremony, a scene of smiles, and songs, and scattered flowers. My ordinary cheerfulness, such as I indulged in among my fellow-students, forsook me all at once. It seemed as if a veil were suddenly withdrawn, and that, for the first time, the realities of my future life lay before me clearly seen in all their bleak and barren desolation.

“On the day of my arrival in Ferrara, there

was a gala at the court, and just as I had gained the middle of the city, the bursting clangor of a martial band broke grandly on the silence of a gathered, whispering, expectant crowd: the guards came marching forth, and following behind a long train of young nobles of the city. I was in a student's garb, and mounted on a long-eared heavy mule, and the crowd struck it, and pressed us both against the wall, to let the *cortège* pass. Such a sight was one to make a young heart leap, and play in the bosom lightly, but far different were my feelings, — gall was in them. I looked steadily at the noble youths, and among them I saw and recognised my brother: he was much altered, but I knew him instantly; as a man he was still silken; his garb was of the richest; his hair hung about him not with a manly wave, but in little chamber ringlets. As he passed within two yards of me, I smelt the perfume wafted from his embroidered scarf; — his look around on others near, and on the crowd beneath, was proud even to insolence, but more frequently it was directed with complacent smilings on his

shapely thigh, and swelling calf, and velvet boot, or raised to the balconies each minute with a glance at the fair beings there, that plainly said, 'Admire me, for I am what Helen's Paris was.' He had scarcely passed the spot where I was stuck, jammed and wedged against the wall, a mark for the crowd's gibes and jeering, when I observed at a window above him a girl of features womanly and grave, but very beautiful. He gently bore upon his rein, and pranced past that window, and gave the careless salutation of a self-satisfied, secure wooer; but that lady did not smile on him, although she made the low obeisance of one who felt constrained to receive and acknowledge his attention. I enquired of a citizen near me who that lady was. 'Lucrezia Bardi,' said he, 'betrothed to that young gallant, who just saluted her. He is the heir of the Alberti family: they call him Ricciardo; a pretty popinjay, but not man enough for so fine a donzella, as Lucrezia Barti.'

"Such was my thought, but I gave no utterance to it, and only drooped my head. The



pomp passed on, and ere it closed, my beast, impatient, brayed: this drew all eyes on me, and the mob joked, — and squires of low degree, who rode behind, broke their rude jests upon the churchman's mule, and ladies from their windows freely laughed at the petty distress.

“ At length I reached our palace: a few of the older domestics received me kindly, but I saw the younger winking at each other, and making signs of the cross in frolic behind my back. My father was at the court: when he returned he sent for me, asked of my health and studies, spoke of my prospects, and quickly dismissing these subjects, said, ‘ I sent for you, Ambrogio, to witness the marriage of your brother: he, you know, will at my death become the head of our most ancient house. It has been my care to provide a daughter worthy to bear our name. She is of the Bardi: related to those of Florence, and a girl of beauty, and a noble presence: she is fortunate, too, in being matched to Ricciardo: a more handsome or graceful youth was never seen in the castle of Ferrara: — this very day our duke so spoke to me of him.

Ambrogio, you will scarce know him again ; nor he you, in truth. Why, boy, how round your shoulders are, and how your neck stoops. Oh ! this comes of study ; and your complexion, how changed ! why it is pale and dull as if you were a cardinal already — but for a churchman this little matters — it is better thus : — to be sure what a change the tonsure makes ; and how close they have clipped off the hair beneath : why you want but a jackass to drive before you, and the brown robe and cowl, to pass for St. Francis himself. Go to your chamber, and try to make yourself look more like a wedding-guest, or you will surprize your noble sister, Lucrezia : she is a girl of high mind, and keen observation. I should not like her to be disappointed with any of my family, even you ; though, to be sure, it matters less, for your paths will never lie together.’

“ I dared not trust myself to speak in answer, but bowed, and withdrew. In the hall I met Ricciardo : he knew that I had arrived, and greeted me, but with a cold indifference of manner that chilled me ; and though he bent to

kiss me, made but the action, and shrunk back as with a disgust ; and yet I had the blood and features of my race ; —roughlier, perhaps, the likeness stamped on me, but yet more manly : that I felt, and fitter to wear armour was my frame : but those days of my bold house were past ; a light rapier, suspended by a ribbon-sash, was armour now.

“ I hastened on to my chamber, pleading the hour of prayer. I saw the sneer above his smile of courtesy : it entered into my bosom, engendering hate, and found young scorpions ready to rise and hiss around it within : they were unborn before, but in the pregnant heart they had lain a nest of evil passions in a dark womb, still ; and now they struggled, as it were, which first should spring to life.

“ As I walked in my chamber, and thought over the scene of the morning, the humiliating contrast between myself and the young nobles, who had rode curvetting past me ; my black and rusty scholar’s robe ; their gay apparel ; my dull and lob-eared mule ; their high-fed gallant horses, prancing with proud tossings of

the flowing mane, and ears erect, and snort and playful neigh; — of the ladies, too, who smiled upon those cavaliers, and of the market girls who had pointed at me with rude laughings, I thought my heart would break for very bitterness.

“ The evening came : a thousand coloured lamps threw their rich glare upon our gardens. Melodious sounds rose up from leafy bowers, which concealed young warbling choristers, and skilled musicians. Tables were spread with rare confections in our hall, and all Ferrara came to grace the princely festival, which my father gave upon the eve of the day appointed for the marriage of my brother. In one part of the garden there was an orchestra, erected for the performance of a more regular concert, and here seats were prepared for all the most distinguished guests. Here it was that the lady Lucretia sate with her friends and relatives, to receive that homage paid by common consent to affianced brides.

“ I was summoned by a messenger from my father, for the purpose of being introduced to

her. In the pause, which followed upon some very brilliant and well-selected music, I was led to her chair. It was with that grave, indifferent smile, which at once acknowledges and dismisses an introduction, that she received me ; evident to me her hatred of the alliance, and her dislike to every member of our family ; but my brother leaned over her chair with that secure, insolently secure air, which said, "You are a fine, handsome, admired woman, and you are mine." Alas ! it proved a fatal connection for him.

"There is a style and character of beauty which awes ; such was that of the Lady Lucrezia ; though young and a virgin, she had the look and carriage of womanhood in all its glorious dignity. My scholar's gown that fell down upon my feet, I felt how she must spurn it, and was ashamed of it myself. It was remarked of her, I remember, that evening, that her dress was not in character for a bride. She wore, indeed, a crownlet of white roses around the proud and gathered luxuriance of her raven hair ; but her robe was of the rich black velvet of Genoa. Diamonds blazed upon her bosom ;

but a small black silken cord, the appended treasure of which lay low concealed between her breasts, seemed dearer than the wedding gift. Her complexion was of that rare beauty, for which there is no name. There was no white in it, yet was it passing fair; a hue of creamy softness, that, beneath the torch's light, mellowed into all that is majestic in loveliness; her brow, her nose, her lip, marked as men's might be, but softer; a model for a Roman wife or a Spartan mother, fit only to spread the embracing arms for a hero. I gazed on her as we look at something unearthly and above us; but I felt no aching of the heart; no longing for her smile; it was not so that I regarded the young bride-maid, who leaned, or rather hung upon her arm. Angelica was a girl of fair, fond eyes, with light and curling air, and delicate carnation bloom upon soft cheeks; the pale red roses fresh in their dew, had no blush like hers; and the snowy muslin of her dress looked cold and poor, contrasted with the dazzling whiteness of her purer skin. That long (though it seemed to me a fleeting moment), that long, long night,

I watched her, a pale unheeded student; from dark and distant corners my eye followed and fed upon her charms. Women are quick to see, nor slow to suffer admiration. They know, too, when it is deep, devotional, and true; and thus they often grant that something, like a smile, to the still distant worshipper, which they deny to the vain exacting fop who flutters proudly near them; such gave Angelica to me; ah why? — it nothing meant, but it sunk deep into my heart; and though that very night did not pass over without clearly showing me its nothingness, the memory of that kind and gentle look, which seemed in tenderness to forgive and permit my gaze, was cherished by me for many years. She danced that evening with a young sun-burned soldier come lately from the wars, whose smiles were manly, and whose step was light and graceful; yet the tread, when he was not dancing, had that firmness gotten on mountain sides, or in strong pressed stirrups. I went farther away into a small recess, and looked with envy on that youth, as with free, kind, innocent

laughings I saw Angelica listen, and reply to his natural courtesies.

The ball was over, and the crowd gone, and the grey morning was looking down upon faintly glimmering lamps, and faded garlands, before I could leave the garden; nor could I, when I gained my chamber, sleep.

The marriage was celebrated about three miles from the city, at a villa of my father's; and I rode there with a gallant company, rode a white palfrey that had been my mother's, and ambled gently and timidly among the prancing horses of the young cavaliers; and I felt myself marked out as the shaven-priest, smiled upon, or else utterly disregarded in the cheerful throng. The villagers met us with tambourines, and shepherd pipes, and castanets, and sung a vintage song, and gave their garden tributes of flowers, newly gathered, fresh, and dewy. We had scarce dismounted when the bride's party arrived, and all, in gay procession, entered the village church. There were singers from the *duomo*, and every shrine had been dressed out by the city sacristans, and lights, and artificial



flowers, and new brocade, were lavishly disposed to grace the festival. I remember the Lady Lucrezia's face — a victim sadness sate upon her pale brow, and the sound of her voice was hollow; but her utterance was distinct, and not tremulous; and her great grief lay suppressed deep in her bosom by her strong will. She looked with cold calmness on my brother; but, just after the ceremony, as she turned to caress Angelica, I saw one heavy, solitary tear fall upon that rosy cheek, which became blanched at the touch, and quick bedewed with the gushing waters of her answering sorrow; and I marked their two hearts beating against each other — slow, full, and few, the heavings of Lucrezia's; that of the young Angelica's, a fast, faint throbbing, which ended in a still and death-like swoon. Lucrezia would let none remove her, in her own arms she held her fast — strained her yet closer to her breast, as if to force back the retiring blood; and with a mossy rose, dipped in the consecrated water, she sprinkled the closed eye-lids, till again the soft, blue loving light looked out from them.

Tables for feasting were spread under the shady trees all round the villa, and the brown peasants made a holiday of that sad ceremony, and so did the young cavaliers, and all the fair girls of Ferrara gathered there, and even Angelica, though sorrowful at parting with the sister of her love, smiled once, or — no, looked kindly once on me, and smiled twice at the young soldier with whom she had danced the evening before. My father was proudly satisfied, but not cheerful. My brother had an air of free, vain, libertine triumph.

We returned to the city at set of sun, and the next day I went back to Padua, but not the man that I had left it. The image of Angelica was now before me, at every hour, — at every moment rather. I had never even spoke to her, nor was it likely that I should ever venture to do so, condemned to a life of masses and celibacy, what had I to do with youth and beauty? She would laugh, unheeding laugh, of course she would, and turn to her young soldier. A year passed by with me in indolent vacuity of thought; I learned nothing, I did

nothing but lie under trees, and walk in unfrequented places, and mourn over my cheerless prospects, and a sickly dull eyed cast of countenance stamped me to myself as an aging, and an altering man, though young.

Again I was sent for home, to be present at the anniversary of the marriage, which my father unwisely chose to celebrate, for no blessing had followed on the alliance. They had no child, and the character of my brother had become contemptibly notorious for his general and lawless profligacy. Indulged by my father, he was wasting his substance in riotous living, and expended large sums on a courtesan of the city, of the most daring and shameless character.

We were all staying at the villa without the city; it was the night before the anniversary; we had separated at about midnight, and I was walking in the long gallery alone and sad; not a sound was to be heard; suddenly, a cry, a fearful piercing cry, such as the murdered die with, woke the wide palace. The gallery was immediately filled with lights, and terrified

wondering eyes; all heard the cry, yet none had caught the direction of it: very short was the suspense; Lucretia, with open night-robe, and a lamp, and bleeding dagger, rushed among us with bare bosom, and dishevelled hair, in wild and fearful disarray.

“ I have done it,” said she, as she stopped before my petrified father, “ the daughter of a Bardi was never schooled for a brothel. The daughter of a Bardi shall not be polluted by a reveller from the couch of an Aspasia. My father’s blood was poured out upon the battle plain, so was my brother’s, and the only man I ever loved rides now with charging squadrons. Compelled to take your minion son, I bowed to my hated lot with proud resolve to be a victim for the falling fortunes of our princely house, and live a pure unsullied life of sacrifice. Your base boy has been faithless to the marriage vow; when woman is so, the lordly husband may stab her if he be so pleased. I am not jealous of a thing I have despised, smile not, therefore, at my deed, as though it were the fury of a jealous woman, — it is the ven-

geance of a chaste, a proud, insulted Bardi;" and as she spoke she rose, or seemed to rise in stature: a fearless flame burned steady in her dark fixed eye, and the dilated nostril spoke her unutterable haughty scorn.

There was not one person in that gallery dared stretch the hand to seize: — "Come," said she, "come look upon your son;" and she led the way, and aghast all followed her. My brother lay upon the bridal bed, bloody and dead. I marked the action of her lifted arm, as she was about to plunge the reeking blade into her own bosom, disarmed, and secured her. She was immediately conveyed to a neighbouring convent, and confined as insane, to preserve her life, and spare her family the disgrace of an execution. The shock this gave to the feelings and hopes of my father, cast a heavy gloom over his spirits, and our villa became silent as a monastery; but to me it brought a change, my delight at which I could not repress the indulgence of. By especial interest I was released from my vows as a priest, and destined of course to be the inheritor of

my father's titles and estates. I formed a hope, that now I might woo the sweet Angelica, and win her for my bride. I had never seen her since the marriage festival, nor was it till many weeks had elapsed after the disastrous fate of my brother, that I ventured to seek an interview. I passed an evening at the saloon of the Count Baldini her father. She loved so tenderly her friend, that she turned from me almost with a shrinking, as if she feared and loathed me; but I remember a young companion, who was with her, whispered earnestly to her, and I knew from her look and manner, that she was speaking favourably of me; telling her perhaps how much I had been estranged from all my family, and how unkindly they had treated me; and then Angelica looked up as with a soft remembrance of my admiration of her at that festival, and she smiled and spoke gently, when I again approached; what a strong fabric of hope and happiness I raised upon that quiet smile and silver voice. It was late when I left the Baldini palace, and after I had reached home, I turned

again, and walked back, merely for the happiness of looking at the closed casements of her hallowed chamber. It was already the faint morning light; there was music on the air, the broken notes of a guitar, and the deep breathed mellow singing of a man. I turned the corner of the garden wall; leaning beneath it was that bronzed, remembered soldier, and the casement was open, and bending from it with eyes lighted up by innocent love, and listening ear, and lips apart, and cheek upon her lily hand, was the young Angelica. I gazed, as I should perhaps on paradise, with a dim eye and bursting heart; then hastily withdrew. On the morrow I learned that they were betrothed to each other; was told how true their love, how blessed it had been, and how they seemed formed for each other. It was not envy that disturbed me. I joyed for them but sorrowed for myself deeply, and fell sick. I never did; I never have conquered that disappointment. I could look upon no other girl with love, but I had a sort of melancholy tenderness for woman, for the whole sex. I would

look on them, and stand afar apart and weep. I became bookish and retired; in this frame of mind the confessor of my father, a man of sad, severe, and recluse habits, won greatly upon my attention, and infused into my vacant bosom his own gloomy notions of our present life; every thing became discoloured to my fancy; I made a vow that as Angelica could not be mine, my whole life should be one of chastity, severe as that of a knight of chivalry; but the days of chivalry had passed away, and it was in the library, and the closet that I looked for my solace. I left the house of my father, and went to Milan, and determined to lay down a course of study for the winter, and to pursue it steadily, in the hope that it might medicine my sick heart, nor was it unpleasant to me that I had selected a large city for my residence; that solitude in a crowd, which is furnished with so many objects of interest, and even solicitude to a man of feeling and contemplation, seemed better suited to my state than any other. During my stay at Milan I lodged in the house of a plain citizen, a builder



by trade ; the family consisted of himself a busy occupied man, whom I seldom saw, his wife, a quiet, economical, managing housewife, three small children, and a young girl, a relative or protected cousin, who performed all the the offices of a servant, and who waited upon me. It was she who brought me my cup of chocolate, my tasteless minestra, my fish upon fast days, my flask of wine *to be drunk alone* ; the wood for my fire, the oil for my lamp : — Clara was her name — she was a girl of rare loveliness ; her form light, her step light, her eyes maidenly sweet, the bright beamings of a gay heart shone ever in them ; her cheek had a bloom, that went and came in changeeful radiancy a dozen times in as many minutes ; it was not blushing, this ; but the mere play of her young blood, as it flew about in rosy clouds beneath her transparent skin. It was pleasant to me as I sate, day after day, alone, surrounded by musty folios, and occupied in study to see such a bright vision move in and out and around my chamber. I found or fancied a slight resemblance in the expression of her eyes to the

fair Angelica, and this I deemed excuse enough for gazing and for fondness ; I have often done this in life, and where I have traced resemblance to Angelica in woman, man, or child, I have become attached to, and sought to do them little kindnesses, but here it was a stronger feeling, not love indeed, but something like it ; something almost as anxious. I knew that a dull and sickly student full of wild theories, and unsettled fancies, and vain regrets, and castle building reveries, was no love mate for any one ; least of all for a happy, cheerful, uneducated girl of low degree ; but I grew restlessly, jealously, exactingly fond of this young thing. I would fancy, or fret at her every look, her every step and motion, and give some meaning whence I might gather a little joy, or mix for myself some tormenting poison ; now she smiled kind, and liked, or pitied me ; now was her smile a laughing at me ; now quick and hurried and petulant her manner ; now lingering and gentle meant : when my door closed upon me, and I heard her light step upon the stair, or in the pas-

sage, or listened as she played with, and kissed the young children, my breathing was irregular, and I felt a kind of sad happiness, but if, as I sat alone, I heard her talking with a lively natural tone to the young men of her class, who laboured for the master, or to the neighbours, whom she knew, or to calling visitors, who came on business, or when she was sent on an errand, and staid long; or if of a holiday, she went any where in her gay suit, my heart ached; aye, ready to burst. — What was this? Jealousy, certainly, and yet I never, never breathed a word of love to her. I would excuse my folly to myself, by fancying that I feared her danger, as a beautiful innocent thing, exposed in a large city to temptations, and I especially felt this, if I saw any of the handsome young gallants of the city pass by, and look admiringly at her, or attractively themselves.

I remember once, late in the still midnight, I fancied I heard steps, and voices, and gentle whisperings. I was literally sick with agony — why? was that sick feeling innocent? or was

I jealously envying the favoured lover? I could not endure my doubt, and anxiety, I opened the door of my room, and listened for the greater and confirming loudness. There was no sound, not a breath, not a dreamy murmur in the sleeping, silent house, all a vain, busy, jealous fancy.

Fool, criminal fool, that I was; was it by looks of admiration at a young bright eyed being, I was to lessen her danger. I say not that my looks did harm, but they might have done — perhaps they did not influence her fall; but, she fell: the sweet rose was gathered by a profligate hand, and carried off somewhere to the recesses of debauchery. I remember, and it shakes me now, the coming in of the good man of the house, and his wife, the mingling tones of their reproach, and affection for her, and the crying of the little children, who had lost their kind maid, Clara.

I have never spoke to woman since; I mourned for that young lowly being, as if she had been mine; my daughter, or a something dearer. I say daughter, for my mind was aged as com-

pared to her infantine one. I have thought of her, and prayed for her, poor being, at many distant places, in many countless, lonely hours.

About this time my father died, and I became the heir of a title, and vast possessions. disgusted with the world, I determined on embracing a monastic life, and attracted by the severe rules of the melancholy and austere brotherhood of St. Bruno, I made a princely donation to the great and noble convent of the Certosa, near Pavia, and repaired thither with a morbid eagerness.

It is little to wonder at, if renouncing the world, in such a spirit, I was disappointed of that peace, the hope of which had led me to seek the seclusion of the cloister.

The first impression was very satisfying, and I took possession of my still, silent chamber, and my little garden plot, with a sensation soft, soothing, and that whispered shelter, and repose for the rest of life; the fancy was strangely, and delightfully stirred, as at the hours of prayer, you passed out into the cloister, and moved along to the church in the silent com-

pany of your cowed brethren ; not one word, or even glance of greeting, save on the 'Thursday of each week, when we dined together in the refectory ; then were the cowls thrown back as at the mass, and each in grave tone said solemnly to his neighbour, " Brethren, we must all die," and a monk read to us of some sainted person ; and the fish, and bread, and water were partaken of in an unbroken silence, and you went forth again, and dispersed to your respective cells, till the revolving week brought round the day of privilege, the meal of social silence in the refectory.

" Each night, at the dead mid hour, the small chime gave its weak mournful tinkle, and immediately the many doors opened and shut, and we glided noiselessly to the gloomy church for the midnight service, a service of low melancholy murmurs, and silently we stole back again, looking in our white robes like shrouded forms, which, having walked the night, fled back before the matin to their tombs.

" I liked these awful cells, this solemn silence,

and deemed that I should find an abiding joy in those still contemplations, which I weakly thought heavenly in their birth, and in their object.

“I had been many weeks an inmate of the convent, feeling all I could desire to experience of tranquillity, and undisturbed by any outward object, or indeed any image of the past. I had banished the visions of the world, and was become like a sea that is glassy, and deadly calm, when a mere trifle, or let me not call such a thing, in such a scene, a trifle, when the mere coloured shadow of a human face upon a wall changed every feeling of my bosom, and like a rushing wind upon the deep raised wave and storm.

“I have said that we assembled every Thursday in the refectory, and dined, or rather fasted, together, for the brothers never touch any flesh. From a pulpit of marble one reads, or preaches, and in the pauses of this service, the lentil pottage, and the morsel of dry bread, or an apple, or an orange, is supped, or eaten of with doubtful hesitating sounds, a louder chewing,

or a crackling crunch, would cause all heads, reprovingly, to turn upon the carnal man. There are paintings in this refectory. I had never noticed them particularly ; they appeared to be poorly executed, and it so chanced that I had hitherto sitten with my back to the best of them. It was a picture of the marriage feast at Cana in Galilee ; the general effect was good, though not remarkable, but one face there was, which, as my eye rested upon it, gave back to me the very look of fair Angelica ;—her eyes, her mouth, her very smile. The hand that had created this fair portrait, had mouldered in the grave two hundred years, yet fancy said, the model lives ; Angelica only could have been the painter's model. Heavens how it stirred me ! the world came back into my heart, in all its strength of smiling promises, and sunny joys. Woman, love, wedlock, — thoughts, and images of these things were ever present to me, — now was each Thursday a holiday to my heart — but now how prison-like was the lonely cell ; how tedious the long solitary hours, — how hateful the mass book, and the dull legends of dull



saints, — how tasteless the portion morsel of your daily bread, — how wearisome the warning chimes, — how irksome the nasal or mumbling tones of the frequent service, — how many and how vain my efforts to kill the passing day, as puerile as the locked up school boy without his hope. The bricks on my floor, the pannels on the wall, the rafters, the pebbles in my yard of garden ground, again and again in every direction, I counted them. For hours together I would draw up water from the little well, and pour it back again. The day they gave me in my portion of wood for the week was a delight to me; I cut it into a thousand forms; and all the while I did these silly things, I thought upon fair faces, and sweet sounds — Angelica and Clara too; yes, as often of Clara as of Angelica — their smiling eyes, and soft voices; and then of womankind, and wedded joys. Each Thursday I fed upon the picture, and every other day exulted to hurry back from the loathed masses to my cell, the door of which I locked, and where I never prayed, but shut out all thoughts of heaven, and let in eagerly all

those that belong to earth. The weary monotony of this unnatural life, however, at length affected my mind, shook it, and produced a malady — madness it was ; but a sort of governed madness. — I felt the stir and action of life necessary to me. — Space to breathe in I wanted, and deeds to do —

“One night, returning from the midnight service, a brother walking before me, dropped a volume from his robe — it was a small light book, of pocket size, and falling on a mat it made no noise. I seized it and bore it to my cell : it proved a book of travels, written by a Venetian adventurer, who had gone to India, and attained great honours and wealth in the service of the great Mogul. The pictures of oriental scenery were vivid, as also of its people ; and on camps, and troops, and battles, all was penned with great life and enthusiasm. The quiet of the convent had, already, become a hell to me, the perusal of this book made it seem doubly so ; and I remember the very next morning, at the matin, I observed that they were repairing the tower of the belfry, and I

climbed the ladder left by the workmen, and looked out over the wide and fertile plain of Pavia, a plain memorable for a glorious battle fray. As I stood there a body of horse, on their march to Milan, passed beneath, and moved by prancingly and curvettingly to stirring trumpets. I resolved, as I descended from the tower, that I would fly from the convent, and cast away the cowl, be the consequence what it might. I had still in my possession a very valuable family ring. The same night, at a late still hour, I climbed the wall of the court immediately opposite my window, and dropped safe and undiscovered on the plain. I was greatly embarrassed by my robe, and tonsure, and wandered with a strange and mingled feeling of exultation and alarm, towards the bank of the river. I heard voices, and saw two naked men bathing in the stream. It was a hot summer night; their clothes lay behind the bush where <sup>ever</sup> they had been sleeping: I quickly cast off my robe of St. Bruno, and clothing myself with the dress of one of these peasants, fled fast away, and effected my escape. I made my way to

Venice, — I procured money for my ring, — I embarked in a vessel bound to Constantinople, and thence, in the company of a Venetian jeweller, I travelled through Persia to India. Instructed and assisted by him, I assumed the dress of a Mahometan, and having a great aptitude for acquiring languages, I soon gathered sufficient for my purpose, and taking care in every province, to pass for a Mahometan of some remote or unknown district, I reached the banks of the Indus in perfect safety. Here, through the management of my fellow traveller, I procured service with the army of the Prince Abdallah, at that time moving in immense force against the power of the Mahratta. I had thoroughly acquired, during my journey, the use of the sword and lance, and informing myself of their modes of warfare, as also of the qualifications considered necessary for a small command, I easily obtained the charge of two hundred horses; and within two years of the date of my flight from the Certosa, the silent and shaven monk was converted into the shout-

ing and bearded leader of men, swift to shed blood.

“ Upon this part of my life I will not dwell, I could, but it is hateful to me — let those, who think so highly of the natural heart, account for its love of shedding out the life blood of fellow creatures, not personally known, and hated, but never even seen, till they stand in array against you as mercenary opponents; oh! the pride of the spirit, and the mad thirsting of the cruel desire, how strong they are when trumpets sound, and horses neigh, and the sharp sword is lifted gleaming, by the ready arm.

“ The animal at my feet pointing to the tiger, which lay slumbering, is tamer, less cruel than man; it roars for food, and kills for food alone. Man, for the proud privilege of dealing death strokes, and taking many lives. There is often, doubtless, very often, high patriotism and chivalric honour in the battle field; but in the service I had basely chosen plunder, and blood were the only cries, and yet I remember, how haughtily happy I spurred along, and yelled the loud “allah hu,” and clave the scull,

and how my horse ramped furious on the fallen, and pawed on blood-stained ground. I was present in that bloody field of Panniput, where Abdalla, at the head of one hundred and fifty thousand men, conquered two hundred thousand Mahrattas; I remember their white turbans and black faces, and their cries of "Ram, Ram," and the hollow echoing of the hard plain to the hoofs of their countless squadrons; and I remember how I dashed among them with my fierce Moguls, and strained their vests of snowy muslin, with the blood my keen sword drew from them; and I recollect the carcass covered plain, and the gathering of the hyænas and jackalls, as the sun went down, and their busy satisfied gorging silence in the night.

"Perhaps I should have been still a common slaughterer of my fellows; but for a scene presented to me, the effect of which on my mind was shocking and instantaneous.

"I was marching with a very small party of followers across a district subdued the year before, and said to be peaceful and quiet.

"My party encamped near a large tank, on

the more public road, and in the evening I rode out alone, in the direction of a village, which had a most retired, and picturesque appearance. As I drew near, I heard the lowing of the cattle, and I saw fields of young rice of the softest verdure, and channels full of clear, cool waters, and stately palms, and feathery cocoa nuts, and shady tamarinds, and newly thatched clean looking cottages among them; and the inhabitants were moving about, some clothed, some in their clean nakedness — but suddenly, when they saw me they ran, and hid themselves. I rode on, however, and made motions with my hand, as to reassure them. I succeeded at last, and saw a groupe advancing to salaam me; could I believe my eyes, or was it some horrid vision? all these persons, young and old, women and children, had such faces as the sculptor and the painter give to the death's head, the nose was gone, both lips had been cut away, and skeleton faces grinned ghastly on me, grinned without intention, for they were sad and terrified. I learned with surprise and horror, that the population of a dozen villages had thus been mutilated by

the soldiers of Abdallah; their garners plundered, their cottages burned, and themselves ordered to live on, and restore the scene to its former beauty and fertility, and walk their gardens and their fields, a terror to such of their fellow countrymen as might dream of resistance to the power of the savage prince. They told me they were soodras, husbandmen, and had never even drawn a sword, but only tilled the ground. I spurred away, far, far away. I cast away my arms, I sold my horse; barefoot, in humble pilgrimage, I walked over burning plains, and through thick and dangerous jungles, a journey of three painful months, till I reached the Christian city of Goa; there I threw myself down before a confessional, and hailed with joy the sentence of my sins — the fasts, the penances enjoined. I performed them all, but they brought no comfort, terror was upon me. The absolution was pronounced on me, but not methought in Heaven, not there. I thought upon an exacting wrathful God, and trembled. I remember one evening as pale with fear, and weeping; I lay prostrate before a stone cross,



in a lone spot, near the convent of the Franciscans ; a stranger, a traveller came near, and spoke to me — how soft, how sweet, how comforting he spoke. “God,” said he, “is love ; you fear him, that is indeed the beginning of wisdom, but to love him is the perfect end ; you weep, I can see you do in sincere sorrow ; then here is the answer of mercy, the invitation, the sure promise of it.” He drew from his bosom a plain Latin Bible, he read to me. I listened with eager attention ; he spoke and read ; four or five times he met me, and spoke words of like import ; at last to my intreaty he gave the book the very day before he sailed away. His name an English one, is written in it ; he opened the small volume at the blank leaves, and, as he did so, I read the name of “Henry Nugent !” I had already taken the oaths, and habit of a Monk again, not the order of St. Bruno, for that part of my history I never told to my confessor ; and as I had done so I retained them ; but my perusal of this sacred volume has given me repentance, faith, hope, charity, joy, peace. The nothingness of forms

and penances, of the shirt of hair, the abstinence, the self torturing stripes, to purchase Heaven, how vain the attempt ! I see, and lean in love on him, who tells me to believe, and live, for that the mighty price is paid. I was now eager to leave Goa, and the convent, in which I was necessarily subjected to so many observances I disapproved ; and where I could enjoy so little spiritual comfort. I accompanied an amiable and serious brother of the Carmelites here — in a year he died, and from that hour this small and peaceful station has been mine. While I am compelled to observe the forms of the church, and to which, indeed, I find the few native Christians much attached, and many of the unconverted much attracted, — it is my habit and delight to go among them quietly, at cottage doors, and under trees, and teach the word of life, to bid them taste, and see how good it is ; what a feast to the hungry soul, what a balm for the wounded heart. I bid them drink of the well of life, that they may thirst no more, and many have gone down to the grave blessing that holy spirit, which alone can

**teach** the way of life eternal. You see, stranger, that I have made the beast at your feet, so fierce by nature, to love me, and to lick my hand. How much more should the kindness of a God, who only asks our heart, be answered by its throb of gratitude and love; listen, friend, deep as is the die of your offences, deeper has been that of mine; your repentance is I see deep, for it shakes your bosom, and fills your weeping eyes; the hand is stretched out still, seize it on your knees. The fountain is open, flee to it, you shall be washed whiter than snow—linger not, up, and be doing; go to morrow to the city, and take a passage for your native country; fly to the forsaken altar and cling to it; take the book of life and make its promises your own. Remember that the Gospel was the sacred legacy of a dying Redeemer to dark and sinful man.”

I passed the long hours of that night, a listener in that holy cell. I told him rapidly of my past life and fate; I received his counsel, knelt with him in prayer, and went out, after that happy and memorable vigil, refreshed and strengthened. After a short repose at my

tents, I proceeded to the city. I converted every article in my possession into money, and returning to the kind father, accepted the shelter he cordially offered me, until an opportunity might offer for a passage to England. In this retreat I divested myself of every outward mark of my long apostacy. I laid aside the ample robe, the wide trowser, the stately turban, and resumed the narrow vest, and the small hat. I shaved away the beard and mustachio, and none would again have recognised the Osman of Cairo. But every evening I stole to the cypresses which waved over the tomb of Malek, and mourned his early death. My days passed in repentant grief, or rather joy, and I listened to the voice of Ambrogio with a deep-felt thankful delight. About a month I spent in this blessed spot; and then, hearing of a ship bound for England, Ambrogio engaged a passage for me. Not three days before she sailed, as I was purchasing a trifling article in the shop of an American merchant, there came in a European, with whose face I was acquainted, although I could not recollect immediately where I had

ever seen him. He addressed me by the name of Alvarez ; and reminding me that he had last seen me in the house of his partner at Venice, I found, to my surprize and joy, that he belonged to the very firm at Venice, where my fatal property lay in deposit. I hailed the opportunity now offered to me, of making such arrangements, as might at once rid me of all future anxiety concerning it, while I availed myself of a small, but sufficient income, for the remainder of my days. I learned that my directions for the ransom of the Neapolitan sailors had been attended to, and a handsome donation given to each of them. I executed a deed, appropriating almost the whole of my wealth to be vested in a fund for the relief and ransom of Christian captives ; and, in an especial clause, I directed that such a donation should be given to the renegade who might repentantly fly from his Moorish masters, as might enable him to enter again upon some honest calling in his native city. — And, considering that the Italian sailors were more especially exposed to the misfortune of captivity, and the temptation to apostacy, and

moreover, that my money was already in Italy, I confined my plan to natives of that country. The residue of this strangely-gotten, and long-abused fortune, I begged him to remit to England; which, giving me the name of his London correspondent, he promised faithfully to do for me.

The Father Ambrogio stood long upon the sandy bank, and watched our vessel, as we dropped down the river on the day on which I left Surat, and the tears coursed down my cheeks, without any effort to restrain them, as I looked back on that shore, where stood the man of God, who had sympathized with my sorrows; and where lay, in his early grave, the warm, the generous Malek.

The ship was not large, the passengers few, the crew orderly and quiet. The sky was cloudless, and the sea blue; and the winds were softly urgent, filling full our many sails. I passed the heat of the day in my cabin reading. It was the bible that I read with prayer. My every pang was pleasure to me. I clearly saw my sin, but clearly saw the remedy, the hope; and

I felt secure, and calmly happy, as the Israelite might have done, when from Arabia's shore he looked back upon the roaring ocean, for him divided, but again pathless. I felt the presence in my bosom of heaven's penetrating kindness. "He will lead me," I thought, "my God will lead me." Like the Israelite, I dreamed not of *the how*, of the humbling, of the proving of my heart.

In sunny peace we sailed along. Our course had lain among those palmy isles called the Maldives, and we had passed them safely. As I was alone in the cabin, and leaning out of the stern windows, watching the eddy caused by our rapid rate of going, a something floating on the water caught my attention. I thought it was a man swimming for his life, and stretched further out to satisfy myself, before I gave the warning cry. In the act I dropped into the water; and I have little doubt was never heard or missed.

When I rose to the surface I swam high, and shouted, but in vain. The white sails flew onward; and the albatross, that soared high in

the heavens, dropped, then darted with swift motion down, and flapped me with his broad unwetted wings; and again up, and away after the receding vessel. — Oh, God ! it was a fearful moment, and a fearful feeling ! — The floating speck which I had leaned to look upon, came near me. It was a log of drift wood. I gained, and clung to it. I spread my arms and breast across it, and was supported for many hours. It seemed to me that we were rapidly drifting somewhere, — but whither ? Perhaps still farther out to the more open ocean. Shoreless ! — islandless ! — trackless ! — out of the course of any ship ! — Oh, miserable fate ! — was then my death to be a lone, lingering one, struggling in an element where I could not live ?

The sun set upon me in this awful situation, and thus I lay through the long dark night in doubt and terror. I could not at all collect my thoughts. I had scarce hope enough within me to pray for preservation. For mercy beyond the grave, — for that alone I called, — called in



the name of the Saviour: but my faith was weak and failing, for I knew him not.

I remember that a shoal of albacore came by me in that terrible night. The darkness was very great above; but the gleam of the waters shed an awful light just upon its surface; and, as these fish broke out from it in high joyous leapings, and beat the air with their strong motion, and plunged rushingly down again; and, at every moment, passed me within a hand's breadth, I trembled. There was something very frightful in their *voiceless* exultation.

That night seemed an eternity of suspense. The first faint glimmerings of morn gave hope. I could see land, and was drifting towards it. Desolate its aspect was, but not to a drowning man. The sun rose on it, — a solitary, sandy isle, with one shelf of rock, not very lofty, and black. Gently was I drifted in by a smoothly rippling current, and gained the shallows, and waded to the shore, and fell upon my face, and thanked my God, and wept. Wet, faint, exhausted, yet I felt thankful and happy. — After a short rest I rose, and walked onwards.

All was brown and barren ! Further : barren still ! I went up to the highest point on the low rock, and observed, in a shelving hollow behind it, a little tinge of verdure. I hastened to it. A small fount of water welled softly forth from a little breast, as it were, of darker soil ; and a few thinly-scattered blades of grass grew near, and lined with a faint green bordering the scanty thread-like rill which trickled its feeble course for a few yards, then sunk into the thirsty sand. In the hollow of my hand I took of that water, and drank, and laid me down ; but, as the fear came over me, that I had been only saved from a watery grave to perish here in the slow lingering pangs of famine, I murmured, and looked upbraidingly to heaven. — Gnawing hunger attacked me. I tore up some blades of the unsatisfying grass, and chewed them, and became worse. The island was of small extent, — no other land in sight ; and withal so barren, that not a sea-bird alighted on it. They flew over it with white wings unheedingly. I walked across — around it ; — nothing I saw of life — nothing for food. I went to the

shelf of rock, and sate sullenly upon it, and moaned with loud lament, and raved despairingly. Where were those sunny, palmy isles, that good men had been wrecked upon, and lived sweet lives, and built them huts, and made them gardens, and sowed and reaped, and tamed the beasts and birds, and prayed and sung, and kept calm sabbaths in their solitary paradises?

I had read of such things in happy boyhood, but the real scene around presented a dark and melancholy contrast.

I saw a something crawl out of the deep, — it was a turtle; I flew down eagerly, — I caught the prize, — I turned it on its back, — I picked up a sharp fragment of stone, and returned to kill it. I shall never forget this; even then, frantic as I was with hunger, I felt odious to myself, like a beast of prey rather than a man. It was very long dying, I thought it would never die; it moaned, and plained, and sobbed heavily, and water, as tears, gushed from its eyes. I was impatient to have the revolting

deed over. Those sounds distracted me, made me feel murderer like, and mad. When, at last, I thought it dead, and was preparing for my foul meal, its mouth opened, and its heart beat; at length it lay quite still. I gashed about it then, and lay me down, and sucked the blood, and hacked the flesh, and fed upon it with fierce haste, — what could the wolf or tiger more? What had the Brahmin said to see the Christian feeding thus? and yet what of this? — why, there are in our world cannibals. Heavens! what a thing is man, — man, *the animal* alone! nothing is more abject; but then man, the rational *living soul*, how mighty, how majestic! Day after day, for a long, long time, of which I kept no count, I fed thus upon turtle, and the half-eaten carcasses of my victims allured the ravenous sea birds in their flight, and sometimes we fed together. With this sort of life and food, my nature became quite savage, even as a beast's. A little protruding shelf of rock sheltered me

by night, as I lay, and all the day I sat upon it, gazing out to see if any sail might pass my desolate sea-girt prison. The only thing that soothed me was the gentle welling forth of the water, from which I daily drank, and the first event in my lone isle, that softened and brought my mind back to quieter thoughts, and filled my heart with gratitude, and awakened hope, was the appearance of a young and tender sprout, as of some herbaceous plant, close to the fountain; in a few days I discovered it to be the promise of a cocoa-tree. From the moment it first appeared, I came and sat by it, and watched it as it grew, and spoke to it, as if it could hear my welcoming of its birth, and growth. It is strange with how many bright and hopeful fancies it filled my vacant mind.

In spite of all that I had endured, my health was strong, and promised long continuance of life. Now again, in recollected prayers and sentences, I began to pray. It grew my solitary solace to walk about near the spring, and where the young cocoa tree was putting forth its tender

leaves, and cull from memory the chance remembered verse of scripture; one in particular from a psalm always delighted and comforted me; it was this: —

“ If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.”

The promises, moreover, to repentance, came vividly to me; and the trust and the hope enjoined, — and belief came to me in power, so that it gave sublime aspirings to my lifted soul. Still was I compelled to sustain life by the same revolting food. I contrived, however, the killing of the turtle with better skill, and a more humane expedition; I ate of it sparingly, and never till the day after. One day as I was watching near the spot where the turtle usually came on shore, I was surprised to see a small boat making towards the island. Transported with joy, I broke out into happy exclamations, and hailed it with a loud voice. No answer was returned to me, neither, indeed, could I

observe any one, but I saw that it was laden, and could distinguish green branches and flowers; I concluded, therefore, that whoever was in the canoe lay sleeping at the bottom, or purposely concealed himself, having seen me. I now ran behind the shelving rock, and lay down that I might not scare him, and that, if he came armed and hostile, I might consider what to do. It glided slowly on, that bark, and was stranded on the shore by the gently washing wave; no one stepped on the beach, or even appeared. I stole down cautiously towards it; — as I approached, the dimensions seemed smaller, and the materials very slight and fragile, but it was laden loftily with a lovely burthen of garlands, and fruits, and flowers, and in the midst, a lamp, a lighted lamp, — Fire, — that holy thing, that humanizes man, civilizes him, cooks his food, and makes him to differ in his mode of preying from the forest beast; — and there came from the bark delicious odours of spices, flowers, and gums, and sandal wood. I knew it now for a votive bark,

launched at some festival by the Maldivians near me, and sent forth as an offering to the spirit of the winds.

To me that offering, heaven-guided, came ; and, although disappointed in my first hope of a prospect of release from thralldom, yet judge with what grateful transport I seized upon the prized treasures of this enchanted vessel ! Judge with what flooding tears I turned over its glorious wealth,—the milky cocoa-nut, the melting plantain-fruit, the luscious mango, the melon, and the pine ; and, above all, to me the greater gift of a purer food. There was rice and corn, and the sweet yam ; and there were scattered in the bark all sorts of coloured flowers, and slips of delicate plants, and fragrant spices. On examining the slender bark, I found it too slight to afford any prospect of constructing a float or raft, whereon I might leave the island with any hope. I therefore dragged it high and dry, and broke it bit by bit, with cautious avarice, for fuel. I piled my vegetable riches near the spring. I took the precious, the sacred



lamp, to my own couch, beneath the shelving rock. Of plants and seeds I scattered all about the watered ground ; not carelessly, indeed, but yet with a clumsy planting, and ignorant design. Blessed were my humble prayers ! they grew ! fruits, flowers, and herbs for nourishing, innocent food, spread green and beautiful, and blushing, all about my cocoa-nut, which stood talling among them as the parent plant of a young paradise. I might dwell long upon this hermit life ; for, though a blank to the world's eye, it was still full to me. But I shall only speak of the few events, or rather the one great gift, which came to this solitary spot, and made it a fair world for me ; and made my twenty years to me like blessing, as those forty, during which Israel wandered in the wilderness.

In about nine years from the time when, as a lone castaway, I was drifted to the shore of my desert isle, it had wonderfully changed its aspect. The chance-landing mariner would have discovered, as he rowed towards it, a pretty clump of cocoa-trees, with their rich and wavy

plumage; and when he leaped from his boat and ran onwards, a little smiling wilderness of fruits, and herbs, and flowers; and a small rude hut, under the tallest of those cocoa-trees, made of branches, and walled and covered with the cadjan leaf. A man too he would have found, with hair and beard of hideous growth; clothed partly in the tattered rags of a worn-out dress of Europe, and covered with a cloak, woven rudely without skill from the coir of the coco-nut; and fed by eating of its fruit, and drinking water from its shell. But none did come; and I had given up the hope. A solitary life, a lonely death seemed my assured fate; and alas! my years might be prolonged to grey old age; for the air was remarkably serene and pure, and my simple diet, and my days passed in the open air, most healthful. I know not how I passed my time. In the cool of the morning I was idly busy in my wild garden. In the heat of noon I lay with a kind of indolent calmness under the shade of my trees. How often did I bless the useful cocoas; and for the parent one, the native of my island, I felt a regard, such as an idolater might, such as the Indian

faquir for the banian, under which he lives immoveable for years. There were no animals, no reptiles on the spot; but birds flew to me from neighbouring shores, and perched, and chirruped, and built nests in my garden; or *theirs*, if you will; there was enough, and space for them and me; and God had made us the joint tenants. I watched these little things and loved them; they were all tame, that is tame to me. Indeed they had society and song, and little heeded me. At eventide I would walk near the rippling margin of the sea, and think aloud, and often weep, oppressed with sadness.

One evening a small rush basket floated to land. I gladly seized it, for it spoke of man — a dirty useless thing cast out from the cleaned cabin of some passing ship; but welcome in a solitude like this; perhaps too the vessel was not far off, and she might come in sight.

I opened it — there were only light sweepings — a little dust, a little saw-dust, some bed feathers, broken corks, fragments of torn paper, one larger than the rest; a crumpled ball — I opened it, and found four leaves of a black-letter

book of quarto size, that seemed to have been torn out carelessly as waste paper. I was delighted to have any thing in print, any thing to keep my thoughts company ; but judge my surprise, joy, and gratitude, when, on looking closer at them, I found that I was possessed of four full close pages of an old Bible.

I flew back with them to my hut : the sun had set. Now how I exulted in my lamp ! I trimmed the wick the cocoa supplies, and poured in its precious oil ; then unfolding my treasure, I read it through with a slow, solemn eagerness : it began at the fifth verse of the fourteenth chapter of St. John ; it closed with the thirty-ninth verse of the second chapter of Acts. Invaluable fragment ! how did the possession of it change the moral aspect of my fate ! greater was the change in my heart, my mind, my feelings, far greater than that beautiful one so observable in the once barren and brown sand around me, now clothed with vegetable life and beauty.

From that moment there was not one day that I did not praise and bless God, for directing to me those crumbs of the bread of life, which had

been cast careless on the waters by those who, rich in the abundance of their earthly treasures, had spurned the pearl which never shone in their eyes, or had thrown it by for a more *convenient* season. Let me not, however, speak thus, as if despisingly or in contempt for my fellow man : the world, and the flesh, and the devil, the strong enemies with whom he must daily contend, little vexed a lone exile like to me; *my convenient season was come*. After many sins and sufferings, through many judgments and afflictions, it had come. Long and vainly had I panted for a Paul to tell me of the things whereof he spoke to the trembling Felix; but there was none to hear, none to answer me. Ah me! why speak I thus? I was heard — I was answered —

“ And is there care in Heaven? and is there love  
In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,  
That may compassion of their evils move?  
There is; else much more wretched were the case  
Of men than beasts. But O th’ exceeding grace  
Of highest God! that loves his creatures so,  
And all his works with mercy doth embrace,  
That blessed angels he sends to and fro,  
To serve to wicked man, to serve his wicked foe.

How oft do they their silver bowers leave,  
To come to succour us, that succour want ?  
How oft do they, with golden pinions, cleave  
The flitting skies, like flying pursuivant,  
Against foul fiends to aid us militant ?  
They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,  
And their bright squadrons round about us plant,  
And all for love, and nothing for reward.  
O why should heavenly God to men have such regard ?”

Not a day, not an hour of any, that my heart did not send up its warmest thanks to the Throne of Grace for this precious gift. I kneeled with gratitude that I had been taught to read — kneeled in gratitude for that God in his mercy had suffered the holy volume to be taken from the jealous guardianship of monk and priest, and printed out in vulgar tongues for the benefit of man. O ye that would seal up that precious book of life, ye that would deny to the poor the blessed gift of such instruction in their childhood as may enable them to read it, how deep, how damning is your crime in the eye of heaven ! Think only that ye withhold that which Christ has given. To the poor he preached the

Gospel. Who are the poor? All who, in the sadness of their spirits, hunger for the bread of life, and, fainting in their weary pilgrimage, thirst for the waters of salvation. Ah! think of those sick and solitary hours of thousands, millions, to whom all ordinances are denied, whom no minister does ever visit; you have their curses now, and you shall listen to the repetition of them through a long eternity. O blessed volume, that to the wanderer upon oceans, and in far countries, that to the bed of pain and to the dungeon of the captive, brings comfort down to the poor mourner, when abandoned, as it should seem, by all the world. Alone in the world I stood — deservedly alone — and yet it came to me; and as I prayed and read, the angel of the Lord stood by, and threw a glorious light upon the sacred page. Verse after verse my bosom kindled, and God manifest in the flesh, that great mystery was revealed to me, as if voices out of heaven had spoken it with trumpet tongues.

But all this is too sacred a thing to speak fancifully on. Let me then calmly say, that from the hour I possessed myself of this treasure

I felt happy. Repentance was given me; if there were any pain, it was that I could not practically prove my love in life—and yet; when I looked back upon the world, and how I had been maddened, and wounded by it, I thought that the shadow of almighty wings was over me for good, and believing this, was more than merely resigned to my solitude, was grateful, and contented with it, as he would have been, that man, who, freed from the troubled spirit, sat quiet at the feet of Jesus in his right mind, and prayed that he might there remain. The portion of scripture which had thus come to me was more exactly adapted to my wants, than if, at that moment, I had had the whole Bible to choose from. It contained indeed the whole sum, substance, and essence of our faith and hope.

It peopled for me my lone island with—ah! what? (I mean it not irreverently or daringly) with the Saviour of the world and his disciples.—It declared to me his unity with the Father, the consolation and mutual love between Christ and his members, it gave me his words of com-



fort, the promise of the Holy Spirit, and made me a listener to his tender prayers. It showed me the great awful sacrifice, the burial, the glorious resurrection, and the bright ascension into Heaven; also the descent of the cloven tongues of fire;—the sermon of a disciple, and the cry of a repentant people.

With these pages for my solace, a kind of link between my solitary isle and the whole Christian world;—a link reaching up in glorious brightness to the communion of saints in Heaven, I lived a hermit for eleven years more — counting my time by the revolvings of the silver moon. — How very still my life was — how soft and gentle all the sounds. The rustle of the leaf, the ripple of the wave, the carol of the bird.

I hope I am forgiven my often transgression of that command, which forbids our forming to ourselves the image of any thing, that is in the Heaven above. I know that eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive, what is prepared there for those who love God; — but I would

look up at the starry heavens by night, and morn, and noon, at the eastern, and the western skies, and fancy forms angelic, and white-robed sainted forms smiling with fondness down, and beckoning me to join them. Deep too was the delight, with which I was wont to think about all, whom I had known and loved, and who now lay dead. I summoned them before me, shades, whose paleness was holy, beautifully holy to me. In my dreams too I heard music, such as on earth sounded never in any waking ear ; its tones were faint, forgiving, and encouraging sweet. I would awake from such dreams, and weep my silent thanks for them to the God of mercy, and fancy that I was a pardoned sinner, and hope, ay, confidently hope it true.

It was from such a dream that I awoke one morning, and went forth weeping to offer up my early prayer, when, looking out on the calm sea, I observed a tall ship with backed sails, and a boat pulling to the shore. I stood, in delighted and hesitating wonder, behind a tree, and watched them. When the boat grounded, the sailors leaped cheerful to the land, and

among them the very foremost, a sun-burned, manly, handsome boy, such as I remembered Howard in the hour in which he saved me from the sinking vessel. Nearer, he ran in ardent fearless exploring ; features, size, voice the very same.

“ Avast, Mr. Howard, you’ll come athwart some wild beast mayhap,” said a rough seaman ; and he stopped as if he feared it true, when he saw my shaggy form as I came forth, and lifted up my naked arms, and cried, “ God save you, my deliverers !”—Quickly recovering himself he came on to meet me, and comprehended, at once, that I had been some unfortunate escaped from shipwreck. But he did not know when he put out his young kind hand, that it was his uncle’s upon which he let fall a generous tear. He did not know that the furrowed man who knelt, and thanked God, in that rough group of wondering seamen, and, while he looked like a fierce and hairy savage of the woods, cried like a little child, was his uncle ; a brother of the breast that gave him suck.

They were for instantly hurrying me away on

board. They could not, they thought, too soon relieve my apparent wants, and give me food and clothes. I prayed a little pause that I might take leave of my bowery hermitage. A sailor fired among the trees at my frightened birds. I prayed him not, for that I had lived with them alone for many years. They are manly fellows, seamen, feeling manly fellows. He desisted, and with a curse upon himself for having fired. Indeed, that unaccustomed sound, the death dealing report of the fowling piece, had pierced my heart ; and, for one inconsiderate, ungrateful moment, I regretted that the world had broke in upon my innocent solitude. " I ask your pardon," said the stout, manly, young seaman, another of a remembered race, the very image of the faithful Godfrey, as he stood tearful on the beach at Southampton on that fatal day, when I first embarked from that shore, which, as an acknowledged child, I was never more to see. All the agitation which these discoveries caused me, mingled so naturally with what I might be supposed to feel after a lonely exile of twenty years, that it was easy for

me to preserve that incognito, on which I instantly, for the peace and happiness of so many at home, determined. I wonder not at the feeling of that released captive, who prayed of the liberating conqueror, that he might again be imprisoned in the cell, which habit had made dear to him. It was rather with sorrow than joy that I stepped into the boat, which carried me away from my sweet wilderness. Even in the few moments that these men stood near me; and though my heart yearned to young Howard with love, and almost with as strong a feeling to the seaman, Godfrey (for it was the son of my old groom); even with all this, in that short time, my first transport at the thought of release subsided, and I would gladly have remained in peace where I was; or at least I thought so.

They bore me off, however, and afterwards sent boats to land, and brought off all the fruit from my garden. I had myself brought away the cocoa shell, from which I drank, and had displayed to the awed and serious crew the four sacred pages, from which I had derived such

light, and strength, and comfort ; but my lamp, my cherished lamp, the flame of which I had fed constantly for eleven years, was rudely extinguished by an unthinking hand. The captain was a staid manly gentleman of grave thoughts, and grave manners. When he heard from me that I was by rank a gentleman, for I represented myself as a foreign merchant, with funds at home, he ordered me a cabin, and every comfort. I passed the voyage principally in retirement. My reserve was thought natural from long seclusion and suffering. To all the questions put to me I replied briefly, and was silent and observant. The days flew rapidly by in one happy delightful exercise ; the reading of the word of God. Now it was that I began to understand the saying of that philosopher, who was wont to declare, that, shut him in a dark dungeon with a Bible, and a lamp, and he could always tell what was doing in the world.

Of the fulness, of the beauty, of the variety, of the sublimity of that sacred volume, how faint had been my notions ! I was wont to

make it the constant subject of my prayers that I might never lose sight of the true high object for which it was given to man, in the loveliness of the song ; and many were the parts and passages of Scripture, which I denied myself the pleasure of reading too often, lest I should forget this in the surpassing beauty of that inspired poetry, which, whether in its simple, severe, or lofty strains, leaves as far behind it the harpings of the earthly bard as in his flight the sun-gazing eagle, the confined and circling flutters of the blinded bat. At last we reached the wished-for land — saw the white cliffs of England, and ran in. Home was the word on every lip — alas ! I had no home, but I loved the very sound, and joyed for others at all the images it brought before their brightening eyes, as in silence they seemed thinking on all dear to them. Thus to me my country became a home — its soil that is, to tread on and be buried in — its people to look upon, and love as brothers. I travelled up in the first instance to London. I remembered the name of the correspondent of my Venetian

house, and found that the small sum I had directed to be remitted there was still carefully preserved for me, and had accumulated. The stir, the bustle, and the crowd of the vast city bewildered me. I purchased through my agents a small annuity, and gave all the rest of my money to those establishments, which shelter the houseless heads of weeping Magdalens, and give the breast and the cradle to little infants whom the fear of shame or the cruelty of vice would expose to perish. It is little strange that I should have now felt and indulged the wish to “cease from man.”

One visit I paid to Beaulieu — looked on the manor house — looked into the church — saw the graves of Edward, of my father, my mother, Vernon, Colonel Hamilton, and Faithful, — learned that Godfrey was living in a comfortable protected manner, the father of a large and virtuous family, — learned that Sir Harry Howard was an admiral of the highest reputation ; and that one of the most upright, intelligent, and honourable members of the British senate was Mr. Frankland, to whom, it



will be remembered, God gave Maria Cecil for a wife. Among such persons a wretch, who had lived the criminal and useless life I had, would only bring anxiety and tender pain, and could only gather shame.

I resolved, therefore, to find some shelter for my homeless head, where I might employ the short remainder of my life in a world, which I had so much abused, in those prayers and meditations which might best fit me for that other and better, where "all tears shall be wiped from all faces."

"Sleep after toil, port after stormy seas,  
Ease after war, death after life does greatly please."

THE END.

LONDON.  
Printed by A. & R. Spottiswoode,  
New-Street-Square.





